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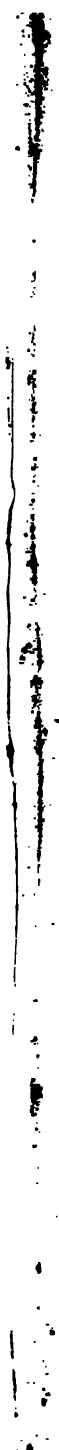
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THE MESSENGER
OF
THE SACRED HEART.

ROEHAMPTON:
PRINTED BY JAMES STANLEY.

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

ORGAN OF
The Apostleship of Prayer.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Cardinal Newman at Oxford.

LAST Trinity Sunday will be a day long remembered by those who had the privilege of spending the greater part of it in or near the Catholic Church at Oxford. Even to outsiders, that is to those who have no special interest in the advance of the Catholic religion in the chief seat of English learning and study, it must have been a striking thing to see, in the Roman purple, and preaching with that indefinable charm which has always waited on his words, to a full church, the congregation of which was composed in no small proportion of the members of his old University, the great typical and normal Convert of the day—the man who has done so much both to awake generally the spiritual life of his countrymen in the present century, and also to brush away from their minds the mass of prejudice, the accumulation of ages of slander and persecution, and of persecution by slander, which has so long made it an almost impossible thing to get an ordinary Englishman, even to consider the evidences of the faith and of the claims of the Church on his allegiance.

The Oxford of to-day is very different indeed from the Oxford of the days when Mr. Newman preached his famous sermons as vicar of St. Mary's. Oxford is a

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place in which generations succeed each other with marvellous celerity, and a man who comes back to his old college after an absence of ten or twelve years, may very likely find himself quite a stranger even to the most permanent of the inhabitants there. But it is not only the lapse of years that separates the Oxford of the days of the *Tracts for the Times* from the present Oxford. There have been the greatest changes, even in the academic curriculum, and in the conditions of the various classes of the residents. The old collegiate life is nearly destroyed. Few fellows reside, except those who are actively employed in the tutorial work of the college or as professors. Of these, many are married, and live with their families in some of the swarms of new villas, and the like, which are to be seen on every side. The undergraduate of the present day is not the undergraduate of forty years ago. The religious influences are not the same. Instead of the old orthodox divisions of High and Low Church, the mind of modern Oxford knows chiefly the divergence between belief in Christianity and unbelief, more or less veiled, in Christianity. The whole moral aspect of the place is gone. That there is more hard intellectual work we do not quite believe—but it is seemingly undeniable that the work of this kind, that is done, is more universally distributed. A great many more men read for honours than of old, and a great many more succeed. That there is more vice and less virtue we should be sorry to pronounce—but life is more gay, more athletic and æsthetic, there is more freedom of manners, less discipline, more general society, a greater invasion of the fair sex and of visitors, than of old. We took a walk in what used to be called “the parks,” on that Trinity Sunday—and we were passed from behind by a somewhat inquisitive “camèrata” or procession of young ladies, two and two—evidently a girls’ school—who certainly had not been trained never to look over their shoulders at the faces of the people by whom they swept in their rapid charge

from the rear. We went, on Monday, to find an old friend, who had to give a lecture in one of the new institutions, and we saw his class defile out at the end of his lecture—they were all young ladies. The guardian of the institute in question, while we were waiting for the conclusion of this lecture, showed us the desks set out in due array for the examination of a number of girls for one of the local trials. All looked as if the decorous and semi-monastic Oxford of old times was no more. And certainly, even to one who had no peculiar interest in the occasion, the appearance of Cardinal Newman on a scene like this, and the knowledge that the Oxford of to-day did not look upon him as a disinterred monument of an obsolete antiquity, but welcomed him, on the contrary, with the liveliest and most earnest interest, must be suggestive of many thoughts, not perhaps altogether devoid of the element of hope for a place on the dominant tone of which so much of the intellectual and religious life of England depends.

The occasion of this visit of Cardinal Newman to the seat of his former influence is well known. He had been elected, some year or two ago, to a honorary fellowship at his old undergraduate college, Trinity—not one of the largest or most conspicuous of the colleges, but one of which it may be truly said, that while it has always held its own nobly in the schools and in the competition for honours with other colleges, in proportion to its numbers, it has had the good fortune of attaching to itself the affections of its members, past and present, to a degree that is unusual. On account of a peculiarity in the statutes it has often had to part with its scholars when they would gladly have remained to become fellows, and this was the case with the present Cardinal of St. George. But those who thus had to leave Trinity, have generally retained for it that first feeling of affectionate gratitude, which can hardly be transferred, even to other more celebrated foundations, such as that of Oriel, to which Mr. Newman passed from his residence as scholar at Trinity. He has

professed, in a well known passage of his *Apologia*, his peculiar love for Trinity. This College, then, some short time ago, when Dr. Wayte was its President, availed itself of the power of electing an honorary fellow in favour of the Cardinal. The "*Gaudy*," or annual College festival, is always held on Trinity Monday—a day dear to the memories of many an old scholar, as having been the day on which he was first elected to the privileges of the foundation. It was arranged that the Cardinal should accept the invitation of the President and Fellows this year to be present at this annual feast in Hall on the Monday after Trinity Sunday. This arrangement led to the arrival of the Cardinal in Oxford on the Saturday evening, when the gardens were illuminated in his honour, and a large party invited to be presented to him in the College Hall. The Sunday was to be given to Catholic Oxford, and the Cardinal was so kind as to be willing to preach twice in the Catholic Church, that is both at the High Mass, and at the Vespers and Benediction in the evening.

The Catholic Church at Oxford is large in proportion to the size of the congregation which ordinarily assembles within its walls. But it is not a large church in the usual sense of the words. It is roomy and lofty, and, perhaps on this account, a difficult church for a preacher to be well heard in, unless he is aware of the difficulty and exerts himself in proportion. Cardinal Newman's voice is clear and sweet, rather than strong. His facility of making himself heard at a distance depends on the beautiful distinctness of his articulation and his perfect management of his voice rather than on its intrinsic power. It is impossible but that age must tell on the strength of one who has passed through so much as Cardinal Newman, and perhaps there were some in the morning of that Trinity Sunday who could not hear every word that he uttered, although they could not miss the thread of the discourse. In the evening his voice seemed to have gained more volume and strength. These two sermons have been

printed at considerable length, and with tolerable accuracy in the papers, especially, we think, *The Weekly Register*, and it is not our purpose now to describe their line of argument. One thing, however, must be said. Those who had heard Cardinal Newman when he was the vicar of St. Mary's, and again, later on, in the days when he was preaching his most elaborate Catholic sermons, such as those which are preserved in the volume of *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*, must have been able to say for themselves that their old teacher was still himself. There were no passages of such striking eloquence as some of those in the volume just now mentioned—which have few rivals in the English language—but there was the same method, the same deep and clear thought, the same winning and cogent argument. Never has Cardinal Newman preached a sermon more entirely in his own style than the second of the two sermons lately delivered at Oxford. It is of this that we shall pause to say a few words.

The Cardinal took for his text the words in which our Lord claims for Himself the title of the Good Shepherd. He dwelt for a time—in the manner which those who had heard him in old days at St. Mary's would recognize—on the love of God, as shown in the Old Testament history, for shepherds, the number of great saints and types of our Lord which had been taken from that class, the beautiful descriptions of the duties and dangers of the shepherds of Eastern countries, and the relations of the sheep to them, and of the faithful people of God to Him in that character, which are scattered over the face of Sacred Scripture. Then he went on to say that the Shepherd of the New Testament, in Whom all these types were to be fulfilled, and to Whom this character in its perfection was to belong, to Whom the faithful were to look as the sheep to their Shepherd, must be some very great person, some one not less than God Himself. Then he illustrated the doctrine concerning our Lord as the Good Shepherd. Before long, the audience found themselves following out the silent

question, how this great character and office of our Lord was continued in the Church? And the answer was suggested that to no one of the Apostles, nor to the Apostles collectively, was this commission given to feed the sheep, to shepherd the sheep, but to St. Peter alone. Thus from the simple contemplation of a Scriptural doctrine, embodied in a familiar image, the mind was led to the thought of the singular and indefectible prerogative of St. Peter, and of the Successors of St. Peter. In later passages of the sermon the Cardinal drew out two other arguments equally cogent. He pointed out the absurdity of supposing that the whole counsel of God concerning the Church, which was communicated to the Apostles during the forty days after the Resurrection, could be unfolded in practical and formal institutions within any short time of the life of the Church. It was, therefore, no argument against this or that part of the Divine fabric, that it was not perfectly and fully developed in the earliest age. Indeed, it was impossible that it could have been so. Again he dwelt on the way in which reason itself and all experience went to prove that every Body, such as the Church, must of necessity have a single and a permanent head. These truths were insisted on, he said, not for the sake of the Catholics themselves, who already believed them, but in order to arm them with answers and arguments, in the constant intercourse and discussion with Protestants to which they might be exposed.

Beautiful as were the arguments and suggestions of the Cardinal in themselves, there were some there who thought that their gratitude was specially owing to him for the example of the treatment of controversial subjects which the sermon contained. There was no strong language, no denunciation, no violence, no sarcasm, no dogmatizing. There was no remark on the inconsistency, or the want of logic, or the ignorance, or the unfairness, of those from whom the speaker differed. The Protestant hearer was taken on the point on which he would agree with the

preacher, the simple Scriptural argument was brought home so cogently, as to imply the very highest, and so to speak, most Ultramontane, doctrine about the prerogatives of the Holy See, and the relations even of the Bishops themselves to the Vicar of Christ. This is the old way of the Cardinal's dealing with those who differ from him—to state their case for them, to place himself on their ground, and so to lead them with him to higher things. It is not given to others to handle Scriptural and common arguments in this masterly way, but all may at least endeavour to use the same method of reasoning, in the same spirit, and with the same temper.

There is something touching in the thought that this may be one of the last appearances of Cardinal Newman in the city in which he spent so many years of his life, and with which his name will be for ever connected. It seems as if he were handing on the torch of Catholic controversy to others who are to come after him, and giving them, at the same time, the charge to make its light shine with a pure and gentle radiance, rather than with the glare of a firebrand half hidden in its own smoke.

It must be said to the honour of Oxford, that the reception given by all classes and persons to Cardinal Newman was most cordial and respectful. It was not only in the Catholic Church that he was an object of veneration and love. He was received at breakfast on the Monday morning by the Vice-Provost and Fellows of his other and more famous College, Oriel, and nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy of his reception. The dinner in the Hall of Trinity, the actual celebration of the "Gaudy," was a large gathering of old members of the College, and it was on that occasion that the great feeling of veneration felt for him found its most natural and most free manifestation. It might have been thought that, whatever might be the dominant feeling for the most illustrious of the children of the foundation, still, in the course of so many speeches, from so many speakers, some one note or

two of discord might perhaps have been struck. But it was not so. From the beginning to the end of that visit to Oxford, there was no sign of the fact that the religion for which the Cardinal had made sacrifices so great, in connection with Oxford itself, was in any sense at all an object of dislike or disrespect to any one there. Religion was not ignored, as those who listened to the speeches can testify. But there was not a word that jarred on the ears of the Catholic guests on that happy occasion, and that such was the case is surely a good sign for the future of the great University, on the tone and temper of which so much must always depend. It was a time of great and pure rejoicing to the friends of the Cardinal, and they must have left their old Alma Mater with the thought uppermost in their minds that, whatever may be the future phases of opinion which may dominate in Oxford, it will be long ere the influence for good of John Henry Newman will fade away. It is something to know that, however strong may still for many years, or even generations, be the feeling of Englishmen in general against the Catholic faith—as it would be foolish indeed for us to imagine that it is now anything but very strong—still our countrymen will put aside even their anti-Catholic prejudices to do honour to a career like that of the great Cardinal—a career of transparent honesty and unselfishness, of single-hearted boldness in the pursuit of truth, of openness in the avowal of convictions involving great sacrifices, and of a loyal trust in the fairness of his countrymen to one who has always treated them with simplicity and sincerity.

Grandfather's Darling.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WEEKLY LESSON.

"MOTHER!"—Mrs. Martin looked across the kitchen table from her darning, to Rosy opposite, who also had one of her father's coarsely-knitted socks on her arm, and, unfortunately for her, a very hole-y one—"mother!" and the child's eyes were raised dreamily to the red bow on Mrs. Martin's afternoon cap, "did you ever hear much about the children of Israel?"

It was just these inquiries, which to herself were so purposeless and foolish, that aggravated this woman, notwithstanding her pride in her child; and it was the want of sympathy with her imaginative feelings which chilled the confidence Rosy would otherwise have had in her mother. Just so do many of us unconsciously or inevitably irritate those we love best by our very dissimilarity of thought and interest!

Mrs. Martin paused in her labours—a sure sign of displeasure. "I wonder if ever a woman was tried same as *I'm* tried," she exclaimed. "There's your father not the man he was before we came to London; and there's you—the only child I've got, and a good thing too if children are to be no better than a worry—for ever running your head against them Bible stories, same as if they was so many posts. What's to do with them Israelites? Last time you was bothering me about some one as were took to Heaven in a chariot of fire, if I remember right."

"I'm very sorry," said Rosy, humbly, "I didn't *mean* to bother. I was thinking about them just then, about their

clothes, you know—they never wore out,” and she glanced at the sock in which her arm was enveloped as if she wished—in some respects at least—that it was now, as then. Mrs. Martin detected this current of thought. “If their things *had* wore out they’d not have grudged a bit of mending—not if they was good for anything,” she said, resuming her occupation with increased diligence by way of example.

Rosy said nothing for some moments, but at last ventured a remark bearing on the subject just then very near to her heart. “It must be nice to understand all about the Bible stories; that’s what the children learn at Sunday schools. But you wouldn’t let me go to one, would you, mother?”

“*No*,” said Mrs. Martin with decision. “If you’re driving *that* way, it’s no use. I’m not one to send a child of mine mixing up with those as only see a comb and a little soap and water one day in the week.”

“Yet there are so many things to learn,” continued Rosy, “and I’ve tried to make them out for myself, and I can’t. Mother, you like Miss Harding, don’t you?”

“Yes, she’s a pleasant-spoken lady, and it were a pretty thing to do, coming all the way here to see you and me,” replied Mrs. Martin, much mollified. “But what she and Sunday schools have to do with each other, it’d take an angel from Heaven to find out. Sometimes I think you’re not as right in your head as you might be, child.”

“But, mother, she said she meant to come and see you, it being so lonesome for us in London, and that if you’d no objection, she’d teach me things I want to know when she was here. I think she means to ask you about it.”

“Oh, I’ve no objection,” said Mrs. Martin; “I’ll make her welcome whenever she finds it agreeable to come this way, for it isn’t many a lady as would trouble to chat a bit with such as we. As to teaching you, I should say she’d enough of that sort of thing, being, as I’ve heard tell, a

governess. However, I don't see as you'll get harm from her, and it'll save me all this worrying about children of Israel and the like."

Thus, then, was the way paved before Gertrude's second visit, for the proposition she had decided to make—even that long journey to the Martin's dwelling each week upon her disengaged Wednesday afternoon, though winter was coming on, and already the cold seemed strengthening daily. As a mark of respect, Rosy's mother made a point of being busy over her sewing, with all her active work done, by the hour when Miss Harding should arrive; but though she had never purposed any attention to what was said, it was strange to see how very soon her interest began to be awakened, even to the point of pausing in her work and listening with almost eagerness. Step by step, and with both skill and patience, Miss Harding was taking Rosy through the simple little catechism which sets forth our Catholic belief, our Catholic duty, so clearly and convincingly, and she found that she had an apt pupil. But besides this, she indulged the little girl's love of Scripture narrative by making clear to her much which she had understood so imperfectly when she pondered alone over the old family Bible, and it was in this way that Mrs. Martin was first of all drawn to listen. Rosy had been hearing of Noe, the details of his building and entering the ark being perfectly familiar. It was quite a new thought that this must be a type of the true Church of God, and that just as there was only safety in one way at the time when Noe lived on the earth, so now is there but the Catholic Church, which will float on securely when all else that is not of Divine ordination must be swept away as by a mighty flood. "Yet we must have great faith to believe this," Miss Harding was saying at the moment when an expression of dismay began to spread over Mrs. Martin's features, "just the same simple, but strong faith of Noe. He did not heed the opinion or contempt of any one, but obeyed without a question or a

doubt, and hastened to the shelter prepared for him, and so was saved."

Rosy felt that her story was ended, and she sighed, for she knew the next thing was the departure of this kind, patient teacher of hers, and it seemed long from Wednesday to Wednesday; but Mrs. Martin ejaculated, "Well, to be sure!" and looked so disposed for conversation, that Gertrude lingered a little.

"I've heard tell of the flood ever since I remember anything," said the surprised woman. "There's been times, when I was a child, I thought it were coming again by reason of the river overflowing as it did now and then near Hillingdon. But as for those as don't belong to the Catholics being much as unsafe as those that weren't in the ark—well, *that's* altogether new to me."

"It is new to many more people. Some have never heard of it, and some—though being warned—will not believe at all. They are so much like the people living on the earth all those thousands of years ago, who would not believe that God's judgments were sure to overtake them, nor that there was any need for Noe to prepare himself a place of safe refuge."

"I most think I should have felt like them," said Mrs. Martin. "It must have seemed altogether an unnatural sort of thing, and as if he was only deceiving of himself—though not meaning to."

"And people say now that we Catholics are deceiving ourselves, though many would own that, as you say, we did not 'mean to.' Yet you see the time came when those men and women of old must have been terribly sorry they had not believed, and so it will happen again to all those who have refused to listen to the voice of God, pointing them to His Church as to an ark of safety."

Mrs. Martin looked very serious. "If one was only *quite sure*, why then it would be, as I may say, getting on the safe side to go along with the Catholics. And yet—deary me, it is a puzzling sort of thing! for there was

never a one belonging to me or Martin as was a Catholic, and it'd be just like saying we were judging better nor them as lived and died respected by all who knew them for miles and miles round."

Gertrude Harding smiled a little. "Perhaps those of whom you are thinking were never in the way of hearing these true things. Perhaps as far as they knew what was right, they did it; if so, God would deal very mercifully with them. But when opportunities come in our way, when we hear of the true faith, the way appointed for us to save our souls, and when we see how just and reasonable it is, however much we may shrink from or dislike it, why *then* our state is dangerous indeed, for we have light, and yet refuse to walk by it."

"I did not say as I *did* justly see the rights of it, begging your pardon, miss," said Mrs. Martin respectfully, though manifestly somewhat nettled.

"No, that will come, I hope, for God is setting you to think. But, Mrs. Martin, I want to plead for this child of yours. *She* wishes to get into the ark of our Church; she will be unsafe and unhappy if you keep her out of it. Will you let Rosy be a Catholic? I promise you that it ought to make her all the better child to you and to her father."

Rosy had been quite unaware that Miss Harding would speak for her so soon; indeed, that lady had not herself anticipated doing it for another week or more; yet this conversation seemed to have led her directly to the point: besides, she was growing anxious about the little girl, feeling conscious that, despite every effort, her strength would not much longer admit of her making this fatiguing visit each week. Though it had all happened rather suddenly, Rosy was quite ready with her appeal. "Oh, mother, *do*, please, say yes, for indeed I wish it so very much. It began a long while ago, when I found I couldn't get good, however much I tried, by myself; and since that day when I was in the little chapel at Twyford where Christ is, I've felt I wanted to belong to Him as only

Catholics do." She paused and glanced at her mother, but her head drooped again as she saw the rigidity of that face which looked over the customary basket of mending. "When I was your age I'd have known better than interrupt when a lady was talking to *my* mother," said Mrs. Martin with asperity. "I believe I've said it before, and dear knows how often I may have to say again, that things are changed now-a-days. They seem to have got turned wrong side up. Miss"—and here she looked towards the visitor, withdrawing her eyes from Rosy with one last glance which was meant to be withering—"I was never a one to bear being took unawares. If I'd got extra cleaning or baking, or if there was a batch of mending out of the common way, I liked a clear notion of it, and then I could set my mind accordingly. As for letting Rosy be a Catholic, I couldn't bring myself to it, at any rate yet awhile; it'd be safe to go against her with some people all her life long. I've no objection to have her learn all about it, if so be you're good enough to take the trouble, and indeed I feel a deal of pleasure in listening to you myself. More than that, miss, I can't say; no"—and here she glanced at Rosy, who was crying quietly—"not if that child sets the chairs and table afloat with her tears."

"At any rate, you do not refuse? You will think of it?" and Gertrude held out her hand for a good-bye. "Rosy, you must not cry, for perhaps you and I are too impatient, and God sees it will be best to keep us waiting for a great blessing."

But though she spoke cheerfully, Gertrude felt disheartened by her failure; at one moment she blamed herself for imprudence, at another she believed she had been right in speaking—in the end she had to quiet herself with the certainty that so long as motive is pure and straight, even our very mistakes will be turned to the future good of those for whom we care.

"You are worn out," said Harry that evening, after a few moments' contemplation of his aunt's face as she

poured out his tea. "Oh, if only the years would go by faster! Then, I should be a man to work for you, and there need be no more of this wretched governing. Have those young Cleverlands been more than commonly intractable?"

"No, oh, no!" said Gertrude. "They are dear, good children, though not perfect. And Mrs. Cleveland says they have so much improved since I had them."

"Well, *you* have not improved since they had *you*," said Harry, with a tremendous dig into the loaf before him, as if it were a Cleveland on whom he might wreak his vengeance. "You were thin before—now you are like a bodkin or a lucifer match. You were pale before—and now you are cadaverous."

"Really, Harry, you are desperately rude," and Gertrude laughed. "The fact is that the weather tries me, as you know, and then to-day is an extra tiring one."

"Wednesday! your half-holiday!"—then a recollection came to Harry and he cried: "You never have been going week by week after that little Rosy Martin as you threatened? Oh, how *could* you, how could you! and if I had only asked, I should have found you out and you shouldn't have had one moment's peace till you gave up."

"Then I am very glad I kept my going so secret. Poor dear Rosy; her mother will not hear of her being a Catholic as yet, but I hope that may come."

"And meanwhile you must kill yourself?"

"Silly boy!" and Gertrude stretched out her hand to him. "Now listen to my plans. I am really feeling poorly, so I shall afford myself a visit to Dr. Johnson again. And if I can keep up my Wednesday lesson to Rosy a few weeks more, I shall have prepared her as well as I can to be received into the Church, and then perhaps it may be possible. Or her mother might agree to bring her down here to me pretty often, so that I do not lose sight of her."

"Well, do go to Dr. Johnson," said Harry. "And I hope you will let him know what mad things you are in the habit of doing."

"He would be very averse to listening to a detail of my daily occupation. I'll tell him as much as he needs to know, and I mean to go to-morrow. So now, Harry, get your lessons, and do not worry about me."

Unfortunately, the next day was that of the first fall of winter snow, and though Gertrude was warmly clothed, she scarce knew how to bear the cold, and everything seemed a weariness and a pain to her.

"You have no business to be out," said the physician after his first glance at her. "I would rather have made time to come to you."

"I must have gone to my pupils, and this is not far out of my way," answered Gertrude. "Can you do anything for me? I do not mean by shutting me indoors, but by which I may manage going out."

He shrugged his shoulders. "This is a detestable climate, the worst possible for you. If you must teach, cannot you get to the south of England or abroad?"

"But my nephew! he is too young to be left in London, and to take him away seems such a pity just now when he is doing well with his studies, and his future depends on that."

Dr. Johnson turned to his writing-table and selected a sheet of paper with deliberation—he was really too pained for this woman to find words ready. "There;" and he handed her a perscription. "Take that, and send me word when I can find you at home a fortnight hence. No, no,"—for she was about to slip his fee into his hand—"I'll send you in a long bill when I've made you well." But as she went away, he said within himself: "Poor thing! I wonder if she will live twelvemonths. I must make acquaintance with this boy-nephew, and see what I can do when he has not her to care for him."

CHAPTER XII.

"CONTRARY INFLUENCES."

IN some apparently unaccountable way, Miss Harding struggled through several weeks without relaxing from her usual routine of work. It was the subjugation of physical weakness to strength of will, but there had been many, many such triumphs, and this was destined to be the last.

"Dear me, and you do look as if you enjoyed poor health!" cried Mrs. Martin, lifting both her hands, one pouring January afternoon when Gertrude's white but peaceful face appeared at the door: "and you're as wet, as wet. But come close to the fire, do miss, and take off those wrappings and get yourself warmed through while I make you a cup of tea."

This offer was not refused, for Gertrude felt ill enough to realize that petting and attention could be comforting, even from Mrs. Martin, whom she had never suspected of so much compassion. She sat quite still while the little bustle was going on, speaking a few words now and then to Rosy, but for the most part thinking. Some voice within her seemed to say this was the last time she should be there, and she was mutely asking that God would let her leave nothing unsaid, nothing undone which she might say or do for Him. By this time her little pupil was acquainted with all necessary truth. She had learnt what commandments we have to obey, in what way they are so often broken, and how they should be kept. She had been told of the sacraments, by which grace is given and preserved to our souls, she had seen how our daily life must be ordered so that it may be right before God, and now there was nothing more to be said which had not been said already. Purposely, Gertrude made Rosy's actual lesson very brief, and for her Scripture story chose that most terrible day which ever dawned upon this world—

the day when God was crucified by His own creatures. She did not wonder very much that both child and mother were moved to tears—she would have wondered more if they could not weep in listening to the story, however familiar, of such a depth of suffering, such an intensity of love—but it never occurred to her that her own look, and way, and words, had so much to do with this evident distress.

Before leaving, she asked Rosy to run away, saying she had something to speak about alone with Mrs. Martin. It was but the request made several weeks before, and this time urged more strongly, yet, though the mother was evidently disposed to yield, she would not give the promise—would not say that now, without delay, Rosy should be made a child of God and a member of His Church. Gertrude shrank from speaking of herself, but it became her final resource. "I am ill, and I came here knowing it was the very last time, in the hope that you would listen to me. Not only for Rosy, but for yourself. Mrs. Martin, I am quite sure that you see what God asks, and you refuse Him—what can you say when He calls you into His presence to answer for your own soul and for your influence on the soul of your child? Can you think of Christ hanging on the Cross and turn away saying that His Blood shall *not* be poured out upon you and upon Rosy?"

"I'll think of it! I will indeed, miss," said the woman with tears in her eyes, and yet a heart too proud to relent at once. "And it's too far for you, even if I couldn't see for myself you were ill and not fit to be out of your bed; so I'll bring Rosy to where you live whenever you'll please to drop me a line. I promise this, Miss Harding, but more I can't say—not yet."

Gertrude knew that it was time for her to be at home, and after saying good-bye she went down the stairs, her heart aching over her ill-success. Those languid, weary footsteps found their echo in Mrs. Martin's breast, though

she was not a woman of much natural tenderness. Perhaps she felt as if her door had closed upon some good, some blessing, for with an impulse such as rarely, if ever, had moved her before, she started up and went out to listen.

It was one of those moments which apparently colour much of our future and the future of others. One word—and Miss Harding would have heard, would have turned back, and all must have been well for Rosy. But it was not spoken. While she longed to make the concession, it was as if the demon pride possessed this woman and bade her hold out a month, a week, or even a few days more; which told her she should not so soon and lightly let go her hold of the prejudices of a life-time—she turned again to her fireside, but there was no rest for her mind.

“Oh, mother, Miss Harding looks so ill,” cried Rosy, deeply troubled.

“Hush, do!” replied Mrs. Martin, to whom this was an additional thrust, but presently she rose up and went out again to the stair-head as if expecting some one. It was fancy, or the fitful wind, which seemed bringing back the sound of poor Gertrude’s footfall; *she* was pursuing her way through the crowded city to the omnibus stand from which she could most easily get to her home, while Mrs. Martin was moving to and fro like some uneasy spirit.

When the tired governess entered her own small room and closing the door, sat down to recover her fatigue, the clock of some neighbouring church struck four. The rain had ceased, and the pale evening sky had cleared, though a bank of clouds lowered in the distance; looking up, she tried to lay down both desire and regret and every care, but mind and body were alike weak, and with a low and bitter cry she hid her face among the cushions of her little sofa, there to weep out some of the sorrow with which her heart was filled. Rosy—the child for whose good she had laboured—occupied some of her thoughts, but this was what she could most easily believe God would over-rule and

bring right. It was for Harry those tears fell fast. She knew now that the time would never come which they had talked of with such bright anticipations, never should *she* see his youth open out into a manhood over which she could rejoice. He would be left in the world, which is but a rough tutor ; there was no one living upon whom the boy had any natural claim, excepting some few from whom she had wisely estranged him, knowing that their influence would be exerted to the injury of his soul. It is so easy a thing to all of us to put well-known truth before others ; so very easy to speak of God's fatherly care and the certainty that He will do all and more than we ask Him, that even in her distress, poor Gertrude could possibly have spoken many a word of comfort and repeated many a promise upon which sad hearts should rest, to any one else in her own situation. As it is our natural weakness to see other persons' failings, blessings, and duties in a clearer light than that which shines upon our own, so is it a simple thing to preach confidence and trust, and childish abandonment to the dealings of the Great Father in Heaven, when we stand on firm ground and look from it towards those who are sinking in a sea of sorrow.

No help, then, came to Gertrude Harding in this moment of exceeding darkness, from the thought of truths she knew and believed—that was to follow. Her peace was to be restored through considering One Who experienced an utter desolation, to Whom there could come an obscurity in which even He uttered not, "Thy will be done," but from Whom the cry broke as from a heart torn with anguish : "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

It was not for very long that this storm of suffering raged within the solitary woman's heart ; when Harry came in he found her looking even more than usually ill, but she talked cheerfully with him on that evening which was the last they spent together in the dingy little sitting room. On the morrow, Gertrude kept upstairs "to rest,"

as she said, but it was a rest which lasted on through several months and found no end in this life.

Before the next Wednesday, a note had been written to let Rosy know she must not look for her usual visitor. "Ask your mother to bring you to see me instead, and at about the same time, if it is convenient to her," Gertrude added in her somewhat tremulous handwriting. Mrs. Martin made no difficulty but conveyed herself and child from east to west of the great city she disliked so much the more that she knew it better. Not because she felt the uneasiness which had possessed her after Miss Harding's visit did she consent; that had worn off as the days went by, for good impulses and the grace of self-condemnation are things to be lost if laid aside. She went from a sort of personal regard for the lady whose kindness she appreciated in a certain degree, and also to please Rosy; as for any intention of yielding to Gertrude's wish, it was quite gone now. She had talked the matter over with her husband, and they had both agreed that their child's head had no need to entertain more "notions" than had always been coming up as an undesirable growth since her babyhood; in fact both the Martins were disposed to look upon the cessation of the weekly visit as providential, however much they might regret its chief cause.

It was therefore with no inconsiderable skill that Rosy's mother contrived to baffle every effort by which Miss Harding sought to revert to their last conversation. She dwelt much upon her own extensive knowledge concerning almost every form of illness, and cited remedies for this particular case which had descended to her in the shape of valuable legacies from her grandmother and great-grandmother, who had been of the species of "wise women," which Hillingdon, like other remote villages, contained, especially in long-past times.

It was only when they were leaving that there was the opportunity of a word such as Gertrude longed to

“Mrs. Martin,” she said, “have you nothing to say to me which I want to hear more than anything else? How is it to be with Rosy and with yourself?”

A flush rose to the woman's forehead and she hesitated. “Miss, I've thought it over, and I've talked to my husband, and it's a thing we see alike, which is, as I may say, a wonder, him being that contrary a man as words can't tell. It's just this, Miss Harding. When people come to my age it's hard work to learn new ways, and though it all seems true enough when you're told it, I don't see but what's done for all my family ought to do for me. And as for Rosy, well, she's nothing but a child that can't be expected to know her own mind. It's like enough she'd turn round and think she wanted something different to being a Catholic by and bye, and any way it can't much matter at her age.” She paused, a little discomfited by Gertrude's evident distress. “You're right down wore out with my talking, miss,” she hastened to say; “I'm ashamed, that I am, to have stayed so long, knowing as I ought that sick folks can't bear much. Rosy, make your curtsy, and say good afternoon, this minute, and I'm sure I hope I'll see you better next time, Miss Harding.”

“One minute!” and Gertrude put out her hand to the child: “Rosy, my dear little girl, I can help you best now by praying to God very constantly for you. But, will you pray to Him yourself? and will you try and remember all you have learned? He can bring all things right, and I feel sure He will if you are faithful.”

“I'll try, miss,” said Rosy, who had hard work to keep herself from bursting into tears. “I'll read the catechism you gave me over and over to myself, and I'll say my prayers. But I may come again?”

“I hope so,” and Gertrude looked towards Mrs. Martin, who said, “I'll be glad to bring her again any day you feel yourself well enough, Miss Harding.”

She meant it at the time, but in thinking over the termination of that first visit, she felt less inclined to

repeat it ; thus it was, that during the months of February and March there were no journeys taken to Edgware Road, though Rosy sent one or two dutiful little notes hoping that her friend "found herself better." At first she always added, "I am trying to do all you taught me," but after a while, Gertrude looked in vain for these few little words which had brought a species of comfort with them.

If she could have glanced into the tidy room in that distant part of London, where she had so often spoken of God and His Church, so often taught how grace and pardon and peace might be gained, she would have seen another visitor in her place and more frequently ; one who was filling Rosy's fanciful mind with things which were as weeds choking the good seed ; who, by her stories chosen from the worst class of cheap literature, which is the chief evil associated with the education of the lower classes, drove out all the higher interests and better knowledge that Gertrude Harding had laboured to implant.

It was so gradual, so stealthy, that this child—whose heart had been innocent, whose aspirations had been after God—never felt how she was falling away until it seemed to her that she was quite too far to get back to the right path. An infinite mistake indeed, one which was of the devil's own creating.

"Oh, I can't be good, it's no use trying," said Rosy to herself. "It is so long since I said my prayers that I couldn't expect God to listen now." She grew talkative, giddy, *light-hearted*, as her mother thought it. It made her say to her husband what a good thing it was that this bright young girl should come to that street to lodge while she was out of a situation, and take so strong a fancy to their little Rosy, because she was so different to the children all around them.

So Alice Grant was always welcome at the Martins' fireside ; she could tell such amusing things concerning London ways and doings—things which she had seen and

heard for herself in the family with whom she had lived at the distant west-end—that the simple country woman listened with gaping interest and surprise. And then for Rosy there were the tales culled from so-called “penny dreadfuls,” which made her heart almost stand still from fright when the terrible incidents came to the front, or which raised in her a wild ambition to be—ah! not “good,” as in the old time she had longed, but a beautiful richly-dressed lady, as were the heroines Alice most delighted in, and who had often sprung from just such lowly beginnings as life in Hillingdon.

At the very first stage of their acquaintance, Rosy had confided to this grown-up girl, whose favour seemed so vast a condescension, all about Miss Harding. “And when I am old enough to do what I like, I shall be a Catholic too,” she said by way of summing up everything.

Alice had not ridiculed her ; she knew by so doing she should have repelled all Rosy's growing affection. She only looked grave, and said : “Yes, perhaps you would like it by-and-bye, when you're getting on to be old. But there's a deal of pleasure to be had out of life, and Catholics are a dull, quiet sort. I've seen a good deal of them, and if I was you, Rosy, I'd put it all out of my head till by-and-bye. There's time enough yet for you.”

A Miracle of Lourdes.

MANY and manifold are the miracles wrought in these days by Our Lady of Lourdes, and the following account of one of them may not be without interest for our readers, especially as the subject of it is a fellow-countryman of their own. James Troubridge, a native of Salisbury, who had been some time resident in France, found himself, at the outbreak of the war of 1870, compelled to return to his own country, where he entered a gentleman's service in the capacity of butler. His health, however, soon broke down; he suffered severely from abscesses, which rendered a painful operation necessary. In 1876 he went back to France, and obtained employment as servant in a hotel in Paris, but the work proving too hard for him, he was again prostrated by illness, on recovering from which he took a place as footman in a private family, thinking the easier occupation might better suit his diminished strength. Such was, however, not the case; he was shortly compelled to give up the situation, disease rendering all work impossible to him, and from that time his life resembled a long agony. The physicians declared him to be suffering from a terrible malady known under the designation of *le mal de Poot*, and although every care was lavished upon him, his case was declared hopeless, and himself permanently incapacitated for any active employment, as will be seen from the subjoined medical certificate—

“I, the undersigned, doctor of medicine, certify that James Troubridge, residing at 22, Avenue de la Reine Hortense, is suffering from disease of the spinal column, commonly called *mal de Poot*, with abscesses, which render him unable to do any work.

MAC GEREN.

“Paris, July 3, 1878.”

The poor man was, in fact, confined to a bed of suffering, where he could find no rest, his back being covered with abscesses, whilst his chest was also attacked, so that he suffered from continual cough and difficulty of breathing.

The month of July, 1878, found him in a most deplorable condition in every respect, for, in addition to the acute bodily pains he endured, his poverty was extreme, so that he was dependent for the means of subsistence on the alms of charitable persons, the arduous office of nursing him being undertaken by a good Sister of St. Vincent of Paul who daily came to him. But we must go back a little in our story, and relate how, in the midst of all his trials, Troubridge had received the greatest treasure and highest consolation, the gift of faith and Christian hope. Himself a Protestant, he had married a Frenchwoman, and felt drawn to embrace the religion of his wife; after being instructed by the Passionist Fathers, he had in September of the previous year been received into the Church. The exertions he underwent in being conveyed to and from his lodgings on the occasion proved too much for him, and from that day forward he was unable to leave his bed. In February of the following year he made his First Communion, and received the Sacrament of Confirmation from the hands of the Archbishop of Rheims. Some time previously a medal of Our Lady of Lourdes had been given to the sick man by the late Bishop of Tarbes; this he had preserved carefully, and from this circumstance a great confidence in, and a tender devotion to, the Immaculate Virgin grew up within his heart, inspiring him with an ardent desire to go to Lourdes.

"Towards the end of July" (we are quoting the words of a lady who interested herself in Troubridge's case), "the Sister of Charity who was in the habit of visiting him, mentioned to me his sad condition, and induced me to accompany her to his house. I found the poor invalid

much impressed by a dream he had had on the previous night, when our Lady had, he said, appeared to him and promised to cure him. He much regretted that his poverty and extreme weakness rendered it impossible for him to undertake the journey to Lourdes. As it happened, I was able to relieve his anxiety, since, by a remarkable coincidence, a gentleman of my acquaintance had, a day or two before, expressed his readiness to pay the expenses of some sick person to Lourdes, as a thank-offering for favours received by himself from the Blessed Virgin. On hearing this Troubridge burst into tears, exclaiming: 'I cannot think why our Lady is so good to me. I am quite certain I shall be cured.'

"On leaving him I related what I had just seen and heard to the Rev. Father Picard, who listened attentively to my tale, and at its close remarked, 'What wonderful faith! It is on such souls that our Lady loves to bestow her favours; there is no doubt the young man will be cured.'

"On the 17th August Troubridge started for Lourdes, in the company of the French pilgrims, who, to the number of six hundred, went to seek their cure from Our Lady Immaculate. His wife, fearing he would not outlive the journey, did everything in her power to dissuade him from it, but without avail; she accompanied him to the railway station, whither he was conveyed with great difficulty, continuing her entreaties and lamentations to the last.

"Early on the morning of the 20th, the train, with its freight of suffering, drew up in the station of Lourdes, the groans of the sick being audible above the noise of the engine. In the midst of their misery, the poor creatures had at least one benefit to thank Providence for, no misfortune having happened on the way.

"It was a striking and touching spectacle which was witnessed at the station. The Fathers of the Assumption, with their novices and lay-brothers, besides the ladies and gentlemen of the committee, were there to assist the sick

to alight, and take charge of them. The unselfishness shown by some of the sufferers was most edifying, for they seemed more solicitous about the cure of their companions than about their own, and were eager to help those in worse case than themselves. The one desire of all was to be taken as soon as possible to the Grotto, there to hear Mass and receive Communion. I saw Troubridge at the station, in a state of great exhaustion; he had been left in the charge of two fellow-sufferers, who did not seem equal to much. I felt sorry that he had not at once been removed in a carriage, and asked if he would not like to rest awhile before proceeding to the Grotto, but nothing would content him but to go there at once, and he joined the stream of those who were being borne thither on the wave of faith, hope, and charity. What a solemn Mass that was, the first Mass said in the presence of six hundred sick persons, and what wonderful miracles took place! Those who a moment before seemed at the point of death, were seen to rise up and walk, restored to health.

"After Mass I went to the hospital, whither Troubridge had been carried. I found him lying on his bed, crying bitterly. 'What is the matter?' I inquired. 'Are you sorry for having come here?'

"'Oh, no,' he replied; 'it is for joy that I am crying. I feel very much better, and am going to write to my wife.'

"Later on in the day, I went again to the hospital and asked for Troubridge. I was told he had gone out. 'Gone out!' I exclaimed; 'for the last two years he has been unable to stand.' I thought there was probably some mistake; but on my way to the Grotto, I met him walking with the help of a crutch and the arm of one of the Fathers. 'I am very much better,' he said to me; 'I have just bathed in the well, and have left one of my crutches in the Grotto. To-morrow I shall be quite well.' It was impossible not to admire such faith.

"The next day, as I went to the Grotto, I noticed a young man arm in arm with a priest, talking with great

animation. 'That man is wonderfully like Troubridge,' I said to myself, 'only he looks too well,' and the pair passed on, too deep in conversation to observe me. From the Grotto I wended my steps to the hospital, and asked to see Troubridge. The Mother told me he was cured, and showed me his second crutch, left behind as a souvenir. It is unnecessary to say how delighted I was to hear of this fresh proof of our Lady's goodness; I immediately went in search of the object of it, and soon found him, in the company of the priest. 'Can this be you, Troubridge?' 'Yes, madam, it is I, indeed,' he replied, in the calmest manner; 'I am perfectly cured, I knew that I should be, the Blessed Virgin told me so.'

"The next day but one, Troubridge left for Paris, carrying his own travelling-bag and overcoat, walking with firm step and head erect. 'How happy my wife will be!' he said. His wife was waiting for him at the station with great anxiety. As she watched the returning pilgrims alight, she said to herself, 'If he has only been able to bear the journey!' Suddenly a man made his way through the crowd, and clasped her in his arms; it was her husband, restored to perfect health and strength. Overcome by emotion, she fainted away.

"A few months later, on returning to Paris from the country, I went to inquire after Troubridge. His wife was at home with the children, all looking very happy and comfortable. She told me her husband had a situation as servant in a hotel, and gave me his address. I went there and asked for him. The evening was extremely cold, but he came out to speak to me bareheaded, without appearing to suffer from the inclemency of the weather, and I noticed his step was remarkably brisk and alert. I requested him to call upon me when he was at leisure, and tell me about his cure. The account he gave was as follows:

"'The day after my arrival at Lourdes, in the morning two Fathers came to the hospital and carried me to the

Grotto, where I heard Mass and received the Holy Communion. Afterwards they carried me to the well, and immersed me in the water three times, holding me as one would a child. I felt throughout my whole being an indescribable sensation of suffering and of joy at the same time; it seemed to me that I was going either to die or to be cured. Outside the pilgrims were praying aloud, I united myself in spirit to their prayers, but I was unable to utter a word; I was as if paralysed. Suddenly I felt as if a flame shot through my body, I was conscious of an extraordinary strength. Freeing myself from the hands which held me, I plunged a fourth time into the water, and came out cured, able to stand, walk, and even to dress myself without assistance; but I was so overcome as to be unable to utter a single word. The Fathers offered me some wine to refresh and strengthen me, but I refused it, and went immediately alone to the Grotto. I stayed there a long time praying: it seemed to me as if the Blessed Virgin smiled upon me, it seemed as if another world had opened to me. Even now when I think of it all, it appears like a dream, but the fact remains that I am completely cured.'

"'When I came back to Paris, those who had seen me carried away in an apparently dying condition, could hardly believe the evidence of their senses when they saw me return well and strong. I went to the Church of St. Joseph, where I had been baptized, in order to make my thanksgiving; there, too, it seemed that the Blessed Virgin smiled on me.'

"'And what did the doctors say to you?' I inquired. 'Dr. Morens, the parish doctor, who had given me a certificate, said to me: "You are certainly cured; so much the better for you." He had always been very kind to me. Another Protestant, Dr. MacGeren, also seemed glad to find I was cured; but another doctor appeared not only much surprized, but quite disconcerted. He asked what had been done to me; I replied that it was the Blessed

Virgin who had cured me. "That is impossible," he exclaimed ; "there are no such things as miracles ; that is all nonsense ; confess that they gave you some medicine." "You know quite well, doctor," I answered, "that for a long time past I have not taken any medicine. The Blessed Virgin cured me in a moment." "You are an impostor," he shouted ; "the thing is impossible ; get along with you and your Blessed Virgin." And in a rage he showed me the door. I could not refrain from tears at being treated thus, and hearing him speak in such a manner. There were several people present, one of them, a Protestant minister, came forward, and asked me a great many questions ; then he said to me : "Your faith has made you whole.""

Some Chapters on Charity.

CHAPTER LV.

That we may avoid scandal, a former friend is still to be spoken to and saluted, as though he had not become our enemy.

THE rule which we have given for the imitation of Christ in continuing all the offices of charity to one whose friendship we have unfortunately lost, is of especial application to our manner towards him in public, saluting and speaking to him should we happen to meet him. To refuse this were to cause remark and give scandal to any observer who, knowing of our former friendship, would detect at once the enmity that had arisen. Such a discovery disedifies and does harm, and should therefore be prevented. In this matter the Apostle warns us, "*Give no offence to any man,*"* as though he had said, avoid every fault by which you may give bad example to your neighbour, or may be the occasion to him of any sin. As again, "*From all appearance of evil refrain yourselves,*"† not merely from that which is positively sinful before God, but even that which wears the appearance or semblance of evil, or gives rise to a just suspicion, and so places a scandal in another's way. The Apostle would not have us give way to the difficulty we may feel in speaking to one with whom we are no longer friends, lest those seeing it take scandal, and conclude there must be some great cause for what seems an actual feud between us. For, as the same Apostle writes to the Romans, we ought to "*Provide good things, not only in the sight of God, but also in the sight of all men.*"‡ By which he means that we

* 2 Cor. vi. 3.

† 1 Thess. v. 22.

‡ Romans xii. 17.

are not only in our good works to satisfy conscience in those points which God sees, to Whose eyes all things are manifest, but we are to satisfy our own conscience and the will of God in those things that are open to the eyes of men. This necessitates our preserving the good that we do so free from all admixture or appearance of evil that no one can ever from an insufficient reason either condemn or suspect us. In all which our motive should be God's glory and our neighbour's profit.

This law of charity in a particular degree binds us to conquer the repugnance which we naturally feel in extending our marks of friendship to former friends who have been either assisted by us, or have received some great favour at our hands. To take another point, it is easy to convince good Christians how becoming it is in theory that those who shook hands and spoke to each other before they ceased to be friends, should say something to each other afterwards. But the precise difficulty is this: which of the two is to make the first advance, each wishing that the other should begin, on the ready plea that he himself is the more worthy of the two, or has been more injured, or some such excuse as self-love may dictate. In which state of doubt the first thing to observe is that, which ever side by refusing to salute the other gives scandal to the bystanders, is bound for that one reason alone to speak to him, and though the other side, being equally bound, is equally faulty in not doing his duty, this does not make his sin less a sin. So that whilst both are under obligation not to offend God, both should be equally prompt to anticipate, and not wait for the other. And he is the real gainer who is the first to fulfil his duty.

The next thing to observe is, that one ought not to consult his own convenience, nor yet human respect, but the service of God and the good of souls. And as when a king demands some service from his attendants in which he is known to take great pleasure, each one should strive to be first in rendering it, not waiting for any other; or

when at the same instant the opportunity is offered to several merchants of making some very profitable investment, each one struggles to be first with his money, little caring for the rest; in like manner the charitable act whereby an adversary receives a kindly greeting is so well-pleasing to God, and is so earnestly required of us by God, as well as being of the highest profit and merit to the soul, that each one should strive and do his utmost to be first in performing it. St. Chrysostom puts this well before us: "When we reflect how great are the benefits which we draw from it, and how much it increases our confidence in God, and, above all, that the forgiveness of those who have injured us is to a certain degree an obliteration of our past sins, surely we shall spend our every energy to do them all the service that we possibly can."* Say not, It is he who has injured me, and therefore it belongs to him to be the first to speak.

For if this friendship is to be regained, out of regard for God and for His glory, it is far more useful and profitable for you, the offended person, to take the first step, and invite the other to reconciliation. This will gain you a double crown of glory, one as having borne an injury with patience, the second as having won back the friendship of him who had injured you. Hasten to be beforehand with your adversary, and be the first to speak, lest he snatch the crown out of your hand by first accosting, and inviting you to be reconciled. Be drawn to this by the example of Christ our Lord and Saviour, Who, whilst we were enemies, and subjected Him to terrible injuries and insults, sought us out, spoke to us, was the first to bless us, to call and press us to accept His friendship. "*I stand at the door of your hearts and knock,*" and ask for entrance—such are His gracious words. And when He was clothed with our mortal flesh, He went about on the earth, seeking lost man, who by separation from God and by sin had become His enemy, and by His words, His

* St. Chrysost. *In Gen.* cap. ix. hom. xxvii.

actions, and His loving caresses, asked for our love and drew us to His grace.

All this He testifies by the mouth of Isaias, saying : *"They have sought Me that before asked not for Me ; they have found Me that sought Me not,"* because I first sought them, and called them, and said : *"Behold Me, behold Me, to a nation that did not call upon My Name,"* for they knew it not. *"I have spread forth My hands all the day to an unbelieving people,"* the Jews, who would not believe in My word, that I might receive them into My Heart and embrace them in My love. Nor have I done this during one hour only, but all the day long, from the time when I led them out of Egypt in freedom, till My own advent in My Human Nature to visit them ; and then from My Birth until My Death upon the Cross.* To the imitation of our Lord in this Ecclesiasticus summons us : *"I will not be ashamed to salute a friend,"* because he is of humbler rank, *"neither will I hide myself from his face,"* because he may have done me some injury ; *"and if any evil happen to me by him,"* because worldly men may ridicule my act, *"I will bear it."*†

It betokens neither want of self-respect, nor want of spirit, but is an act of true dignity and virtue to be the first to speak kindly to an enemy and try to regain his goodwill, for this is done in imitation of God, on a point which He esteems as intimately connected with His own honour and glory, as He testifies through the Prophet Isaias : *"Therefore the Lord waiteth, that He may have mercy on you."* He does not summon the sinner at once in the middle of his sins, but bears with and warns him, that He may have an opportunity of sparing him, *"because the Lord is the God of judgment,"* and, being just and true, fulfils His promise by sparing the sinner, who, when thus waited for and called, repents truly of his sin. *"And therefore shall He be exalted, sparing you,"* He shall be magnified and glorified, for that, notwithstanding the sins which a man

* Isaias lxx. 1.

† Ecclus. xxii. 31.

commits, God's just veracity is declared in His forgiving and showing mercy to those who return to Him. It is then part of the honour and glory of God, and still more is it an honour and glory to a Christian man, that he should imitate God in this, in doing his best to return into favour with one who has injured him, by pardoning him from his heart and asking him to be friends again. All who have acted thus are blessed with much prosperity, and in everything they enjoy the favour of God ; while, on the contrary, they who refuse to imitate Him in this, bring down upon themselves the judgments of the Divine wrath, and will have a heavy penalty to pay both in this life and in the next.

There were, as Simeon Metaphrastes relates, two very great friends at Antioch in Syria ; one of these was a priest, by name Sapricius, the other a layman, called Nicephorus. These two persons allowed the devil to fan into flame some quarrel between them, which led to the violent severance of their friendship. After a time Nicephorus, bitterly regretting the enmity that had sprung up, paid attentions to Sapricius, and frequently begged him to forgive him. In the persecution set on foot by Valerian and Gallienus, that was then raging, the priest Sapricius was carried off for martyrdom, and had already endured some sufferings in the cause of Christ. While he was being led away to the place of execution, Nicephorus went forward to speak to him, once more begging for his pardon and a renewal of their friendship. The unhappy Sapricius, who had up to this time borne bravely his trials, and had nerved himself for martyrdom, had yet not strength of mind enough to overcome the stubbornness of his temper, and would not yield to the other's petition. On account of this great sin, when he was on the point of suffering death for his faith, by the just judgment of God his strength of purpose failed him, and, renouncing his faith, he incurred the eternal damnation of his soul. Nicephorus, on the other hand, who had with so great earnestness sought reconciliation with his former friend, received such grace

from God that, at the same instant, even though unquestioned by the Pagan judge, he boldly vindicated the honour of Christ, and proclaimed himself a Christian, crying out : "I believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, whom this man has renounced." Upon which he received the crown of martyrdom instead.

After this manner does God punish those who refuse to forgive their fellow men, or to be reconciled to an adversary. He allows them to die in their sins, whereas He heaps His favours and His graces on those who ask their enemies to be at peace with them, who humble themselves before them in obedience to the admonition of the Apostle, "*Loving one another with the charity of brotherhood.*" * Nor is it sufficient to do this with the charity of the heart alone—such charity must show itself also in the exterior, "*with honour preventing one another,*" each one striving to be first in marks of respect for the other. And with great reason does the Apostle extend the obligation of mutual love into that of mutual acts of respect, since he who loves does not despise, but esteems the object of his love, and in proportion to the strength of his affection is the fulness of the esteem and consideration that he bears towards him.

CHAPTER LVI.

How we are to exercise towards an enemy the especial charity of conferring benefits on him, and how Christ teaches us to do so by His own example.

THE highest work of the charity by which we should love our enemies, and which indeed embraces every other exercise of it, is to be anxious to benefit them and to be kind to them. This duty comprises some points which are of precept and others which are of counsel. The circumstances which oblige us to do good to a neighbour oblige us also to do good to an enemy, seeing that he too is our

* Romans xii. 10.

neighbour. And these circumstances are, when an enemy stands in need of our assistance, for then, if he is in extreme peril of his soul, we are bound to render him the necessary aid, even at the risk of our lives. If he be in extreme corporal need, the obligation of affording the necessary relief presses on us to the sacrifice of what befits our position in life. If his necessity be not extreme, but only serious, we must come to his aid as far as we can without involving great loss to ourselves. Nor may we exclude our enemies from general acts of kindness; as, for example, in the prayers that we offer up for the faithful, we should include also our enemies. If we are distributing any alms or gifts to others, a just proportion should be assigned to those who may be at variance with us. Beyond such cases as these, the conferring of benefits, or the softening and overcoming them by especial favours, is a work of counsel and perfection.

Upon all these points Scripture instructs us. The Wise Man says: "*If thy enemy be hungry, give him to eat; if he thirst, give him water to drink,*" out of the feeling of charity.* "*For doing this thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head,*" and so wilt thou convert him from an adversary into a friend.† And God Himself has taught us through Moses: "*If thou meet thy enemy's ox or ass going astray, bring it back to him. If thou seest the ass of him that hateth thee lie underneath his burden, thou shalt not pass by, but shalt lift him up with him.*"‡ These are cases of necessity, in which charity lays an obligation on you.

And Christ, speaking generally of all cases, whether of precept or counsel, says: "*Do good to them that hate you.*"§ And the Apostle: "*Be not overcome by evil*" done you, "*but overcome evil by good;*"|| for by thus doing good to him you overcome your own wrath, and you overcome your neighbour, for you appease him and bring him to yield himself up to you. You at the same time overcome the

* Prov. xxv. 21. † Rom. xii. 20. ‡ Exodus xxiii. 4, 5.
§ St. Matt. v. 44. || Rom. xii. 21.

devils, since their object in stirring up your neighbour to behave badly towards you, in order to lead you to break the Divine commandment by anger, dissension, and abusive language, you, in refusing to consent to sin, and in increasing charity by showing kindness to an enemy, may thwart, and may thus gain a victory over them, and so may completely "*overcome evil with good.*" Both of this exercise of charity which is of precept and obligatory, and also of that which is of counsel and higher perfection, Jesus Christ our Lord has given us many examples.

Chief of all His enemies was the traitor Judas, and how terrible were the injuries that He received at his hands! And yet our Lord at the Last Supper, though well knowing all the treachery that he had plotted, and the iniquitous compact into which he had entered, would not exclude him from His company, nor deny to him the acts of favour granted to the rest. He admitted him to the table along with the other Apostles, He with His own hand helped him from the dish, He administered to him His Sacred Body and Blood, He placed Himself at his feet, and washed and wiped them, and, as some suppose, even kissed them. And as He thus touched his feet He sought to touch also his heart, and tried to soften and win it over by His holy inspirations. The Evangelist, evidently struck with wonder at an act of charity so stupendous, draws attention to the fact: "*The devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot the son of Simon, to betray Him,*" when he had made up his mind to carry out so monstrous a crime as the selling and betraying of our Lord into the power of His enemies, Christ "*putteth water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of the disciples.*"* And when His ungrateful disciple approached at the head of the band sent out to seize Him, He again tried to draw him by kind words, full of wondrous gentleness and charity, to acknowledge and repent of his great crime, thus inviting him back to His friendship. Nay, He even submitted to be

* St. John xiii. 5.

kissed by him, and calling him friend, asked "*Whereto art thou come?*"*, as though He had said, "Consider what I have done for thee, and what thou hast come to carry out against Me; bethink thee of thy sin, and, repenting of it, turn yet again to Me, for I am ready to forgive thee."

The Chief Priests and Pharisees "*sent ministers to apprehend Jesus,*" that they might put Him to death, and these approached our Lord in the fulfilment of this design. Although they were most wicked men, fully prepared for any crime, and were at this very moment emboldened and excited against Jesus, yet He wrought so merciful a work in them, partly through the words which He addressed to them, partly by the interior graces which He infused into them, that the malice of their hearts was entirely removed, and they were actually changed into faithful disciples and defenders of His truth; for, returning to the Chief Priests they exclaimed: "*Never did man speak like this Man.*"† Never had they heard such holy doctrine, so admirable and sublime, spoken with such spiritual meaning and efficacy, sinking so deeply into and moving their hearts; never before on earth had they seen or heard the like. Our Lord had bestowed on them a greater benefit, in granting to them this knowledge, esteem, and belief in the truth, than if He had crowned them with dominion over the whole world, for this world would have been but of little value to them, as they would soon have to leave it, but through that faith and fervour of charity He had made them fit for the Kingdom of Heaven—a gift of infinite price and never to have an end.

Again, Malchus had, with greater irreverence and audacity than the rest of our Lord's enemies, pushed forward to lay his hand upon Him and to bind Him, yet as soon as Jesus perceived that he was wounded, and that his right ear had been cut off by a savage blow, He immediately restored this to him, removing at once the pain and disgrace, and leaving him perfectly cured—a

* St. Matt. xxvi. 50.

† St. John vii. 46.

benefit so great, that the healing of his body would, had he so willed it, have led to the cure also of his soul. And, inasmuch as he was the servant of the High Priest, our Lord's act was all the more important, for He had not simply healed by miracle a wounded man, but one who was, in addition, an enemy of a dark malignant character, from whom He had already received grievous injury, and was about to receive still more. Another servant of the High Priest, in the presence of his master, with the utmost insolence and cruelty, "*gave Jesus a blow, saying: Answerest Thou the High Priest so?*" for which act he well deserved to be cast down amongst devils, without hope of pardon. Yet here again our Lord was so merciful to him, so full of gentleness, that He at once sought to persuade him to acknowledge and be sorry for his sin: "*If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why strikest thou Me?*"* If there be any fault in the words which I have spoken, show wherein it lies; if what I have said is just and true, thou hast struck Me without cause, therefore art thou without excuse, and shouldst be penitent for thy fault.

"We may," says the devout Tauler, "review each incident in the Passion of Christ, but in none shall we find the slightest trace of a movement of anger against His enemies, nor a single indication of indignation in any word, action, or gesture; but rather shall we find every expression of gentleness and sweetness that could possibly have disarmed their malice and converted their hearts. So friendly, so amiable was our Lord, that He made no return to His enemies for the evil they were heaping on Him, except to manifest His love and concern for them."† To both Jews and Gentiles, who were the authors of all His torments and the cause of His death, after they had poured forth the whole venom of their hearts upon Him, and the time had come when every creature of God in heaven and on earth might have visited their impiety

* St. John xviii. 22, 23.

† Tauler, *De Pass.* cap. xv.

with the most awful judgments, Jesus displayed a singular mercy, unheard of before—that inanimate creatures, as though endowed with sense, the sun, by darkening its rays, the country round by a terrible earthquake, the rocks torn asunder hither and thither, and the opened sepulchres—should call upon their hearts, that were harder than the very stones, to confess the impiety of which they were guilty, and do penance for it, to implore forgiveness for all their crimes and pray for those graces, those spiritual and heavenly blessings which He had just obtained for them by His death.

To all the sons of Adam—made children of wrath in his fall, and by their own sins become almost without exception the hopeless enemies of God—this Supreme Lord of all creation and Saviour of the whole race of man imparted such priceless benefits as to give His life and shed His blood for them, to offer Himself up to the shame and torments of the Cross, and, as far as could be, deliver them all out of sin, making them friends in place of enemies, and instead of being slaves of the devil condemned to eternal flames, raising them to be sons of God and heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. In order to secure for them this last end—their eternal beatitude—He, during this present life communicates to them the merits of His Passion, most precious gifts of grace, Divine consolations, and other innumerable favours, amongst which are His own most glorious Body for their spiritual food, united, as It is, to His Divinity and seated at the right hand of the Father. These are the benefits which Christ hath conferred on men who are His enemies; and whilst they were in the midst of their hostility against Him, He called, invited, and by His power drew them to the participation of these benefits, disposed and fitted them for their reception.

The Apostle carefully weighed in his mind this unspeakable love of Jesus towards His enemies: "*For why did Christ, when as yet we were weak,*" through the debili-

tating and deadly effects of sins, "*according to the time*" appointed, "*die for the ungodly?*"* It is as though he said, One of such great majesty could not have undertaken so unwonted an act as to die in behalf of so vile a creature as man, His enemy, except to gain some very important and very certain effect, and this end was that He might give us a sure pledge and hope of eternal glory. And what makes it more wonderful that a God should give His life for wicked and sinful men is, "*that scarce for a just man will one die,*" to save him from evils; not that this is impossible, but very difficult, "*yet perhaps for a good man some one would dare to die,*" and even be willing. But that which Christ did by dying, though so great a Lord, for sinners and enemies, no one else could be found to do, and therefore does it exceed our powers, either of thought or description. Thus powerfully, in words that should never be forgotten, does St. Paul explain the greatness of the love of Christ and of the benefits which in His love He has poured forth upon sinners and upon enemies. We are bound to follow in the footsteps and to imitate the example of our Lord and Master, striving to obtain from that same Lord, through our humility, our prayers, and our meditation on His Passion, that true love which reaches to the point of doing good to our enemies and communicating to them real benefits. Let us listen to St. Chrysostom, who, in proposing to us the imitation of Christ, thus exhorts us to this exercise of charity: "Let us draw from Christ Himself this principle of love. He, made truly Man, came to us. He humbled and emptied Himself, and took the form of a servant. He came to dwell amongst the Jewish people, whom He would not leave so long as He remained in mortal flesh; nor did He go into the way of the Gentiles, but traversing the whole country of the Jews, He cured every disease, and healed the complaints of their bodies and souls. They declared that He had a devil, that He blasphemed, and

* Romans v. 6, 7.

was mad, and was a seducer of the people. But when He heard all this, He so much the more went about doing good, and went forth to meet those who came to crucify Him. And even after He had been crucified, and up to the last breath which He drew, He did everything that He could to save them. Behold, how those ought to be loved who are our enemies, and how we are to copy the example of our Lord."*

* St. Chrysost. *in Ep. ad Ephes.* cap. iv.

A few Words on Prizes.

A Letter to the Editor.

SIR,—Many worthy souls are every year, just about this time, in some trouble as to the selection of prize books for the pupils of our various colleges and convent schools. In some respects they are better off this July than usual. To name no others, the *Pietas Mariana Britannica* and the lately published *Life of St. Catharine of Siena* will supply many wants in their particular line. But it has sometimes struck me that Catholic schools rather overdo the thing in this matter of prizes. It seems as if the object of the distribution was sometimes rather to console anxious parents with the idea that their young hopefuls of either sex have not been toiling in vain for the last few months, than to pick out really distinguished merit and honour it by a gift, the chief value of which is that it is truly a prize won in hard competition. The young ladies and young gentlemen who do not get prizes are often a small minority. This is rather a reversal of the natural order of things. It becomes a sort of disgrace not to return from school with something to show in the way of a brilliantly bound volume, the contents of which are not always intrinsically very valuable. Now here there is surely a mistake. Prizes should be for the few, not for the many, and, as a matter of fact, the positive standard of excellence at many of our educational establishments is deplorably low, rather than conspicuously high. Some time ago a complaint was made of the profuseness with which medals and other decorations are now granted in the British army—often for presence at

actions of no great moment. This profuseness does not tend to raise the level of valour and military merit.

Again, the books chosen are often the result of a hasty visit to some Protestant bookshop which is famous in this line, and they are frequently not free from all suspicion as to their teaching. Some time ago I heard the suggestion made that some modern Catholic books of real value should be introduced as prizes, and the answer that was made implied that as they cost some few shillings, it would not do to spend on their binding that amount of gilding and other decoration which is considered essential in a prize book. There is something very childish in the supposition that it is a matter of necessity to multiply these rewards, for, of course, if they are made so multitudinous, they cease to be rewards for anything except presence at the school for a certain number of weeks. There is sometimes a difficulty made about a new supply of really valuable and necessary school books, which contrasts strangely with the lavish expenditure on prizes. It would be a very great benefit to the Catholic body, if the Bishops, or some competent authority in each religious community and order, would send round inspectors periodically to take stock of the books that are used in the schools. I am of course not speaking of poor schools, for there is good enough inspection in their case, on account of the exigencies of meeting the requirements of the Government. It would be very well if some of the greater colleges would now and then publish a list of the best school books, in order that others might profit by their example in the selection. And I cannot help thinking that there is great room for improvement in many Catholic establishments in this respect; and if some part of the money which in so many cases is wasted in prizes, given to pupils of no desert above mediocrity, were spent in improving the books which pass from the hands of one generation of scholars to those of another, it would certainly be better spent than it is. Indeed, a review of the books actually in

use in many of our educational establishments, would reveal the fact that they are a very ragged regiment indeed, reminding us very much of the celebrated set of recruits marshalled by the immortal Sir John Falstaff. But the array of prizes on the table at the time of the exhibition, or whatever it may be called, of these very same establishments, that are so poverty-stricken in the materials with which teachers and pupils actually work, will often be most brilliant and most abundant. I have seen on such a table, when the pupils in the school did not amount to a hundred, if they passed half that number, books enough to supply one of the great public schools with prizes for a year, in which the number of boys was five or six hundred.

No doubt there is something very touching and pretty in the distribution of prizes at a Catholic school or convent. Very often the parents and friends of the young people are present, and the successful Tommies or Kitties receive the symbol of honour from papa, or mama, or some amiable female relative, together with a loving kiss, so as to make the stony-hearted spectator gulp with emotion. But then, if our Tommy or Kitty is only fifth or sixth in merit out of a class of ten or twelve, the heroic character of his or her achievement becomes somewhat modified. There are so many ways of getting distinguished that it is almost a difficulty to escape distinction. I daresay it is "all the fault of the parents." I daresay they would grumble if Kitty the sixth had not her prize to show as well as Kitty the first. But then educational establishments ought to educate the parents themselves in matters of this-kind—in their expectations, in their ambitions, in their exactions, in the way they manage the children when they are at home, in their punctuality in sending them back to the day, and in a score of other such matters, among which I would include this, of their ideas as to the claims of their little ones to prizes and honours.

It is supposed to be a principle of Catholic education,

as distinguished from other education, that the labours of the teachers are directed to all the pupils equally—to the less clever as well as to the cleverest, to the naturally dull, as well as to the naturally brilliant; and if this principle is carried out, the results of our education may be less showy, but they will certainly be more solid. But the great profusion of prizes cannot be defended on this principle, still less can it shield the great showiness and gaudiness of the prizes themselves, which seem as if they were meant for nothing than to lie on mama's drawing-room table, to be taken up and put down again by a succession of admiring visitors. For this purpose a medal, or something of that kind, is a far better expedient. It is what it pretends to be—a mark of honour and nothing else. If prizes are given in the shape of books they should be useful books, and not rendered almost unusable by the meretricious splendours of their binding. There is no reason why they should be full of woodcuts, or of the light and trivial class at all. When I choose a book as a present to a friend, or as a keepsake, no doubt I allow a little to human nature in adding something more than ordinary embellishment to the token of my affection. But I do not pay the object of that affection any compliment if I make it all embellishment—in fact, I pay the person in question a very bad compliment indeed. There should be some rule of the same kind about prize books. They should be handsome in their kind, but they should be books which the young may profit by reading, and by reading more than once. The distribution of prizes, when they are well selected, is an engine which may well be used in the formation of a good taste for reading—that great boon, without which no clever lad or girl should be sent away from school or college.

Perhaps, sir, you, with your great influence, may be able to call attention to the case which I have been endeavouring to state. I am bound to say that I have no personal experience of the responsibilities of parentage.

I am an old bachelor, fond of books myself, as certain booksellers can testify, and I have a number of nice nephews and nieces, all of whom, girls as well as boys, are being brought up away from home. I remember astonishing one of the young gentlemen by offering to make him a present of a good serviceable Greek dictionary. He seemed to think it was almost an insult to think that he wanted such a thing of his own. I fear that he was already looking forward to the approaching day when he would part for ever from all acquaintance with the language of Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, and Plato—not to say of the New Testament. One of my nieces was introduced by the Reverend Mother of her convent school to the study of Byron and Moore, and it seemed to be thought that this step was a mark of singular enlightenment on the part of that amiable functionary. I am sorry to say that I find the young ladies, as well as the young gentlemen, fond of any novel they can lay hold of, but I seldom catch them with a book of any other character, and they seem to be afraid of any book that will require thought. But I am not called upon at present to indulge in the grumbling propensity, which my dear friend the doctor is so kind as to attribute, in my case, to a certain sluggishness of liver, and I have done quite enough if I have drawn a little attention to one of the many small evils which, in my humble opinion, disfigure the beauty of our ordinary Catholic education.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

Convent of English Augustinians at Louvain.

THE principal circumstances of the departure of the English Augustinians from the Convent of St. Ursula to establish their new foundation of the Convent of St. Monica have been given by Father Morris in the *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, so that in resuming our narrative, interrupted a few months ago, we may allow ourselves some freedom of selection. The MS. from which our information is borrowed contains many minute details which can be conveniently condensed into a few lines, and much also which, if it has been told before, will certainly bear repetition, as being of very great and lasting interest.

The secession could not fail to have a suspicious appearance to those who looked on from a distance, and were altogether unacquainted with the true nature of the case. There were well-meaning persons who were scandalized at what only needed explanation to be edifying; and, as will always happen, there were ill-natured critics who made mischief with busy tongues.

It was not without much difficulty and delay, caused by conflicting counsels and opposing interests, that a house was procured by the mediation of Mr. Worthington, who through many trials, which would have shaken a less firm friendship, remained staunch in his fidelity. When, therefore, the purchase had been finally arranged, the next step, suggested by the painful experience of its necessity, was to obtain a solemn expression of the approval of ecclesiastical superiors, for nothing was further from the thoughts of the good English Sisters than to effect a separation incompatible with religious duty, or capable of being construed into an act of schism.

“Matters being brought thus far, they judged it now time to give notice to the Bishop that they were provided of a house, making humble petition for to have licence that some nuns, who had gotten yearly maintenance of their friends in England, might go forth and begin a new monastery of the same Order in the town, of English nation, which petition being formally written in Latin, they intrusted Doctor Jonsonius to take up unto the Bishop, which he was contented to do, the copy whereof is this that followeth :

““Right Reverend and most Illustrious,—Your humble and devout children of the English nation, Religious of the Canonesses Regular of St. Augustine in Louvain, do expose their request and petition unto your Grace, that whereas the Monastery of St. Ursula is replenished with English religious, and as yet many young maids of the same nation are found who desire to take upon them monastical life, but cannot well be received by reason that monasteries erected in these Low Countries ought to be for the most part of the same nation; and therefore some will not admit so many as do offer themselves, these gentlewomen, finding repulse and difficulty, either return to the world, or at least do leave their godly religious purpose. Others hearing this, having good motions to religion, they are not effectually followed. That, therefore, this detriment might from time forward have an end, your foresaid children do entreat of your pious Paternity that you will vouchsafe to give them leave to erect in Louvain a new monastery and convent of Canonesses Regular to the honour of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Michael Archangel, and St. Augustine, under the title of St. Monica (who may be counted as grandmother to the Religious of St. Augustine), to be subject unto the Metropolitan Seat of Mechlin, with the same right as the Monastery of St. Ursula is, and with such conditions as your gracious Paternity shall think good to prescribe, and such persons to go to the new house prepared for that end as you shall

choose and call out, who, absolved from their obedience to the Mother of St. Ursula's Cloister, might begin a new Convent of Canonesses Regular of English, and may serve God there with enclosure and obedience to the Mother there to be chosen according to the form of the Canonesses Regular, with power to gather together more English women, either those that are professed religious canonesses elsewhere, or of such as shall desire to come unto them out of the world, as their ability shall serve and the occasion of them that offer themselves to this new monastery shall require; and in respect that the diet of the Dutch nation is not so agreeable to the English nor convenient for their health, your foresaid children do entreat that those who remain in the Monastery of St. Ursula after the others are taken out, may likewise have leave to go to the new monastery of the English, with leave of the Superiors of both convents, as soon as the new monastery shall be able to admit them.'

"Upon this petition they received again a formal licence from the Archbishop, under his own name, hand, and seal, who also having occasion to come unto the town, came himself in person to St. Ursula's, and calling for all them by name who had means to go forth, he absolved them from their obedience to that cloister, and appointed them to go unto the new monastery upon the Tuesday after, which was St. Scholastica's day, 1609, it being then Friday. At that time Mr. Worthington was very desirous to have one more to go with them, for there were but five that had means, and he would fain that Sister Susan Labourn, who was his kinswoman, might have made the number six; the old Mother also and Sister Shirley were content therewith, hoping that God would assist them to keep one for nothing. But the Dutch Mother hearing of this, desired to put forth with them one whom she thought should never be able to get means; therefore she kneeled down before the Bishop, and desired humbly that since they would take one for nothing she might be the chooser, in respect that she knew

one of them had no friends ever to assist her to go, and therefore in charity she could not but speak for her. This was Sister Margaret Garnet. Whereupon the Bishop and the others that were to go consented thereto, and she was set down for the sixth. Besides, the old Mother also desired of the Bishop that in respect they were gentlewomen, and had no handling of work, and that they should be forced to take some for to serve them, he would grant that one nun more, who had been a servant in the world, might go with them in place of a lay-sister. Her name was Elizabeth Dumford, who had the office of cellaress at that present in St. Ursula's. This the Bishop also accorded unto, so they became seven in number."

The new foundation was begun in holy poverty, as the following graphic description will convince every one. In fact, our English ladies in Belgium in those days had a hard struggle to make ends meet, and we have already seen what kind of fare was provided for them, although some of them had been used to every delicacy in their own families.

"The Bishop had ordered that the cloister should allow them a little church stuff and some song-books, which they might well do in respect that when they undertook the Roman Office all the nuns were provided of books by the charity and contribution of the English, as also the choir stored with song-books. Wherefore of five great Mass-books which were given they allowed them two, and other old song-books, as also some antiphonaries and versicle books. As concerning church stuff, they gave them one vestment of a kind of gold tissue with a crimson velvet cross, which had been given by Sister Grace Newel, an English nun, as also another yellow silk wrought, given by Sister Catharine Pigot, with two or three antependiums and some albs, with other small things which the sacristan could well spare, and being an English, hoping to follow herself, was the more willing to help them. Moreover, Father Fen having lent much money unto the cloister, and they not

being able to pay him, he was content to take for it the suit of red damask with tunics, given by the two Allens at their profession, as also the silver monstrance of the Blessed Sacrament, given by Sister Mary Best and Sister Frances Felton at their profession, all which things scarcely amounted unto the sum which they owed him ; notwithstanding for these things he remitted wholly the debt. Mrs. Allen, besides, had given the white damask hearse-cloth with that condition that the English should take it with them when they went into England ; therefore desired they might have it now with them in this new erection, which was as a fore passage for England, and this the cloister condescended unto. The new Procuratrix also got of the Refectrice a good portion of pewter, for although she was of the Dutch nation, yet was kind to them, and gave them a dozen of pewter plates, as many porringers, and some dishes, with such like things as she could spare in her office, for they were reasonably well stored. Then she went into the kitchen, into the bakehouse and brew-house, and got of the lay-sisters some pots and pans, tubs, and such like necessary things for housekeeping ; but the lay-sister that kept the dairy and cow-stall would give her nothing but hard words, by reason that she would fain have gone with them, and they would not have her, but rather chose to take a nun of their own nation. When, therefore, our Procuratrix had gotten what she could among the officers, she showed it all to the Mother of the cloister, who was well content to let her have those things away. So they packed them up against the next day in which they were to depart, and with all their bedding and habit and whatever they had in their cells. As also the Procuratrix having herself been Vestiaria, got leave of the Mother to take away some linen with her in respect that she left the office much better stored than she had found it, as appeared by the inventory of the things. She took, therefore, a good portion for the new house with the Mother's consent. And Sister Elizabeth Dumford having

been cellaress, had leave also for some little things which could be spared in that office. But as for money or victuals, the cloister gave them not one penny, and the new Procuratrix, Sister Shirley, had but only five shillings in her purse (which her friends had sent her for a token) to begin house withal, which she was to give all and much more to the waggon-men for the carriage of their baggage to their new house, and the organs being to be carried by men's hands, she was forced to hire eight men, who had each of them one shilling. By which may be seen how this was truly the work of God, Who with so small a beginning, almost to human judgment, hath made our monastery to be erected, and increased it from time to time.

"Upon St. Scholastica's day in the morning, they were all called to the chapter-house, both nuns and lay-sisters. Then those that were to depart acknowledged their faults, as the manner is. The old Mother beginning first, spake so humbly, and with such fervour desired pardon for whatever might in the time of her government have given them cause of offence, that she made them almost to weep; and the Dutch Mother asked also of them pardon in the behalf of herself and the Congregation for whatsoever they might have disgusted them. After this they heard a Singing Mass of our Blessed Lady, and communicated. So they took their leave, but at their parting was much weeping on both sides; especially some were sore grieved to part from the old Mother that, for a long time after, they could not cease from tears.

Recent Publications.

The Christian Mother. The Education of her Children and her Prayer. From the German of Rev. W. Cramer. Translated by a Father of the Society of Jesus (New York : Benziger, Brothers, 1880).—The advice contained in the first part of this manual and the prayers which are found in the second part would be good and serviceable at any period ; but they are more than ordinarily seasonable at the present time. The Holy Father has recently called the attention of Christendom, in words of authority, to the Christian ideal of marriage from which modern paganism is fast receding. In proportion as that ideal is obscured or less appreciated, the sacred duties which devolve upon a mother will be neglected, left to chance, transferred to others, with grievous detriment to individual souls and to the future of society. It is certainly no exaggerated phrase which the author of this treatise uses when he speaks consistently throughout of the "vocation" of a mother. Unfortunately, it is the few and not the many who, on entering the holy state of matrimony, accept in the true Christian spirit the responsibility to which they pledge themselves. This is apparent to the most casual observer. Too many young mothers show by their worldly ways, that a larger portion of their time and thoughts, and a more sincere anxiety, is bestowed upon trifles and vanities than upon that great business of their state of life which should take precedence of every other—the education of young souls for eternal life. Too many think more of winning admiration on their own account than of working for the welfare of their children ; and even among those

who are less selfish, there are still many who are more eager to secure a good social position for their children than to save their innocence, to give them right principles, and to make them strong to resist evil in the day of temptation. The first qualification required in a Christian mother formed after God's own heart, is to know and feel the power that rests in her hands for help or for harm, for life or death, for salvation or ruin. To the mother during the precious years of infancy, souls very dear in their baptismal innocence to God their Creator and Redeemer, souls so pure that then and there they are fit, if death intervenes, to take their undisputed place among the angels and to see God's face unveiled in the glory of Heaven, souls with an eternity of blessedness or misery awaiting them, are committed with an unreservedness which has no analogy in later life. Upon the mother mainly—yes, it is not too much to say, mainly—depends whether it shall be weal or woe in the long future for her little one. Blessed are those mothers who understand this truth and work it into their daily life. Unhappy are those mothers who neither know nor care about that duty which holds the first place for them in their obligation of serving God.

In the chapter entitled, "The Mother of a Priest," the author offers in homely words some counsels which, to the worldly-minded, will certainly appear a little strained and overcharged; but it is a conclusion which follows directly from first principles of faith that a vocation to the sanctuary is a special mark of Divine favour and a privilege more precious than money can buy; and if this be so, it is a certain truth, that to hinder a vocation is cruel, and to promote a vocation is an act of parental love. Those mothers are not Christian mothers in the full sense of the word who try to turn their children's minds from the priesthood and the cloister. They will have to answer for their selfishness before One Who loves their children far better than they do.

Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: a Collection of Letters, Maxims, and Practices of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, Religious of the Order of the Visitation. Edited by Eleanor C. Donnelly (New York: Benziger, Brothers, 1880).—In the Preface is a short account of “that pearl of great price, that Blessed Margarita,” the saint to whom, under our Lord, we owe the devotion, such as we have it now, to the Sacred Heart. The book is almost entirely a compilation of selected words of Blessed Margaret Mary. It contains nine of her letters, besides short paragraphs of good advice given by her on various occasions, and sentences borrowed from her writings and conversations. The thoughts of one who had so deep an insight into the movements of the Sacred Heart, and who was admitted to so wonderful a familiarity of Divine love, may very properly be called “pearls.”

Short Meditations, according to the method of St. Ignatius. Revised by a Jesuit Father (London: Henry Perry and Co., 1880).—The greater the variety of meditation books within the limits of orthodox thinking and prudent method, the better will it be for meditative souls. No two minds have exactly the same requirements. Some more easily employ themselves in elucidating the meaning of a sentence; others find more spiritual profit in calmly contemplating a scene from the Life of our Lord. Some can work better upon a mere outline sketch of the subject proposed; others need a development longer or shorter, consecutive or interrupted. These *Short Meditations*, in monthly parts, will not suit those who cannot think for themselves, and will not suit those who prefer contemplation to meditation; but they will give the kind of help that is needed by many devout Catholics, and it is a special recommendation that they should be published in so portable a form.

Intention of the Apostolate of Prayer for July.

THE REPARATION OF BLASPHEMY.

Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo.

THE Reverend Fathers who give missions in the large towns of England are unremitting in their exertions to suppress or diminish the crying evil of drunkenness. In France a more deadly crime than any form of self-indulgence claims the principal attention of the ministers of God. There are predominant vices in nations as in persons. The practical good sense of Englishmen will generally suffice to save them from a sin so utterly unprofitable as blasphemy, but it is that very quality of unprofitableness which constitutes the fatal fascination for Frenchmen who, in vice as in virtue, cannot rest with their work half-done. To offend God for the sake of some pleasure, or profit, or present reward is wicked and ungrateful, but there is a deeper depth of wickedness and ingratitude—to offend God for the sake of offending Him. Blasphemy does not mean any casual, half-unwilling irreverence, like the fault of Oza when he touched the Ark in thoughtless haste ; but it is in its essential character a deliberate insult offered by the creature to the Creator. The growth and diffusion of this odious sin in France in these latter years is appalling, and the wonder is, not that she has been scourged with whips, but that she has not been scourged with scorpions—not that she has passed through all the multiplied woes of the German War and the Communistic Reign of Terror, but that her capital was not burned to the ground, so that not a stone should be left upon a stone of the place where God as God has been

publicly despised. All warning falls unheeded. Now more than ever impiety is systematized. Day by day in vile prints of every kind the Holy Name is reviled in terms which, even for the good purpose of rousing the zeal of the faithful and adding urgency to the demand for prayers, we cannot consent to repeat; the Sacred Heart of Jesus is held up to ridicule, the Church is denounced as a contrivance of priestcraft, religion is the enslavement of man, atheism is his emancipation, virtue is folly and childishness, vice is a rightful protest against the tyranny of ages, good is bad, and bad is good. "Come to me," said Proudhon, "O Satan, thou slandered one, hated by priests and kings, let me embrace thee, let me clasp thee to my heart." This is all mere raving of madness, but unhappily the madness which displays itself in hatred of God is not of the nature of an irresponsible malady but of a guilty and reckless insurrection. Nor is it only by words that the evil spirit of blasphemy declares its presence. The Sunday is profaned for the sake of the profanation. Leave of absence can be obtained by workmen on any day more readily than on Sunday. In the hospital not less than in the theatre there is open war against God as God. Great efforts are made to ensure that the dying sinner may die in his sins. The laws do not as yet directly exclude all priestly attendance in the sick ward, but there are regulations of which it is impossible to mistake the drift and purport. They are conceived in a spirit of opposition to religion, and they are carried out with a refinement of malicious tyranny. When a poor sufferer enters the hospital he is asked in a careless off-hand manner whether he is a "practising" Catholic. If he has the happiness to be a good Catholic, all may be well. He is registered in the category of those to whom the priest has access. But if for any reason,—by negligence and indifference, or in a fit of despondency, or through false shame, or because he is deceived by the form of the question,—he answers that he is not a practising Catholic,

he cuts himself off once for all from the grace of the sacraments. He is not allowed to unsay that word. "You told us you were not a Catholic. You have only yourself to thank—*tu videris!*" When he is dying, he may shriek for a priest, but no priest will be brought to him.

The movement for the expulsion of the religious orders is only another part of the same programme. Priests and nuns, whatever else they do or do not teach, invariably instil into the minds of their pupils love of religion and reverence for the name of God. This is their unforgiven crime. In the light of statistical returns it is impossible to accuse the teaching orders of having shown themselves incompetent to impart secular instruction. The fault even in that respect is rather that they have been too successful than not successful enough. But it is not for their good success or their bad success that the Government of M. Freycinet desires to get rid of them. The cause lies deeper. God as God must be banished from the school-room as from the hospital and the theatre. As long as the young are being trained in virtue and respect for religion, so long there cannot be a free development of atheism and communism. Unless the Church can be chained and gagged, there will always be a certain number of men formidable by the goodness of their cause and the honesty of their hearts who will fight to the death for God and fatherland. Between men who sin through human frailty and the faithful servants of Jesus Christ there may be much intercourse of genuine kindness and good service, but the professional blasphemer and the true-hearted Catholic differ too widely in first principles to be capable of contracting any alliance founded in sympathy.

The efforts which are being made to overturn the Church in France are no longer tortuous and diplomatic, but boldly illegal. The reason is, that ostensible causes, minor motives, clever pretences, have had their day, and now the war reverts almost to an original simplicity. The Church is fighting, like St. Michael, for God, and her

adversaries are fighting, like Lucifer, against God. Every day this truth grows plainer to behold, and soon those alone will fail to see it who are determined not to look. The men who desire to turn the religious orders out of France and to close the Colleges of the Society of Jesus, would banish the bishops and priests, and shut up the parish churches if they could. The men who have abolished the Sunday would like to obliterate the Ten Commandments. If they observe any moderation in their demands, it is not because they are satisfied with half measures of demolition, but because their power is still unequal to their perversity, and because they hope against hope that they may be able to vanquish the invincible Church by beating her forces in detail. They cannot ultimately gain the day; that is certain. They cannot destroy God by denying His existence, and while God survives, His word will not be made void. But a part of His word is the promise that the Church shall stand against all the fury of her enemies. They cannot ultimately gain the day, but—and this is the cause of our grief—they can and they will, unless their hands are held, work much harm to souls redeemed by the Precious Blood. If for the sins of France, and that most dreadful sin of blasphemy, the religious orders are driven out, and a godless State education is enforced by law, no pity need be spent upon the exiled teachers. They will but suffer persecution for justice' sake, and will have a large benediction from our Lord. "Weep not for them, but for yourselves and for your children."

Many a mother's heart will break as the cruel work of destroying the faith of the young goes forward. There is a persecution much harder to endure than that which condemns its victims to imprisonment and death. It is that sort of persecution with which we are familiar in these gentle days, when the tenderness of public sentiment can with difficulty permit the corporal chastisement of a criminal caught in the act of robbery with violence, and

shows itself solicitous to secure the kind treatment of horses and dogs. Extreme sensitiveness about the infliction of bodily pain is not seldom accompanied by complete indifference to mental agonies, or any form of spiritual bereavement. The suffering which irreligious laws inflict are greater beyond all calculation than the physical pain which so many benevolent men and women are eager to prevent. God, Who made human hearts knows this, and Satan, who has watched for thousands of years the ways of man on earth, knows it also. It is not difficult to trace some modern legislation to its source. The Spirit of God did not inspire the laws of civil marriage and divorce, and has no part in the laws by which it is proposed to take from Christian parents the liberty to choose the instructors of their children. No fitter subject can be found for the prayers of our associates during the month to which belongs the feast of the Precious Blood than the conversion or discomfiture of all who blaspheme the Holy Name and trample on the Blood of the New Testament, and more especially the defeat of those who are reducing blasphemy to a system by endeavouring to introduce an anti-Christian legislation about the training of the young. In particular there should be offered many fervent Communions on the feast of the Precious Blood and on the feast of St. Mary Magdalen.

PRAYER.

Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer to Thee the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in expiation of our offences, and for all Thy other intentions.

I offer them to Thee in particular to make reparation for the frightful blasphemies by which unworthy Christians continually outrage Thy goodness and provoke Thy vengeance. Overcome, dear Lord, their ingratitude by a miracle of Thy mercy, and grant to us Thy servants charity so ardent that the violence of their hatred may be unable to withstand it. Amen.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic regeneration of nations.

JULY, 1880.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *The reparation of blasphemy.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Thurs. *Octave of S. John the Baptist.*—Love of Jesus; 3,809 acts of thanksgiving.
2. Fri. VISITATION B.V.M.—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Charity to our neighbour; 4,526 young women.
3. Sat. *S. Norbert, B.C.*—(S. J., S. Leo, P.C. June 28.)—Compassion for the souls in Purgatory; 10,742 dead.
4. SUN. *Seventh after Pentecost.*—THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD OF OUR LORD.—Confidence in the merits of Jesus Christ; 9,392 various intentions.
5. Mon. *Of the Octave.*—(S. J., S. Paschal Baylon, C. May 17.)—Devotedness in doing good; 1,195 promoters.
6. Tues. *Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.*—Wisdom according to God; 2,041 superiors.
7. Wed. *Translation of S. Thomas, B.M.*—True Christian spirit; 5,248 families.
8. Thurs. *S. Elizabeth of Portugal, W.*—Diligent practice of good works; 6,201 parents.
9. Fri. *S. Bernardine of Siena, C.*—(S. J., *Prodigies of the Patronage B.V.M.*)—Confidence in Mary; 3,065 persons in affliction.
10. Sat. *The Seven Brothers, M.M.*—Christian care of children; 18,344 children.
11. SUN. *Eighth after Pentecost.*—(S. J., S. Pulcheria, V.)—Liberty for the ministers of Jesus Christ; 3,809 ecclesiastics.
12. Mon. *S. John Gualbert, C.*—Fervour; 4,457 religious men.
13. Tues. *S. Anacleto, P.M.*—Constancy; 6,785 graces of perseverance.
14. Wed. *S. Bonaventure, B.C.D.*—Christian education; 1,742 houses of education.
15. Thurs. *S. Swithin, B.C.*—(S. J., B.B. *Azevedo and Comp., S. J., M.M.*)—Esteem of eternal good things; 3,069 temporal affairs.
16. Fri. B.V.M. OF MOUNT CARMEL.—Entire trust in Mary; 562 communities.
17. Sat. *S. Osmund, B.C.*—Contempt of worldly vanities; 6,568 young men.
18. SUN. *Ninth after Pentecost.*—*S. Camillus of Lellis, C.*—Love of holy things; 4,483 First Communions.
19. Mon. *S. Vincent of Paul, C.*—Charity; 1,755 spiritual undertakings.
20. Tues. *S. Jerome Emilian, C.*—Submission to the Church; 3,294 heretics and schismatics.
21. Wed. *S. Henry, C.*—Purity of conscience; 7,210 nuns.
22. Thurs. *S. Mary Magdalen.*—Confidence in the mercy of God; 8,204 sinners.
23. Fri. *S. Apollinaris, B.M.*—Desire of salvation; 636 missions and retreats.
24. Sat. *Vigil.*—*S. Alexius, C.*—Docility; 3,170 vocations.
25. SUN. *Tenth after Pentecost.*—*S. James, Ap.*—Zeal for God's glory; 771 foreign missions.
26. Mon. *S. Anne, Mother of B.V.M.*—Interior spirit; 6,239 interior graces.
27. Tues. *S. Ubald, P.C.*—(S. J., S. Swithin, B.C. July 15.)—Resignation; 3,166 sick.
28. Wed. SS. *Nazarius, &c., M.M.*—Spirit of union; 2,790 graces of concord.
29. Thurs. *S. Martha, V.*—Readiness to serve the Church; 1,755 parishes.
30. Fri. SS. *Abdon and Sennen, M.M.*—(S. J., S. Dunstan, B.C. May 19.)—Advancement in virtue; 1,445 Church students and novices.
31. Sat. S. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA, C.—Spirit of Jesus Christ; religious men and women under persecution.

Applications for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. Edward Murphy, S.J., St. Ignatius' Church, Galway. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, Tickets of Admission, Intention Sheets, large and small, may be had from F. Gordon, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

Memorandum.—Local directors are reminded that the names of persons admitted to the Apostleship of Prayer after the date of the 7th of June, 1879, have to be transmitted once a year either to the General Director, Rev. H. Kanière, 22, Rue des Fleurs, Toulouse; or to the Central Director, for England, Rev. A. G. Knight, 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, Rev. Edward Murphy, St. Ignatius' Church, Galway. This rule does not affect any persons enrolled before that date.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Grandfather's Darling.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. MARTIN MAKES A VISIT.

THAT winter was like most of our winters—a very little bright cold weather, a great deal of fog, plenty of rain, and some days here and there of wind-driven snow. At last it was spring. The trucks began to appear in the London streets, and with the cry of “All a-growin’, all a-blowin’,” the minds of many of the London people were filled with pleasant visions of the country. Then there were the flower-sellers, who harassed pedestrians at every corner, thrusting before them penny bunches of primroses and violets, or urging them to the better bargain of “seven for sixpence.” These were signs of spring, but there were others. The warm sunshine and the biting east wind, the blue sky one moment, and next the shower of sleet or rain ; there were the lengthening days, the shortening nights, and the increasing throng of carriages in fashionable regions. To such regions did the Martins, like others of their social status, usually migrate on Sunday afternoons to “see the quality.” Innocent souls ! It never occurred to them that such magnificence of display in the parks was due less to “the quality” (upon that special day of the week) than to

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the larger shopkeepers—those of the same calling, but of lower degree, taking *their* pleasure by a drive to Hampstead or Highgate in light carts or phaetons, with the accompaniment of wives and children.

"It'd be pretty now at the old place," said Rosy's mother, every time she bought a bunch of spring flowers for the adornment of her tidy rooms. "Do you mind the lanes where you used to pick hundreds, and never see as there was so much as a flower gone? It's poor work giving pence for such as these, when one'd get as many as one wanted for just the trouble of seeking them at Hillingdon."

"But London is best," Rosy had begun to answer to these kind of lamentations; "I'd never tire of seeing the shops up in the part where Alice Grant has gone to place."

Mrs. Martin's opinions in regard to Alice had become changed with a fuller knowledge of her. "My mind mis-gives me as she did you no good," she often said. "When your head was full of nothing but queer notions and Bible stories you were worry enough. I thought the talk of a bright girl or two would 'liven you. But it seems as if you must be always turning things wrong side up and going contrariwise, for now your mind is set upon dressing smart and getting away to place, like Alice Grant. Not that I've a word to say against decent service, and I'd be pleased and proud to see you in one of the families round Hillingdon; it's this way of young girls getting their liberty, like they do in London, which I set my face against, and always shall till my dying day."

Rosy would toss her head and say nothing—*these* were among the number of old-world notions at which her new acquaintance laughed as at something only fit for some stupid place such as quiet little Hillingdon.

She was changed since those days of docile, timid childhood, when she had been her grandfather's darling; changed from the time still later when she had longed so earnestly to find and to understand and to love God;

changed, too, since she had received all Gertrude Harding's teaching with a resolve to cherish it in her heart, despite the impossibility of fully acting up to it while she was subject to the will of her parents. Rosy had been growing quickly from a child to a girl—a pretty girl, with a soft colour in her cheeks, though she did live in the very heart of smoky, grimy London, and with bright brown hair brushed back and neatly coiled behind a very shapely head. Martin was proud of her height; it proved him right, for had he not always laughed his wife's fears to scorn when, by their cottage fireside, she had been wont to descant upon the rarity of seeing children as delicate and dreamy, grow to womanhood? He was proud, too, of her merry, lively ways, and of her love for dress and desire after pleasure; *these* things proved him right again, for had he not always declared the folly of noticing Rosy's seriousness, or giving heed to her desires, which were of course the fancies of a somewhat ailing child? He was proud, too, when on a Sunday, with this tall, slight girl by his side, he walked out and was seen by his work-a-day friends (whom Mrs. Martin never made free of *her* "place"), and they thought her older than she was; it seemed to show how soon she would be of an age to get out into life and make her way well there.

In the old days, this one only child had been in George Martin's eyes some one to be worked for and to be shielded from all rough contact with rough things; he had wished her just to grow up at her mother's side, learning the same thrifty ways, until in the far future she should pass to her own tidy home and live over again the mother's life of usefulness and content. But now all was changed. This man had left behind him something far more precious than a home and a long series of associations when he left Hillingdon—even the contentment with his lot which had sweetened and blessed his labour. There had risen within him—engendered by the reading of certain papers and the talk of a few leading spirits in the bar-room of the little

village inn—an eagerness to get above his humble station, an impatience to gain money, and thus an importance which could never be his as a carpenter in a remote country district. He began to hate the squires and their families whom his forefathers had served and respected so loyally; to hate them just because they had within them something which he knew he never might possess, struggle as he would. Birth, breeding, education—well, he could not have these good things; money was within the grasp of any yokel who had strong hands and a clear head; and from the day he decided to leave the place of his birth he had decided to make “getting on” his god. So when this pretty Rose of his walked out with him on Sunday afternoons, and, gazing at carriages and horses and gay dresses with longing, said, “Oh, father, I *wish* I’d been born a lady,” he would answer, “Never you mind about ladies, Rosy; you’re just as good as them any day, and if I can only make a bit of money, I’ll see you as smart as the best of ’em before I die.”

She did not see how so delightful a consummation was ever to be reached; but hope even without foundation is a great sweetener of life, and many of Rosy’s happiest moments were passed in imagining herself some one rich and gay and finely dressed, with looks and manners and *toilette* all to match—and perhaps her photograph in the shop windows! Mrs. Martin’s unfeigned horror if she got an inkling of such sentiments, was the cause of her receiving few of her child’s confidences; still she was sufficiently alive to the state of things with both her husband and Rosy, to be very unhappy concerning them. She even began to wonder (she who in the security of her country home had felt no more concern as to spiritual things than the brown cow in their own little field) if some kind or form of religion would not have been a sort of safeguard for Martin and for the girl too. Sitting alone, when they two were out together, she would listen to the church bells with almost a longing to follow where they called her, and

see if she should hear anything to give her peace or guidance in her difficulties. Occasionally she wondered whether her troubles had come upon her in judgment for some unknown shortcoming, but this thought was very fleeting, as her consciousness of sobriety and industry was firm—and to be steady, active, sober, and respectful to her betters was Mrs. Martin's sole idea of Christian perfection.

But on one such Sunday, in her great need of a friend in whom to confide, she thought of Miss Harding, and resolved to wend her way to Edgware Road on the following afternoon. She would not take Rosy, nor even tell her where she was going, so that she might secure unlimited freedom of speech. "And I can talk more than common, thank God," was her final soliloquy, "when I *do* get the chance, though I'm not one to demean myself by speaking to the likes of the women I see all about me." It would be impossible for me to affix a precise and accurate date for the manufacture of the dress which Mrs. Martin disinterred from a box in which she kept such garments as the world was not worthy to behold in the ordinary way. It is sufficient to say that it had been left to her by a great-aunt, and even the far-famed "universal provider" would have found it hard to match in shade or pattern, had an extra yard been needed for restoration. But it was donned in Gertrude Harding's honour upon that glowing afternoon in early May. "Why, mother!" and Rosy lifted her head and half closed the suspicious-looking book she was reading. "Are you going out? and in that ugly old spotted lilac dress? Every one will see that you came from the country."

"I hope they will," replied Mrs. Martin; "I'd be glad and thankful for them to know it; *I've* no wish to be taken for one of these London folks."

"But, mother, it's an ugly, horrid dress; it was grandmother's, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't; and if it was, so much the better, for she knew what might be becoming to one in her station.

It was left me by my mother's aunt, Ruth, if you want to know, and I've took care of it since I was scarcely more than a child. It'll come in for you one of these days."

"I don't want it," said Rosy; "clothes never ought to last two or three lifetimes."

"Well, *yours* wont—such flimsy things as they make now-a-days, no wash nor wear in 'em! And if there was nothing wanting in the stuff, *you* never so much as set a stitch when it's needed; you wait till there's a big rent past mending! That's a slattern's way."

But here speech was checked for a moment by a horrible discovery which exactly served to illustrate the truth of these assertions. "What's that?"—and Rosy started, for her mother's eyes were fixed upon the ground just where she sat, and her own imagination suggested nothing less nor larger than a black-beetle.

"What *is* it?" she cried, holding back her frock and staring round her with dilated eyes.

"Only three inches of the braid at the bottom of your frock a-hanging in a loop!" said Mrs. Martin, "that's all." Then with a rapid change from irony to indignation, she cried, "Go right upstairs and mend it, and never let me see you a-sitting down like that to your trashy reading when there's work for your needle and thread. I wish I'd never sent you to Dame Dawson's school, I do—there'd be none of these books about if you couldn't read! But I'll light the fire with the very first I lay hands on. And there's the stockings you went out in yesterday! I saw them thrown on a chair after you'd got into bed, and if it hadn't been for my own eyes I would never have believed that a child of mine would go out as smart as a jay in peacock's feathers a-top, and holes in the feet of her stockings as shillings would be a trifle to for size."

"I forgot to mend them," said Rosy, colouring high.

"Forgot! Well, I'd like to see you forget to want new ribbons in your hat as easy. I'll tell you what came into my mind when I see them stockings, and I was near

waking you up to shame you by looking at them. I says to myself, 'Suppose one of these days the child was run over and took straight to a hospital, why, they'd never think she come of decent people if her clothes was in holes, let her hat and jacket be as smart as it might.' *That's* what'll happen to you, Rosy, if you go on as now, take my word for it, and a disgrace it'd be to me to own myself your mother."

Finding that Rosy received this rebuke in silence, and, putting away the interesting story, was searching for needle and cotton, Mrs. Martin was content to issue a few general directions as to the preservation of the kitchen fire and the timely boiling of the kettle, and then departed without disclosing the object of her errand. But in one of those unexplainable ways by which we all do make very near guesses at truth, Rosy felt convinced that her mother had gone off to Miss Harding, and also that she herself was to be partly the theme of conversation. It made her very uneasy and restless, even when the repairs were accomplished, and there were a few safe minutes in which, if she read, she was secure from interruption. The memory of past prayers, past promises, past resolves, heaped up, it seemed, in broken, useless fragments round her; the memory of a kind friend who had been forgotten for friends less true, less safe; the memory of what she had learned, of what she had believed and loved not so very long ago—all this was reason sufficient to make Rosy turn from her book with a momentary disgust, and stand at the little window, looking out with a most dreary, unhappy face.

"It's *not* my fault," she said in a low passionate tone, as if replying to some secret accusation. "It's not! I wanted to be good; I wanted to learn how to be good ever since I can remember; and when I saw I ought to be a Catholic, they wouldn't let me. I would have done it then, but I can't now—oh, I can't, I can't!" and she burst into tears more of anger than sorrow. For a little while it seemed a comfortable thing to beat down the reproaches

of her conscience by deciding that her parents only were to blame for all the past and what had sprung from it ; but presently the old candour and honesty of heart had so far re-asserted themselves as to set Rosy upon a different line of reflection. She had been held back from her desires, held back from grace, in a certain sense held back from God. This was true, but there remained some very serious facts. If she might not visibly be taken into Christ's Church, could she not in waiting have been true and faithful to it in heart ? Could she not have thought over all she had learnt, and, letting it sink deeply within her, have shown to mother and to father that it bore some fruit—the fruit of obedience, gentleness, and many other virtues ? Could she not have made an act of contrition for every conscious offence against God ? could she not have fought against many a temptation ? could she not have said her prayers at morning and at evening, and closed her heart to all these influences which she knew quite well had led her far and far away already from the path in which the children of Christ's Church must walk ?

Rosy did not grieve that she was left at home while her mother paid her visit to Miss Harding ; she felt that she did not want to meet those kind questioning eyes ; she just wished, as so many of us do in other cases, that the way to Heaven was not the *Via Crucis* ; that there were no difficulties to overcome, no clouds to obscure the sky over our heads, but that it was a level, sunny path along which we might pass gaily, stretching our hands to grasp bright flowers which had no thorns, and fruit which shall never be hard and bitter as we taste it—she wished, in fact, that it was possible to gain all in this world *and* the world to come.

Meanwhile Mrs. Martin had seen Miss Harding, and poured out to her the full flood of fears and miseries as regarded Rosy ; she also expressed a very keen regret that she had not agreed to and persuaded her husband to let their child have her will and become a Catholic. But

though full of her own affairs, she was not insensible to the change which those months had made in the lady who had been Rosy's best friend. "Dear, dear, miss, but you do seem sadly," she had exclaimed at intervals in the conversation—"a kind of waste, I should think, by the look of you, as reminds me of one of my sisters—she went off all of a sudden at last, just as one may say like the snuff of a candle. But, please God, you'll get better as summer comes on." The precise benefit which summer time could be expected to effect upon "a waste," Mrs. Martin would have been at a loss to indicate in the event of being questioned. She spoke of it, however, because it occurred to her that invalids needed cheering up, and without perceiving the manifest want of harmony between the aspiration and her belief. But Gertrude had no hope and no fear in thinking of her own life—she had put it into other keeping, and was at rest. "I should like to see Rosy," she said. "By-and-bye, if I live, perhaps I shall go away to some other climate. I have a few kind friends who wish it, though I should not have thought it worth while. Tell Rosy that I cannot believe she has so far forgotten me as not to wish to see me at least once more."

Mrs. Martin promised that her child should come, though she admitted that when it had been mentioned on other occasions she had seemed unwilling. "I think, miss," she added, "she's ashamed of not sticking to her mind when she'd told you she would."

Gertrude sighed; she had built such hopes upon the little girl whose grave, sweet face first attracted her notice during her holiday at pretty Hillingdon; she had thought of her almost as one of the children chosen by God to keep their innocence and purity even in a world of evil, and now she must pray for her as for some poor foolish lamb who had not believed in danger, and had been lured away from following the Good Shepherd.

CHAPTER XIV.

A RESTLESS NIGHT.

ROSY had a bright fire and a cheery kettle to greet her mother, but a gloomy face. She was silent too, and what can be more trying in one's sole companion when one is positively aching to impart news and yet desires not to do so unasked? Women are all weak in such cases; out come the very words they have resolved shall *not* escape them, out comes the history they only meant to tell by urgent supplication, and Rosy's mother was not the exception which proves the rule.

"It's lovely weather *to* be sure," she said, stirring her tea, and making the necessary additions, as she felt it was too hot for instant enjoyment. "Living here in these narrow streets, one can hardly believe there's such a thing as sunshine, but out west it's right down lovely—for *London*. And as for Oxford Street, it was crowded so as you'd never believe, Rosy; I walked along it for a bit to get the omnibus home, and I declare I hardly knew whether I was going right way or wrong with the noise of the carriages and things."

Still no response. "There *were* a many ladies to be sure looking in at the bonnets and mantles. Queer bonnets they are too! I'd be sorry to put one on *my* head. I am not certain, but I thought I saw Alice Grant wheeling a perambulator along; if it was not her it was one of her sort, walking as if she might be the daughter of a duke, with her head as high as high," and Mrs. Martin paused to notice if this stroke told.

"Alice doesn't wheel a perambulator," said Rosy, quietly; "she said she'd leave rather—though it is a good place. So they got a girl under her."

"Oh, indeed. In *my* day a servant did what she was told, and there wasn't this talk of 'leaving' directly anything turned up which went a little against the grain.

Now, it seems, there must be a nursemaid to wait on the nurse, and a girl to wait on the nursemaid, and who waits on the girl I can't say, unless maybe it's the missis. It seems to me that the master and the missis have the roughest berth in the ship, as the saying is."

Still Rosy made no comment, even upon the state of Oxford Street or her mother's presence there, so there was nothing possible but to disclose the whole matter.

"You'd never guess where I've been," said Mrs. Martin, happily without a pause in which this assertion could be contradicted. "I've been to see that poor dear Miss Harding, as won't be long for this world ; she might go off any day."

Rosy was interested now, moved also by some emotion which made her voice tremble as she answered, "Oh, mother! you don't really mean it. Miss Harding *dying*?"

"Dying by inches," replied Mrs. Martin, with a somewhat unsuitable complacency. "She brought to my mind my poor sister Anne, who went off sudden from just the same sort of illness. It's May too—they drop off in May like ripe fruit from a tree."

Rosy was nearly crying, but her mother was too engrossed just then to observe it ; by a system of reckoning which involved a search into the recesses of memory, and the comparison of certain landmarks through the course of her life, she presently arrived at the conclusion that it was twenty-three years within one week since the death of her sister. She should have said it was twenty-four, but for the certainty of its occurrence just after Cherry, the white cow, died, and she herself had bought a new green shawl ; both of which events happened when she was twenty-seven years old. The details by which she proved this calculation were lengthy, but sufficed to establish the fact—then she returned to her starting-point.

"Yes, poor lady, she won't be here much longer. She *might* see the fall of the leaf, but I don't think it."

"Did she say anything about me, mother?"

"She wants you to go and see her—that seemed the chief thing in her mind. And I may as well tell you, Rosy, that being disturbed and worried about you as I am, I just unburdened myself of all of it, and let her know the rubbish you was getting into your head about wanting to dress like a lady, and sit reading books that put such things before you. And though I never liked the name of Roman Catholics, I told her out plain I had sooner by half you was one of that sort if it would keep you from being like the giddy girls I've seen since I came to London—you may think it was none too pleasant for me to say *that*. And the long and short of it is, I'm going to take you to see Miss Harding to-morrow; though I shouldn't be surprised to find the blinds down and the shutters put to, knowing that sort of illness as I know it."

Rosy looked very white and frightened—the prospect of closed shutters seemed scarcely less gloomy than the prospect of an interview with her former friend.

"I says to her," continued Mrs. Martin, "if the child is set on being a Catholic, and if it is the only way of making her grow up steady and respectable, I'll make no objections, and if I talk to her father, perhaps *he'll* make no objections either, though he has changed for the worse through coming to London, as I always knew he would. That's about all I said, and then I came away. A long way it is too, especially when one thinks of having to go over it again to-morrow. But I promised Miss Harding, and I'll keep my word, for fear she should not live the week out."

As soon as it was possible that evening, Rosy went off to bed, though not to sleep until the city clocks had told out the hour again and again. Six months before, how light her heart would have been to hear that on her mother's part at least there would be no opposition to that which was her own great wish; but Alice Grant's statements had done their work since that time. "You would never have a bit of fun and pleasure like other

girls if you turned Catholic," she had said again and again to Rosy, in the days of their first intimacy. "I know how it is, for where I lived first the cook was a Catholic, and as disagreeable as could be ; *this* thing wasn't right, and *that* thing wasn't right, and sometimes when the other servants were talking, she would just walk straight off out of the kitchen, and say she wouldn't sit and listen. You see she knew she'd have to go and confess it all to some priest or other, and he'd blow her up ever so—she was afraid of him."

"Oh, no," Rosy had exclaimed, the first time this was said to her. "I have learned all about confession, and priests don't make people afraid, because they listen just as Christ would listen, and they say just what He puts it into their hearts to say. Miss Harding told me though it might seem hard to those who have never done it, it really is so very easy to confess our sins, and we are so happy after. It helps us, too, not to do them again."

"I have heard that," said Alice. "It is what they always tell you, but once get you a Catholic, you would find it very different. And then think what a slavery it is to be forced to go to Mass on Sunday, and never to eat any meat on a Friday, and ever so many more such things. You don't know as much of their religion as I do, Rosy, or you would never want to be a Catholic?"

Now in her bed, as she tossed restlessly from side to side, the child remembered all these things, and was almost as disturbed as if some terrible and certain doom awaited her ; she was ashamed to tell Miss Harding that the old desire was crushed, she was not prepared to tell her that it was living in her heart, and her only hope seemed to be that bad weather or some unimaginable difficulty might postpone the expedition to at least one day later. Then, with a sense of the meanness, the ingratitude of all this, she began to call to mind her various lessons, striving to fix the answers to the questions of the catechism in her mind, lest Miss Harding might revert

to them. She thought too it would be as well to go over the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition : it was long since she had repeated them. After an instant's recollection, she found they came quite easily, until she said, "O my God, I love thee with my whole heart and above all things," and then, with a sense of falseness, she buried her face in the pillow, half sobbing as she thought, "I *don't* love God above all things, I don't believe I love Him at all now, and I did when I was little ; and I thought I did even a few months ago. But I can't tell Miss Harding that ; she is so ill too. What shall I do ! what shall I do !"

She had forgotten how late it was, and that her mother must have come up from the kitchen. The remembrance only flashed on her at the same moment as the light from the candle which Mrs. Martin held in her hand. "Rosy, Rosy !" she said ; "are you dreaming, or whatever ails you ? I couldn't rest in my bed with you crying and sobbing like that. What is it, child ? Tell me directly ?"

Rosy had it on her lips to say she *must* have been dreaming, but she could not utter the untruth. "I can't help it," she began half fretfully. "I don't know what I've got to say to Miss Harding to-morrow, and yet I must go."

"Of course you must. And if *that* makes you cry and keep yourself and every one else awake when the clock's gone twelve, I'm right down ashamed of you. What are you to say, indeed ! I should hope you'd have the manners to say, 'I'm sorry, miss, as I see you looking so poorly,' and then make your curtsy as you were taught long enough ago. And speak up plain but respectful when she speaks to you. But there, you have no call to be thinking so much of what you have to say ; it'd be more proper if you were making up your mind to attend to everything she may have the goodness to say to you, and she so ill, poor dear lady !"

"But mother ——"

"No if's or but's for me," interrupted Mrs. Martin abruptly. "Do, for goodness' sake, go to sleep, child; your eyes will be that swelled with crying, you won't scarce be able to see out of them to-morrow."

This suggestion was a practical help to Rosy, and she turned round on her pillow in a fashion so much approaching sleep that her mother departed with a sense of victory. Yet though her eyes soon closed when she was again alone, Rosy's dreams were troubled, and she woke up in the morning with a sense of something unpleasant hanging over her. I do not suppose any interview ever did, or ever will take place, in which things fall out according to our preconceived ideas. We may arrange what we shall say and do, and what others will probably say and do, but when the time comes, the details are entirely contradictory, and we do not see occasion or opportunity for one of our carefully wrought-out utterances. So it is not surprising that Rosy Martin found her visit to Miss Harding extremely different to what she had anticipated. To begin with, her friend's flushed cheeks and bright eyes seemed to her utter inexperience good rather than bad signs, and she resolved to expostulate with her mother by-and-bye upon her great exaggerations of the case. Then, Gertrude neither questioned nor lectured her; there were no investigations as to how the catechism teaching had fared, and she was not called upon to repeat any act or prayer which she had learned during the winter afternoons in her mother's kitchen—she was only reminded of the past at all awkwardly just as she was coming away, and then it was by the gentle, half-whispered question, "Rosy, how are you keeping your promises to God?" She hesitated, turned red and then white, and finally burst into tears. "I'm not keeping them," she sobbed at last, finding that some answer was evidently waited for; "it is so hard."

"Poor child," said Gertrude, still very gently; "you must find it hard. We all do so, because of our sinfulness

and weakness, but there is such great grace to be had if we only ask for it."

Here Mrs. Martin felt it time to join in. "I've not spoken to my husband, miss, since I was here yesterday, seeing when he came home last night as he was that awkward in his temper there'd be no doing anything. But I've told Rosy that I'm sorry that I made any difficulty in her turning Catholic when she wanted, and if she is of the same mind now, I'll not say a word against it."

Miss Harding looked up at Rosy, who stood by her little sofa. "It makes me very happy to hear your mother say this," she said, after a dead silence of a minute or two. "Do you remember, Rosy, how much we wished to get such a promise some while ago?"

Rosy hung down her head, and answered nothing. "Perhaps you have not been thinking so much about it lately," Gertrude continued. "Perhaps you have not been wishing to love and serve God, and belong to Him in the way He has appointed; perhaps too you may have grown careless, and have left off praying to Him."

The silence seemed to indicate admission of all these things. "But then," she added, "if I am right in believing this is how it has been, you must not give up hoping and trying to be good, Rosy—never, *never* say 'it is no use,' however often and however sadly you fall back! It is *always* possible to start afresh, not expecting much of ourselves, but expecting everything of God. And so you must begin your prayers again. Will you do this, Rosy?"

"Yes, miss," said Rosy.

"Then there is something else I have to ask you to do for me. I cannot instruct you now as I used to do, and perhaps you wanted a better teacher. If I give you the name of a priest who lives nearer to you than I do, will you go to him and listen carefully to all he says to you, and so decide what God expects you to do, what you *must* do if you wish to save your soul? Can this be managed, Mrs. Martin?"

The woman hesitated a moment, but having come to the conclusion that to make a Catholic of her child would probably be a means of securing her from other evils, she did not wish to refuse. "Well, Miss Harding, if such is your wishes I'll do my best endeavours to carry them out," she answered with a half reluctance. "I never did see a Catholic priest as far as I'm aware, and to be plain with you, miss, and no offence I hope, I'd rather not. Still, if it's to be any good to Rosy, I'll take her to see the gentleman if you put down where he lives on a bit of paper."

Gertrude did this, and now her visitors left her with the promise of calling again in the course of a week or so.

Rosy's heart was certainly relieved of much of its burden. Miss Harding had been just as kind, just as like *herself*, as was possible, and this kindness and gentleness had done more than anything else could have effected. Even in the crowded omnibus which bore her homeward through the busy city, Rosy was thinking that no one ever had looked or spoken to her as Miss Harding did, and that to please *her* it would be worth doing much—*almost* worth giving up an acquaintance such as Alice, who would certainly have few dealings with her if she did become a Catholic! Mrs. Martin also was busy with her own reflections, and these were chiefly upon the step to which she stood committed. To enter the presence of a priest of the Church of Rome was a thing terrible enough to "send a chill through her very blood," as she told herself, for she had heard as many of the absurd falsehoods current about Catholics as most other uninstructed women of her class. Yet, on the other hand, she had given her word, and to be unfaithful to such a promise was not possible to combine with the preservation of her own self-respect. It seemed an alarming dilemma in which to find herself. Small wonder that the short walk to their home after leaving the omnibus was got through in pre-occupied silence. But a fresh subject of consideration was in waiting for her—Martin had arranged to astonish his wife once more.

The Expulsion of the Religious Orders.

THE closing of a certain number of the Jesuit establishments in France on the night of the 29th and morning of the 30th of June, fully merits the universal interest which it has attracted. Taken in connection with the simultaneous offer of pardon to the Communists, and the institution of a national festival to commemorate the taking of the Bastille, it constitutes a sign of the times which he who runs may read. No longer any doubt exists in any mind with regard to the ultimate desires of the party which now governs France for her sins. The hour is past for Christian men to endeavour to put charitable constructions on the words and acts of M. Gambetta's obedient servants. War has been declared. We are inclined to say with the *Univers*: "Be it so." The situation is not without its mournful consolation. It is decidedly better that the Catholic Church in France should have to contend against the open violators of law and conscience than that she should be forced to parley with the pretended friends of good order and morality, veiling their attack upon revealed religion under a mask of zeal for theism and public virtue. The assailants of the religious orders stand forth in their true colours now. The proof is palpable. The same Government which drives men of blameless life from the soil of France, invites the return of cowardly criminals who less than ten years ago heaped shame and misery upon their country in the hour of her greatest distress, taking advantage of a foreign invasion to push their private fortunes by murder and pillage—employments better suited to

their tastes and antecedents than fair fighting against the common enemy. By calling back to France with honour these double-dyed villains, the Government of M. Freycinet reveals itself for what it is worth. Never surely was the Gospel narrative more closely paralleled. "*Whether will you of the two to be released unto you? But they said, Barabbas.*" *

The illegal acts of the 29th and 30th of June, 1880, may be soon pushed from the memory of thoughtless men by more dreadful scenes, but they mark a crisis. Only God, and prophets inspired by Him, can say at this present moment whether a new Reign of Terror more terrible than all before will have its origin in the feebleness of M. Freycinet, or a reaction will at once set in, the Senate and the army refusing to let fair France be dragged through the mud by greedy and unprincipled adventurers who borrow their motives from Voltaire and their line of conduct from Danton. In either case the act of sealing the doors of the church of the Society of Jesus in the Rue de Sèvres constitutes a 'supreme moment' for ruin or resurrection.

We need no other reason for writing down a short summary of the leading incidents in an affair so memorable, while they are yet fresh in the minds of all the readers of our daily papers. It is seldom indeed in these days of mendacious correspondence and 'economized' telegrams that we find so much uniformity in the record of eye-witnesses. Substantially the same account comes from friends and foes. The cause is obvious. For once, both sides glory in the truth. The Catholics are proud of having kept their temper, and the Government officials are proud of having accomplished a difficult mission without any shedding of blood. The friends of the victims were predetermined not to damage a good cause and strengthen the hands of the oppressors by any act which could be represented as seditious; and the commissaries

* St. Matt. xxvii. 21.

of police naturally mistook this moderation for a frightened acquiescence. They have been undeceived since. Their bloodless triumph only showed that the Catholics of France would not condescend to fight the Government in a series of street rows. In this spirit of calm resistance is the best hope which yet remains. A few years since the churches were mostly abandoned to women worshippers. That is no longer the case. There are many young officers now who carry their faith boldly on their foreheads and, if their example were followed by all who wish to die in the grace of God, the *Communards*, who are not of heroic mould, would quickly find their level in deep obscurity. A noisy minority has once again, according to established precedent, imposed its will upon the nation. That is the central fact of which the incidents here to be recorded are only the *mise-en-scène*.

At 5 p.m. on the 29th, a large congregation was gathered in the Church of the Rue de Sèvres for the monthly celebration of the *Bona Mors*. The director of the confraternity, Père Lefebvre (who was one of the witnesses in the Tichborne case) preached about the Bark of Peter tossing on the waves. At 6 p.m. the congregation slowly left the church, but many groups lingered in the neighbourhood. The crowd steadily increased and became rather noisy, but its sympathies were clearly with the Jesuit Fathers. After a time the police made the loiterers "move on," and loud cries of "Vivent les Jésuites!" were heard.

At 8.45, a quarter of an hour before the time specified, MM. Clément and Dulac, commissaries of police, rang the bell and were met in the parlour by the Rector, Père Pitot. Some of the other Fathers were present, and some deputies and senators and other friends who had come to spend the night at the Rue de Sèvres. M. Clément immediately read the order for affixing seals to the doors of the church. When he had finished Père Pitot said: "I make my solemn protest against this order. You begin

by an attack upon God before the attack upon His priests. You came here to infringe our freedom of worship before infringing our personal liberty. I protest and I wish it to be perfectly understood that we yield to violence alone."

M. Ernoul added his protest as a friend of the house, calling attention to the responsibility incurred by all who take any part, high or low, in the closing of the doors, and he bore witness to the fact that violence had to be employed. An appeal was made to the commissaries of police to permit the Blessed Sacrament to be carried to Saint-Sulpice, in order to avoid a sacrilege which was at the same time a wanton insult to Catholics. The answer was that they were executing orders which came from higher authority; they were in this business only the arms and not the head. "Gentlemen," said M. Clément, "we now proceed to affix the seals on all the exterior doors of the church. You can go with us, or leave us to ourselves; I think it is better that you should go with us in order that we may not, in our ignorance, run the risk of doing something out of keeping with the usages of religion." The Fathers preferred to accompany him. When he took the red wax from his secretary to close the house of God with the two large seals and riband attached, M. Ernoul, who spoke with authority as *ancien Garde des Sceaux*, reminded him of the grave nature of the profanation. M. Clément sealed the five doors which opened on the internal corridor. Here an embarrassment occurred, which under other circumstances would have been amusing. M. Clément discovered that the great gate could only be fastened from within, so the sacristan and another had to be temporarily immured, and their liberation was effected by unsealing one of the doors previously closed. At a quarter to ten the sacrilege was accomplished.

Though the Blessed Sacrament was thus intercepted, our Blessed Lord was present to the thoughts of all during that last night of watching and prayer in the house from

which His servants were to be expelled in the early morning.

At 4.15 a.m. MM. Clément and Dulac, made their second appearance. The outer gate opened to admit them, and about a dozen of the nearest bystanders squeezed themselves through before it could be closed. Some members of the press were among these, while their less fortunate rivals left outside groaned with envy, and began to quarrel among themselves. At least one duel, as a matter of course, grew out of the occasion. The commissaries and their casual retinue found themselves in an entrance-court with a heavily barred gate in front, and on their left hand a porter's office with a window through which were visible Père Pitot, the Rector, the Baron de Ravignan, senator, and M. Chesnelong, senator. M. Clément, explained his errand most courteously: "Reverend Father, I come to make known to you an order of the Prefecture of Police which concerns you." Père Pitot, seated at the window raised his head to show he was attending, and the commissary read the Decrees, too well known, which command the expulsion of the Jesuits in virtue of existing laws. No answer was returned by Père Pitot. M. de Ravignan said that there were two questions which would have to be answered first, one affecting the rights of property and the other the laws of humanity. Was M. Clément prepared to expel the proprietors of the house and the aged and infirm? A discussion ensued in which M. Clément was polite and M. Dulac insolent. Finally, M. Clément put the question without more ado: "Will you open the door?" Père Pitot shook his head, and M. de Ravignan protested anew. A second time the same question was put, and no answer received. M. Clément left the house. After a few minutes he returned with a third commissary of police, and after putting the question a third time, "Will you open the door?" he despatched M. Dulac for a locksmith.

At five o'clock the inner door was broken open. All

the Fathers had dispersed to their own rooms, but standing on the stairs were about thirty gentlemen,* who had gained access either the evening before or in the very early morning; for between three and four o'clock the applications for the honour of protecting the Fathers became so numerous, that to avoid all appearance of intending to resist by violence it was determined to refuse admission to all alike. One exception had been made in favour of M. Kolb Bernard, senator, who received a very hearty welcome.

It was a solemn moment. Every one knew that it was an historic occasion, and that the words used would be certainly subjected to criticism, and possibly long remembered. M. de Ravignan, speaking in his own right as proprietor of the house, broke the silence. "I protest once more against the act of violence which you have committed, and I declare responsible all those who have taken part in it." M. Clément replied that he was only carrying out orders. After another energetic protest from M. Chesnelong, M. Clément asked where he could find the Jesuit Fathers; and he was told with English plain-speaking rather than French politeness, to "go and look for them." The commissaries seemed a little disconcerted. They parted on a separate quest, but returned immediately. M. de Ravignan then offered to guide them. He mounted the stairs followed by the two commissaries, the locksmith, the police officers, and all the assembled company. "These are the rooms of the Fathers," said M. de Ravignan, as they stood at the end of a gallery into which many doors opened. "Shall we have to force the doors?" "I know nothing about that. It is no business of mine." M. Dulac knocked at the first door, over which was the name of Père Marin. There was no answer. The commissary opened the outer door, and then, after knocking

* Among them were the following senators and deputies: MM. Marquis de Carayon-Latour, Chesnelong, Tailhand, Keller, Marquis de Partz, Villiers, Ernoul, Baron de Ravignan, de Kerdrel, Merveilleux Duvignan, La Bassetière, Du Bodan, Joseph Odélin.

again, the inner door, and found Père Marin sitting at the table with a book before him. "Mon Père," said M. Dulac, "I am under orders to beg you to go out." "By what right?" "By an injunction which I have just read to the Father Superior." "That injunction is an arbitrary act, and I refuse to obey it." "In that case I must have recourse to force." "Do so." M. Dulac turned to the police officers: "Make this gentleman go out." They laid their hands on his shoulder. He then stood up. "That will do. I yield to compulsion." M. de Carayon-Latour, senator, came forward, gave his name, and claimed the honour of escorting Père Marin. This scene was repeated in nearly identical details in each room. Père Pitot was accompanied by M. Tailhand, Père Matignon by M. Chesnelong, Père Bouix by M. de Kermenguy, Père Chambellan, the Provincial, by M. Kolb Bernard, &c. Père Guilhermy, when asked if he was a Jesuit, said he was a priest, and refused to give any further information. He was passed by. Father James Forbes Leith placed himself under the protection of the English Ambassador, and was not ordered to leave the house, but invited to go downstairs and have his case properly investigated. The greatest embarrassment was in knowing how to deal with the aged and infirm Père Hus. His door was locked on the inside, and had to be broken open. The old man was in his arm-chair. He said: "You have invaded my dwelling. Arrest me." At a sign from M. Clément the police officers laid their hands on him. M. de Ravignan and M. Riant wanted to assist him to move. "No, I wish to be put out by force; these officers will hold me up." At the door he bowed to the crucifix, and then he said: "I am an old man: I have already had a long life, and I bear no ill-will to any one. I forgive you, all of you, especially you, my children, who are carrying out these orders. I forgive you, and I bless you." The company present fell on their knees to receive the blessing, and even the commissaries bent their heads respectfully. Then the old man turned

to Père Pitot, and asked him for a blessing in return. The Rector threw his arms round him with an affectionate parting embrace, and then gave him the blessing he asked for. Père Chambellan, the Provincial, was among the last to leave. There remained behind, "to guard the property," by special arrangement upon the demand of M. de Ravignan, Père Pitot, as chief proprietor, Père Soimiert, old and blind, and Père Lefebvre. They were allowed the services of three lay-brothers, of whom one was a Frenchman.

While the expulsion was going on there was great excitement in the neighbourhood. The number of spectators continually increased, but honest indignation was the prevailing sentiment. The crowd was too much of one accord, and too Catholic, to be dangerous to the public peace. The cries of *Vive la liberté! vivent les Jésuites!* which greeted each fresh dismissal were sometimes accompanied by too much personal manifestation of feeling, and a few of these indiscreet friends of religious liberty fell into the hands of justice and suffered a brief imprisonment; but nothing like a serious disturbance was attempted. Père Milleriot, another octogenarian, walked out quietly with his umbrella under his arm, to take possession of his confessional at Saint-Sulpice, just as he had done every morning at the same hour for many years. His chief anxiety had been lest these strange proceedings should cause a defalcation in his punctuality. "*Vous verrez,*" he said to one of the Fathers, "*qu'avec tout cela on va me mettre en retard.*" He was immediately mobbed by people wanting to kiss his hands and receive his blessing, and go with him for an escort. In his own simple, unceremonious fashion, he said, as he gave them his blessing, "Get away with you, my children, there's nothing in it; leave me. Pray to our good God instead, that's better, just now, than coming with me to the church." At the corner of the Rue de la Chaise a file of *sergents de ville* stood on guard. They all saluted the

good old man. It was evident that the police did not like their work. They executed their orders as gently as they could, and some of them had tears in their eyes. A person in the street remarked to one of them : " It is less trouble taking up Jesuits than communists." " Yes," was the answer, " it's dirty work that they are making us do."

It is well to add one specimen of newspaper depravity, just to show how much dependence is to be placed upon the unsupported evidence of men who in their hatred of the God of Truth have elected to serve the father of lies. As a rule the journalists whose business it is to misrepresent facts do not directly contradict those portions of truth which are patent to all the world ; but now and again they forget their cunning, and, violating every rule of art, commit themselves to open falsehood. In the teeth of facts the *Petite République*, describing the scene in the Rue de Sèvres on the 30th of June, speaks as follows :

" To be brief, one only thing was wanting in this well-concocted comedy : persons to see it. Except some zealous friends, no one was present, and the good Fathers are sadly vexed about it. There is something worse than cries of disapproval, and it is—indifference."

The sealing of the doors of the church on the eve of the expulsion certainly had not been anticipated. Many Catholic gentlemen wished to spend that last night in the Church of the Rue de Sèvres in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. The Fathers had refused such permission to visitors from without, but they had fully counted on being able to say Mass during the night and make all necessary arrangements with regard to the Blessed Sacrament before the commissaries came to violate their domicile. So in all probability it would have happened if the Prefect of Police, M. Andrieux, had been left to purely human calculation ; but, when there is question of a sacrilegious act committed by a constituted government, other influences are active in ordering the event, and such feeble persons as Presidents of Republics and Prefects of Police will only

do what their master commands, and a mightier Master permits. Poor M. Andrieux, when he determined to commence his operations by closing the Church in the Rue de Sèvres, did not in the least understand the significance of the action. As the wicked High Priest spoke words of prophecy in ignorance of their meaning, so the symbolical force of the measure adopted on the evening of the 29th of June was entirely outside the consciousness of the government officials. An over-ruling Providence made them say by their act and deed, more plainly than they could have declared it by word of mouth, that the attack upon the religious orders begins in hatred of Jesus Christ. It was the same overruling Providence, and not an accidental decision or an intentional profanity, which fixed three months ago the feast of SS. Peter and Paul as the day on which the anti-Christian campaign should be opened.

On the day of the expulsion (Wednesday, 30th of June) his Eminence Cardinal Guibert, in a personal interview with the President, M. Grévy, demanded permission to transfer the Blessed Sacrament to the parish church of Saint-Sulpice. The President agreed to consider the question. The next morning (Thursday, 1st of July) he gave the authorization for the removal on condition that it should be effected in silence and without witnesses. Mgr. Richard, coadjutor of his Eminence, went at once to inform Père Pitot that the matter might be kept quiet. His efforts were in vain, for some ladies managed to be present at the interview, and the news spread everywhere with wonderful quickness. The Curé of Saint-Sulpice had also to be forewarned. The removal of the Blessed Sacrament was fixed for two o'clock. An hour before that time the faithful began to assemble in the Rue de Sèvres and at Saint-Sulpice, and the crowd increased steadily. At a quarter past two Mgr. Richard drove up, accompanied by the Abbé de Courcy and M. Clément. About fifty persons, among whom were the senators and deputies of

the right who had witnessed the expulsion, were waiting inside. M. Clément at once represented that it was not in his power to carry out the "operation" which he had come to perform. With such a crowd in the street he would not be responsible for the consequences. He went to seek fresh orders. There was really no danger, for the great majority of the spectators were there to do homage to the Blessed Sacrament. In the absence of M. Clément, Mgr. Richard thought it would improve the chance of success if the crowd could be induced to go to Saint-Sulpice, and he asked the gentlemen at his side to see what persuasion and example could effect. They immediately obeyed, and carried away with them five or six thousand persons, but a large number remained behind, determined to escort the Blessed Sacrament. Only five gentlemen remained with the Fathers. After three quarters of an hour, M. Andrieux arrived with M. Clément. A compromise was at last effected. M. Andrieux allowed the Blessed Sacrament to be carried to a little oratory in the house. It was a very impressive ceremony. The sky was overcast, and the church, when the door was unsealed, seemed wrapped in gloom. The lamp in the sanctuary was no longer burning. Mgr. Richard, accompanied by Père Pitot, Père Chauveau, Rector of Vaugirard, and the rest of his scanty retinue, carried the Blessed Sacrament in procession, chanting the *Miserere* on the way and giving Benediction after the *Tantum ergo* in the little room upstairs, where he was compelled to hide our Lord as in a chapel in the catacombs, not to save Him from the insults of His enemies, but to withdraw Him from the adoration of an expectant crowd waiting to do Him honour.

The Church of Saint-Sulpice was besieged by a greater concourse than any festival could have gathered together. All was in readiness at two o'clock. The curé was in the sanctuary, assisted by the parish clergy, all in surplice and with lighted candles, waiting for our Lord's arrival. The

people were on their knees praying. Soon there was a movement, and M. Chesnelong and the rest arrived at the head of the great reinforcement from the Rue de Sèvres. Then a sudden inspiration seemed to run through all the multitude at once. Lighted candles were not enough. It happened to be the day of the flower market, which was held in the immediate neighbourhood, and at once there was a rush of eager purchasers. An hour passed by, and then the sad news came. The precious Government which makes war upon Catholic France will not permit the devotion of the faithful to manifest itself in so dangerous a manner. The Blessed Sacrament must not be carried through the streets. To solace as far as he could the grief which this message was sure to cause, Mgr. Richard promised to come with haste to give a Benediction of Reparation. The curé intoned the *Miserere* and the Bishop entering a few minutes later, pronounced a short discourse. He was very pale, and his voice trembled.

He told them that he had left our Lord in good hands, and he thanked them for the "magnificent homage" which they rendered to the Blessed Eucharist, and he also thanked them for the docility with which they had consented to confine the Catholic demonstration to the interior of the Church, so as to afford the unbelievers no pretext for the display of insolence.

When I came here you were singing the penitential prayer. You were the loud voice of the Church, praying for the forgiveness of our sins, praying for our beloved France; you are here to show your entire devotion to our Lord. He will give you in return His Fatherly Benediction for you and yours. And when I lift the Sacred Host to bless you, it will be with more heartfelt confidence than ever yet. We belong to Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our God for life and for death.

It is impossible to describe the emotion which was manifest throughout the kneeling crowd as the prayer of propitiation ascended—*Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo!*—

during that memorable Benediction at Saint-Sulpice. To understand how the feelings of Catholics in France had been roused by the insult offered to the Blessed Sacrament in the name of the whole nation, it is enough to remember that the vast majority of Frenchmen believe in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, and the wonder is not that they congregated in thousands on such an occasion and expressed their discontent in a loud voice, but that they kept their temper so admirably under most trying circumstances.

The letter of the Bishop of Clermont to the Prefect of Police, in which he complains in the strongest terms of the unseemly haste with which the Jesuit Fathers of Clermont were compelled to remove the Blessed Sacrament to avoid a repetition of the sacrilege which M. Clément committed at the Rue de Sèvres, shows what French Catholics think of such government proceedings.

The sad intelligence causes me deep affliction (*me navre*); for in this the Majesty of the God Whom we serve is directly outraged not less than the conscience of our Christian population. Was it not enough to expel by force from their house in the early morning religious men universally beloved, and could it be necessary also to come back and thrust out God Himself with all speed?

You will easily comprehend, Monsieur, that a Bishop when he hears of such a proceeding cannot remain silent.

The Prefect felt on this occasion that an explanation was needed, and disavowed all complicity in the unseemly hurrying; yet it was a less insult to permit the Blessed Sacrament to be hurriedly removed, as at Clermont, than to refuse, as at the Rue de Sèvres, and to seal up the doors of the Church in defiance of all remonstrance, thus separating by the arm of flesh God from His people.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 30th of June, similar scenes of authorized housebreaking, in each particular instance not only a civil crime but a sacrilege, were being enacted in every part of the country.

Correspondence on Prizes.

I.—“AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER” IN ANSWER TO “AN OLD BACHELOR.”

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As you have admitted from an Old Bachelor a mild attack on the usual Catholic system of prizes, perhaps you may not think it amiss to insert a few words by way of a mild defence. I have had to do with a Catholic College for some years, where certainly a great many prizes were given annually; and I think I can speak pretty confidently of the reasons underlying our practice, though I cannot speak with the same confidence for other schools. I cannot doubt, however, that these reasons will be found to be pretty much the same in all cases.

First, as to the proportion of prize-students. It was generally about one-third of the whole number. That number ranged from about two hundred and ten to two hundred and twenty-five, the number of prize-students between seventy and eighty. The Old Bachelor speaks of the majority getting prizes. I never knew this happen where I was. No doubt even one-third is an enormously large proportion compared with that at the Protestant Public Schools, where there is but one prize for each class, irrespective of special prizes for Composition. What then is the reason of this great discrepancy? The Old Bachelor seems to think it is to please the parents, and to attract scholars. I question this. I have always understood the reason to be that encouragement might be given to study. Where only one boy can get a prize out of a class of thirty or forty, perhaps two or three will compete for it;

the rest will hang back, knowing they have no chance. But instead of one competition prize, offer standard prizes, *i.e.*, offer a prize to any boy who attains a certain standard of marks in his work, say two-thirds of the total, and you will find the stimulus reach a far greater number than before. More than half the boys will try, and will be induced, by the hope of getting a prize, to work harder than they otherwise would have done. Now this is a clear gain. The Old Bachelor may perhaps say that a judicious application of the *argumentum baculinum* would produce equally good effects. But surely willing work is better in any case than unwilling.

Another objection of our critic is that where prizes are so numerous it is no distinction to get one. It is no great distinction, certainly, to be low on the prize list; but it is all the greater to be high—to be first or second—where so many more are working well. But there is generally another mode of distinguishing oneself besides being first or second. By special work, or by going in for more subjects, more than one prize may be gained. At the College I have before alluded to, it was the custom to cheer the two first in each class, and any others who got more than one prize: the rest passed without comment.

I am certainly of opinion that the system thus carried out is beneficial, and preferable to the system of few prizes. It will be seen, however, that I have not shown, in anything I have said, any sympathy with mere indulgence of a desire for prizes, whether worked for or not. Our system unquestionably demands a fairly high standard of prize-marks, and a strict hand in awarding marks; otherwise there is certainly more danger of degeneration than in the other system.

Perhaps I have said enough for the present to show that there is at least another side to the question.

AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

2.—“AN OLD BACHELOR” IN ANSWER TO “AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER.”

By the kindness of the editor of the *Messenger*, I have been allowed to read the strictures of “An Old Schoolmaster” on the few remarks which I made in the last issue of that periodical, and to avail myself of the opportunity of replying at once to those strictures. I do not, however, find that there is very much radical difference of principle between myself and this high authority. But a few remarks occur to me, which may perhaps be submitted to the reader without provoking any strong feeling of indignation on the part of the advocates of the present system, if so it can be called, of the Catholic places of education in general. The writer, indeed, with whom I have to deal speaks of “the usual Catholic system of prizes.” I object altogether to this description, the whole question, in my mind, being whether the system spoken of is not a mere modern and local peculiarity. I doubt whether it exists in all our English educational institutions. I must therefore at once guard myself against two possible misapprehensions. In the first place, it would be a mistake to suppose that I intend to draw a contrast between Catholic and Protestant schools or colleges as such. I do not believe that such a contrast could be drawn with truth, and certainly, if it is so, I am not aware of the fact. I should say that the contrast was rather between old and modern systems as to prizes. My belief is that the modern prize system is a part of that general increase of expensiveness and show which manifests itself in many other ways besides this multitudinousness of prizes. When I was young, perhaps a lad in the first “eleven” of Eton or Harrow had his spiked shoes, his flannel trousers, and his cricket jacket. Now every little whipper-snapper four feet high who plays cricket anywhere has his “pads” and his “gloves” and no one knows what besides, and has his “average” for the season taken, his

bowling is "analyzed," and his "form" discussed. And, in the second place, I must not be supposed to think even that all Catholic places of education are alike in this respect.

The "Old Schoolmaster," I should think, must have had his experience in one of our largest and most distinguished Colleges—perhaps in the very largest and most distinguished of them all. There is obviously a wide difference between such a place and some school of fifty boys or girls, or even of a hundred. But the great majority of our schools do not rise to the number of a hundred. And yet it is very possible that the classes in such smaller schools are not fewer in number in proportion to their scarcity of pupils. Even in our higher Colleges it is often the case, unless I am mistaken, that the higher classes contain only eight or ten boys each. Sometimes the number may be even smaller, at least in schools where the whole number of pupils is small, and in such cases it may be really but little exaggeration to say that it is hard to escape a prize of some sort, at least in the higher classes.

Now, as to the first of my points, the "Old Schoolmaster" is much better able than I am to settle the question of the novelty or antiquity of the system. I shall be very glad if he would give us his knowledge of the matter. I will ask him what is the practice in this respect of the great number of the Colleges of the Society of Jesus all over the world, whether in them it is true, as he tells us of his own College, that the number of prizemen amounts to a third of the whole; and I should like to know what was the practice in this respect of the Society in its most famous days. I cannot doubt that the rule of the Society has always, and not only of late, been to aim at the benefiting and stimulating to exertion, not the cleverest boys only, but all the boys. But I do not know, what alone is of importance for the argument, as I understand it, of the "Old Schoolmaster," that the Society has uniformly and in all times considered that the multiplication of prize books in gilded

bindings has been an essential means for the securing of this end. I may be wrong, for I certainly have not the experience of the "Old Schoolmaster," but my impression is that the Society of Jesus has always gone on the principle that *honour*, and not any material reward or prize, was the fair stimulus to exertion among boys, and that this stimulus might be applied just as well by making *distinction* open to all, even the less brilliant boys, without necessarily connecting this distinction with a prize, which seems, in the very nature of things, to imply relative as well as absolute merit. I have always imagined that the system of the old English public schools must in great measure have been taken from the best Catholic models, especially in the great importance which those schools attach to composition, as a test of the mastery of a language, and to the exercise of the memory in learning by heart. In the same way I cannot see anything deficient in the principle that, to be placed at the head of a list at the end of the school time, after an examination in the matter of the work of that school time, was honour enough and stimulus enough for the best boys, even without a class prize, and that a declaration of the number of marks, showing that less clever boys had done as well as could be expected of them, and deserved distinction, was enough for them.

In the great public school at which I was myself educated there were in my time no class prizes at all. The boys who had done well throughout the half year were read out as distinguished by the head master, on the report of the master in whose division of the school they were; and the greatest and most substantial honour that could be gained was being what is called "sent up for good," that is, having one of the compositions of the school time "sent up" to the head master, who read these selected pieces aloud in the presence of the whole division. This must not be confounded with a prize for composition—it was the reward of general excellence, and I have

known a boy whose compositions were remarkably good, refused this honour because he had been idle. Of course none but good compositions could be selected, but the distinction was reserved for the best boys in general industry. Of course, also, there was a first class, to which any one of the division might rise at any time, consisting of eight or nine boys, who said their repetitions earlier than others, and had certain small privileges of this kind, and this secured a certain distinction at the end of the school-time. These were the only rewards for ordinary school work. A boy might be sent up once, at the most twice, in a single school time, and out of a division of fifty boys perhaps six or seven would be thus distinguished. For every three times that this honour was gained, the boy received from the head master a small prize in the shape of a modest octavo or duodecimo volume, such as, binding and all, might cost eight or nine shillings, with "HONORIS CAUSA" stamped on the side. The masters made presents of the same sort to their own pupils if they distinguished themselves, but these were simply voluntary, and recognized merit independently of competition. So again, many a boy left school with a little library of useful books, given to him as rewards by his parents or friends when he had distinguished himself. This seems to be a very natural stimulus to industry. But there were no "school prizes" at all, except for extra work, such as the prizes given by the French master, the mathematical master, and the like. For all I know there may be many more prizes by this time open to competition, but the great principle was that *honour* was the one distinction, and that the boys, whether the cleverer or the more plodding, were like the ancient Greeks—

Præter laudem, nullius avari.

It seems to me that this fallacy underlies the argument of the "Old Schoolmaster." He seems to think that no stimulus is to produce exertion except that of glittering calf or morocco. I humbly submit that there is another

alternative besides those two of which he makes mention—the holding out prizes, and what he calls the “argumentum baculinum.” That other alternative I hold to be the old and legitimate inducement of honourable mention and distinction, and I am sorry to see one of great experience imply that you can only make boys work in two ways—willingly, by giving them prizes, or unwillingly, by beating them.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

The Martyrdom of Father Garnett, S.J.

MAY 3, 1607.*

A GENTLEMAN of an old Catholic family, standing in St. Paul's Churchyard, by the statue of Queen Anne, recounteth this history to his little son.

Come, Wilfrid, stand beside me here,
While the busy throngs go by,
And I will tell thee how a saint
Upon this spot did die.
I love to hear thee say that thou
One day a priest will be ;—
But would'st thou, knowing that thy death
Were on the gallows-tree?

Well nigh three hundred years ago—
(It was a festal day :
The Finding of the Holy Cross,
The third of happy May ;)—
Where now the great cathedral stands
That rears yon lofty dome,
He shed his blood because he loved
The blessed faith of Rome.

'Tis easy, child, for us to hold
That faith in times like these :
We need not fear the hangman's knife,
Rack, exile, penalties ;
But then—ah ! 'twas a blessed thing,
To preach till hunted down,
Then rather die than Christ deny,—
So win the martyr's crown.

* The facts are taken from Father Morris' account in *Condition of Catholics under James I.*

'Twas like the early days of faith,
Of old in pagan Rome,
When martyrs said the holy Mass
In the dark catacomb.
Our fathers, too, were called a "race
Which shunned the light of day :"
Because with doors and windows barred
In secret worshipped they.

And then, as since, the powers of earth,
And hell's infernal spite,
Fell heavy on the band which bears
The Name of sacred might :
The vanguard of the Christian host,—
Their name, none feared as it,
A proverb and a by-word made,
The hated Jesuit !

Yet he, the holy and the wise,
So fair his spotless fame,—
Beloved by friend, admired by foe,
Was Henry Garnett's name.
But when the Powder Plot was known,
To work his death men sought ;
And he was ta'en, arraigned, condemned,
So craftily they wrought.

They said that he must die the death,
Who knowing of the Plot,
Yet spake not of it,—and indeed,
He knowing, knew it not.
He knew it not, for he was bound
By confession's sacred seal,
And what is told therein, you know,
A priest can never reveal.

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Ah ! ne'er more noble was his mien,
Than in that last dread hour,
When with joyous step they led him forth
From his chamber in the Tower.
Deep was his soul's unruffled peace,
As all who saw could tell,
As with cheerful look and playful word
He bade his friends farewell.

They laid him on the hurdle rough,
'Twas drawn by horses three,
And as they dragged him through the town
It was a sight to see !
For countless wondering faces swarmed
At housetop, window, door :
They said the like had ne'er been seen
At any death before.

He saw not—lost to sights and sounds
Of earth, for other eyes,
In love and pity bent on him,
Looked down from Paradise.
They drew him here where now doth stand
The statue of Queen Anne :
And, oh, it was a scene to chill
The bravest heart of man !

But with undaunted gaze he looked :
Death had no fear for him :
It could not blanch his cheek, nor make
His trustful eye grow dim.
He saw unmoved the scaffold there,
The rope and gibbet high,
The fire, the cruel knives and block
For the hideous butchery.

And being on the scaffold come,
He asked if he might pray ;
They bade him own his guilt, and from
His errors turn away.
They sought their Puritanic spite
With many a taunt to wreak :
Wisely and well he answered them,
And then was let to speak.

“This day,” he said, “the Cross of Christ
On Sion's hill was found,
By saintly Helena of old,
Deep buried in the ground.
And *I* (thank God !) have found *my* cross
Upon this self-same day,
By which I hope life's cross to end,
And rest, thro' Christ, for aye.”

And then again his foes began
To black his spotless fame :—
They seemed to think no grace can keep
A priest from deeds of shame !
They spared him not their lying words,
And meekly answered he ;
Then hid his face as he prayed aspace
Beneath the gallows-tree.

And hushed with awe was that vast crowd,
And each man held his breath,
As he with prayer made strong his soul
For the last act of death.
So brave, so firm yet sweet his mien,—
Oh, what was his offence ?
So modest in his shame, oh, who
Could doubt his innocence ?

He prayed for all,—the Council, State,
The Royal House and King :
That God to His afflicted Church
Ere long might comfort bring.
He warned them all none saved could be
But those one faith who hold,
Beneath the Church's one true Head,
One Pastor and one Fold.

Then oft across his breast he drew
The sacred sign of love ;
And oft did call on our Lady dear
To take his soul above :
“ O Mary, Queen of heavenly grace,
Protect us from on high,
Against the foe in life, and oh !
Receive us when we die ! ”

And when—the rope about his neck—
He on the ladder stood,
He crossed his arms upon his breast,
For love of th' holy Rood ;
Nor struggle made with death, but still
His arms across his breast,
He gave his blameless soul to God,
And entered into rest.

And thrice to cut his body down
The hangman raised his blade,
And thrice the people gave a shout,
And thrice his hand was stayed.
And when he held the heart, and cried,
"Behold a traitor's heart!"
No voice rejoined, "God save the King!"
But all in awe did part.

No word of man was needed then
To plead in his defence,
For all moved by his constancy,
Believed his innocence.
Nay, e'en the bigots said, "His soul
Doubtless in Heaven must be!"
The ministers themselves confessed,
"As saints died, so died he."

Fair is the great Cathedral there,
That rears its lofty dome:
Men preach there, but alas! preach not
The blessed faith of Rome.
Yet kneel, my child, and kiss the soil
Where the Martyr's foot hath trod:
For the blood shed there hath a voice of prayer
Before the throne of God!

F. G. M.

Some Chapters on Charity.

CHAPTER LVII.

It behoves us to do good to our enemies in return for the benefit they do us by showing to us our faults and by helping us to correct them.

ALTHOUGH the highest motive for loving and benefiting our enemies is the will of God and the example of Christ our Lord, there remains yet another which should greatly stir us to do the same, and which God Himself puts before us as such a motive. It is that they render a very special help to our souls, and not seldom conduce more to their spiritual life than do our greatest friends. For one of the means towards salvation which man stands most in need of is that his faults and sins should be pointed out to him and corrected, and made to appear to him in all their real baseness, in order that he may feel and deplore them; seeing that, from the passion of self-love which so much blinds him, he will not acknowledge to himself many sins that he commits, and those that he does confess to, he does not duly weigh nor make up his mind to correct them. It is but seldom in this world that one can find friends who will help him in this need; nay, friends too often conceal the truth, hide the faults of one whom they love, and flatter him, praising much of the evil which he does, making light of many of his defects, and exaggerating whatever good they find in him. Since they wish to maintain their friendship with him, and turn it as much as possible to their own account, they do not venture to chide him in anything which they know will vex him, however necessary it may be for his good. They only say that

to him which will please him, though they know well it is injurious to his soul. Hence one who is accounted a friend, really acts to us the part of an enemy, as the Wise Man warns us: "*A man that speaketh to his friend with flattering and dissembling words, spreadeth a net for his feet.*"*

Wherefore God, seeing this very marked deficiency in acknowledged friends as regards a point of so great moment and so nearly affecting our salvation, permits that we should have enemies who will render us the required service. These take note of and expose their neighbours' faults in their real deformity, holding them to be their enemies, and reproaching them for their delinquencies. They are not friends who lie in wait for you, closely watch you, and thus turn you aside from many dangerous occasions to your soul, making you afraid to do wrong. May then these your enemies be watchful and active in detecting all you say or do, that, instead of neglecting yourself, you may, on the contrary, learn to fear not merely that which is evil, but that also which might cause suspicion, or wear the appearance of evil; may they fill you with the dread of sinning to avoid the possibility of their speaking ill of you, or spreading any report against you, or of accusing you before any one who is likely, or who may be bound to punish you. Thus enemies are like timepieces, keeping their neighbours' lives well ordered and regulated, or they are like guardians and most vigilant tutors, who keep their eyes always fixed on them; and in this way they are far more useful to us than friends. Whence St. Chrysostom says: "That usefulness which friends fail to afford us, our enemies confer upon us."† And St. Augustine supplies the cause of this when he writes: "As friends injure us by their adulation, so our enemies, by finding fault with us and speaking ill of us, very generally lead to our correction."‡ And though our enemies in thus telling the truth of us and helping to correct our faults, by no means wish

* Prov. xxix. 5. † St. Chrysost. hom. iii. *De David et Saul*.

‡ St. Aug. *Confess.* lib. ix. cap. viii.

us any good, it is not the less certain that God wishes our good, and makes use of them as an instrument to promote it. For it is in this way that the Divine Providence generally works, drawing good out of evil, and transforming evil into good. It is also the part of Divine predestination to direct and control all events for the salvation of the elect. And in order to regard this in the light of a great benefit, so as to love our enemies and be ready to oblige them, it is enough that we know that God thus regards it, Who has bid us love our enemies, and that we are bound to please Him in this ; and also that God enjoins on us to love and do good to our enemies out of a feeling of gratitude for the benefit which through them He confers on us.

We should likewise be very diligent in gathering fruit from this favour which God does us in the person of our enemies, listening attentively to all that they say of us, and weighing it carefully without the slightest spirit of self-love. And whatever of real fault we detect in ourselves, let us weep over it with heartfelt sorrow, and confessing it in the presence of God and of His servant, let us humble ourselves and amend. Our minds need not revert to the uncharitable intention of an enemy in telling this unfavourable truth concerning us, let us look only at the holy and most loving design of God, as though it was His mouth which had spoken it. Were a man, imprisoned in some tower, to be dying of hunger, he would most thankfully grasp hold of and begin to eat the loaves that an enemy might hurl at his face in order to injure him, and would pay little attention to the ill-will of his assailant, but think only of his own hunger and of the good providence of God which had sent these loaves to him. So, when an enemy tells you of your faults and this humbles you, regard not his bad intention in the matter, but reflect on the great good this injury and shame will be to you, if only, being thus led to acknowledge what is wrong, you humble yourself and amend, and if it purifies

you through the very pain that it causes. Wherefore you ought to accept and embrace this as a gift from God and as most wholesome food for your soul, from which you should profit; for in truth, says St. Basil, "tribulations are a sort of meat of the soul, a training that helps wonderfully to root out vices and nurture virtue, and make the spiritual combatant more deserving of the glory of God." *

These, then, are the acts of charity which we are bound to perform towards our enemies. We must remove from them all cause of anger, we must bear patiently with them, rejoice in their good, sympathize in their misfortunes; we may not discontinue the good that before we did them, nor the ordinary intercourse and civility due to them, but even ourselves confer benefits on them. In this way shall we greatly please God, as David did under the Old Law, so that God pronounced this of him: "*The Lord hath sought Him a man according to His own Heart.*"† And St. Stephen and all the other saints of the New Testament also greatly pleased Him because they felt such love for and bestowed such benefits on their enemies. We shall find, too, our prayers most efficacious to obtain all that we desire of Him, for thus was it with Moses and Samuel, and with innumerable martyrs and confessors of the New Law, who prayed for their enemies with the most fervent desire of their hearts. Nay, as true sons, we shall resemble our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, imitating Him in that which He Himself, as Man, did and suffered for His enemies. We shall share in all His merits and gifts without measure, for these are poured forth all the more abundantly in proportion as we copy Him the more closely.

Moreover thus shall we achieve more glorious victories, since in loving and benefiting our enemies we are conquering ourselves, we are triumphing over our passions, our anger, our feeling of sadness, our self-love, subjecting these

* St. Basil, *Psal.* xxxiii.

† 1 Kings xiii. 14.

to right reason and to the Divine will. Besides which we conquer our enemies themselves, by appeasing them, by conciliating them, by removing their anger and ill-will, and changing them into friends. Lastly, we are victorious over the very devils, and overwhelm them with confusion. By these signal conquests we become an object of admiration to the world, we edify the Church by the example of our exalted charity, we fill the angels with delight, we actually increase the glory of God, and through His grace we render ourselves more worthy to enter into His eternal glory.

Convent of English Augustinians at Louvain.

II.

"THESE our first Sisters came forth then out of St. Ursula's for to begin this monastery dedicated unto our Blessed Lady's Conception, to the glorious Archangel St. Michael, and to St. Monica, mother to our holy Father St. Augustine. Their names were these: first, the Reverend old Mother Margaret Clement, whom her nephew assisted with maintenance, being blind: next in profession was Sister Catharine Allen; the third, Sister Margaret Garnet, sister to the Rev. Father Henry Garnet, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in England; the fourth, Sister Elizabeth Shirley, who had the charge to begin this cloister, and was made Procuratrix and Superioress until the election of a Prioress (she had twenty marks allowed of her friends); the fifth, Sister Barbara Wilford, daughter to Thomas Wilford, Esq., of Essex, who suffered much for his conscience; the sixth, Sister Mary Welch, niece to Mr. Southcote, a well-known Catholic, who allowed her £10 a year. Besides these six, went also Sister Elizabeth Dumford, a veiled nun, for to help them in their household work. They went in the street by two and two in order, having on hukes to make the less show; but, notwithstanding, the people ran out of their houses to see them, and some said, 'Oh, they knew the old Mother of St. Ursula's,' who came last, led by the Rev. Father Fen on the one side and Mr. Worthington on the other side.

"They went all first to St. Peter's Church, to visit our Blessed Lady's picture of miracle there, for so the old Mother had desired leave of the Bishop they might do,

and having heard Mass again at St. Peter's, which Father Fen said, they thought to have come directly from thence to this house, but Mr. Worthington led them without their knowledge unto his own house, where he had prepared for them a great dinner, such was his joy to receive nuns. They on their side were much amazed, thinking to have come to their own cloister when they saw themselves in his house; but there was no remedy. He had leave of the Bishop, and they must do then as he would have them, for they knew not the way unto their own monastery.

"There also met them the Rector of the English College, who had brought with him two great tarts, the one of minced meat made costly, the other of fruit very good. These two tarts Mrs. Allen would not have to be touched there, for they had enough. She sent them beforehand to their own house, and indeed they served our poor Sisters here a whole week. The said Rector also gave to Sister Shirley a little piece of gold of half-a-crown for an alm to begin house withal, and so they dined together there, to the great content of Mrs. Allen, her son and daughter.

"After dinner, about two or three of the clock in the afternoon, they came to this house, and the first thing they did was to dress the altar in that little chapel which is in the gallery above, by the dormitories, and then their Rev. Father Fen hallowed some water; which being done, they sung all together an antiphon of the Blessed Trinity, with the collect; next, *Ave Regina cœlorum*, with a collect unto our Blessed Lady; then an antiphon and collect of our holy Father St. Augustine; and, lastly, an antiphon and collect of St. Monica, our Patroness.

"So soon then as they were a little settled, within a day or two, presently they began to read their Office publicly; and the gallery that joineth to the chapel served them for a choir, which is so narrow that when they bowed at *Gloria Patri* their heads did almost meet together. They also sang Mass upon Sundays and holidays. Only

our Lady's singing Mass upon Saturday they thought they must omit because they were so few, and half of them commonly busied in the offices of the house, but good Father Fen would needs have them to sing that Mass too; yea, he said that if they would not, he would begin to sing it himself; but they were willing enough to strain themselves to honour our Blessed Lady. The old Mother also could not be content till they had the Blessed Sacrament always in their little chapel, but the Procuratrix could not presently satisfy her herein, by reason that she was not able to buy a lamp and keep it continually burning. Whereupon our Lord provided for Himself, and ordained that a good English gentleman, a student in this town, gave five shillings for the buying of a lamp, and soon after he dying left our cloister the money he had, which was about £10. So then they enjoyed the Blessed Sacrament; and no wonder the old Mother had this devotion, for she communicated every day, having leave of the Visitor in respect of her age and worthy fore-passed life.

"To Matins they rose at four o'clock in the morning, for they were as yet too few to rise at midnight, but such was their fervour in God's service that they could not be content with one Mass a day; and there being a poor Irish priest who studied in the town and could not tell where to say his Mass, for he had been refused everywhere, he therefore came here and was accepted of to say the first Mass. The wine for Masses was that which the tradesmen of the town came and presented to the nuns upon their first coming, for to have their custom, bringing each one a pot or two at several times; and they never drank it themselves, but kept it for the altar, because they were not well able to buy it. Besides this, Almighty God helped them to extend their charity to others, for the Irish Franciscan Friars beginning then also their cloister (St. Anthony of Padua), and not having convenient means to celebrate Mass in their own house, had desired of the

parish church they might say their Masses there, but they denied them, saying they could not allow them candles and wine. So they came hither and desired they might in the morning from six till eleven or twelve say all their Masses, offering to pay for the wine and candles, but they **did** not, for they were not able; nevertheless, here they continued to say Mass for some small time, till they could accommodate their own cloister thereunto, and then our Sisters had Masses enough.

"As concerning their temporal state, it was this. Mrs Allen gave to the Procuratrix, Sister Shirley, half a year's board for her daughter, which was £4, and with that she bought such things as of necessity they must have for housekeeping and had not brought from St. Ursula's. Their fare was eggs and white meat; only for the old Mother and Sister Catharine Allen, she being very sickly, they had some flesh; and thus they continued some time.

"Almighty God raised friends from time to time unexpected who assisted them, as about a month after their being here a good Beguine came and offered a piece of money, about an angel, unto the Procuratrix, saying that one had desired her to bestow it in pious uses, and that it came unto her mind she could not bestow it better than upon them, 'who are, alas! strangers out of your own country.' The Procuratrix thanked her heartily and took the alms, which came very luckily to help them. Also some of the English in the town a little assisted them, as Mr. Liggons and his wife, in particular, came once before they were inclosed to dine with them, and brought such a meal as served our Sisters about a week after. Doctor Clement also came over from Brussels to see them, and paid for his diet so long as he continued here, and afterwards against Lent he sent them figs and raisins. And Mrs. Allen sent very often some particular thing from her own table for her daughter, being very sickly, so that she was well provided for always.

"The good old Mother was as fervent to help what

she could in the holy Order, as if she had been a young nun. She sang the versicles in the choir when need was, which she could sing without book. The Procuratrix desired her to be the grate Sister, and to go also to the grate with those that were called for. This she did for good reasons, as knowing her to be a wise, discreet woman, and they had many enemies, who, though they made a fair show, yet did all that they could against them. She performed this office very willingly, and made so good a shift, that though she was blind, yet she stayed all day about the grate. She could grope unto the door when any did ring, and take their errand, then call to some other to have the business despatched. She also would not be idle, but besides the time of prayer, which was most part of the day, she did some little work only by feeling, as winding of thread, or such like thing; and assisted continually with her counsel the Procuratrix, who depended upon her, and was by her animated in all her troubles."

And, sooth to say, Sister Shirley's troubles in money matters were many and grievous. The evil reports which had gone to England, representing the movement to the new convent, which the Bishop had entirely approved, as a scandalous secession had caused some of their patrons to withhold the support hitherto provided. No little virtue was needed to relate in the gentle words which follow an incident which, however caused, must have been at the time a source of the keenest suffering. We read :

"Moreover, the £500 (before mentioned) which they thought had been theirs sure enough, by a certain occasion or mistake came to be given unto the Poor Clares, that were then also coming forth out of the French cloister in St. Omers to begin the monastery at Gravelines. And so our Sisters were deprived of the greatest help they expected. But our Lord Himself would be the Provisor of this house, and hath not failed to help it from time to time by means of such as He moved thereunto; and although at that present it seemed they were deprived of

all human expectation, yet their confidence in God was firm, through the counsels and encouragement of the worthy old Mother."

The Bishop took energetic measures soon after this to vindicate the orthodoxy of the new establishment, addressing a letter to all whom it concerned, wherein he declared himself entirely responsible for the separation which had been so cruelly misunderstood. Thus that matter was set at rest.

"But in this meanwhile we must not omit to declare that one Sister more was fetched hither from St. Ursula's upon the earnest entreaty of one whom they desired to gain for friend, and he promised that if they would take her, he would provide her of sufficient maintenance (which indeed was never performed); wherefore our first Sisters procured leave of the Archbishop for to have her come hither. Her name was Sister Frances Herbert, daughter to Sir Edward Herbert, brother of the Earl of Pembroke. She came hither on the day of our Holy Father's Translation, at the end of February, the same month that the others came, so they were now eight in number.

"Some time after this, finding difficulty to have the nuns do all the work, the Procuratrix desired Mrs. Liggons to help her unto some good wench for to serve them in the house, not as a lay-sister, but as a hired servant; so she found one that desired to be received, who, having served an English gentleman, could speak a little broken English; her, therefore, she took and brought to our monastery for a servant, being a good, poor soul, a Walloon by nation. She did our poor Sisters very good service, coming hither about midsummer the same year. Her name was Hubart (a French name for women), but afterwards at her profession she took the name of Catharine, by reason that upon St. Catharine's day of this present year, 1609, she was admitted for lay-sister.

"About this time our Lord forgot not His poor servants, but moved a Catholic gentleman by the means of

good friends to leave a legacy at his death to this new Cloister of St. Monica—it was £100. But I know not by what occasion we received only £80, which the Procuratrix did not spend in their daily maintenance, but made a shift otherways, and reserved this sum towards the buying of our house.

“About this time our Sisters had another accident happened which troubled much for the present. There came one day to this monastery the Infanta’s ghostly father, and being at the grate, asked for the Superior, who presently came to him. He told her that he was sent by the Princess to take a view of the house, and to certify her thereof. She immediately let him in, and his interpreter, Father Hew, Guardian of the Irish Friars. When they had viewed the house all over, the nuns, who knew not the meaning thereof, desired the interpreter to entreat the Father he would let them understand what he intended; who then answered that he was to take the house for to be made a cloister of Teresians, which the Princess would send hither for that end, because she understood we would not have it. This news we may well suppose was very unwelcome to our Sisters; but the Procuratrix, who was in the place of Superior, fell down upon her knees and besought him to have compassion of poor banished religious, who if they were put out of this house had nowhere to go; at which words he was much moved, and said he would do his endeavour to assist them, for he knew the Infanta would not require it if it were so prejudicial to them; as also Father Hew promised to put the said Father in mind hereof, and so they expected answer from the Princess with a fearful heart. At length the said Father Hew brought them word her Highness was contented they should enjoy this house, seeing they were already in possession thereof, and so that matter was ended.”

Sister Shirley began to think that it might be God’s will that their new work should not go forward; but one night she had a comforting vision, and the “Old Mother”

was like a good angel at her side, ever whispering words of encouragement.

"About October of the said year, their troubles whereof we have spoken being somewhat appeased, they desired to increase their company, for as yet they were but eight in number, and could hardly perform their duties in the choir, as also most of the English nuns that remained at St. Ursula's had written to their friends for means to be able to remove to this new cloister of their own nation, and six of them obtained something, although but very little was performed of what promised, nevertheless the promises sufficed for the present to obtain leave of the Bishop at the request of the nuns already here settled at St. Monica's, that eight more might come from St. Ursula's to this house. Whereupon within the octave of All Saints in the same year, 1609, upon a Thursday, the Bishop's licence came unto St. Ursula's for eight more to depart. Immediately the Dutch Mother discharged those that had offices, as first, Sister Mary Wiseman, who was Subprioress, and her sister Bridget, then Sick Mistress; Sister Frances Burrowes, Sacristan; the rest had other lesser employments, all which were now set free, and released by the Bishop of their obedience to St. Ursula's Monastery, and referred unto that of St. Monica's, and after this they packed up such things as they had in their cells, as the Mother gave them leave, and their habit and bedding; but these were not called into the chapter-house as the former, only they asked in particular pardon of each other, the English to the Dutch, and they again to them with all kindness. Upon Sunday night they had recreation in the refectory, as the time before at the others' parting, and better fare than ordinary, to be merry together for a farewell; and on Monday, the next day, in the morning they heard the first Mass, and then came down all to the grate and took their leaves of each other with many a weeping eye on both sides, for there was great love amongst them. Upon the same Monday, it being the feast of the Church

of St. Saviour's Dedication in Rome and the 9th of November, came forth from St. Ursula's these eight nuns, to wit, the two Sisters Wiseman, whose brother had promised them maintenance ; Sister Frances Burrowes, niece to the Lord Vaux, whose cousin Mrs. Brooksby, that had brought her up, promised £10 a year for her, but performed it only two or three years ; Sister Anna Bromfield (a convert of Father Gerard's), who had gotten a grant of my Lady Petre of £10 a year, which she faithfully performed for many years, so long as she lived ; Sister Susan Labourn, daughter to a holy martyr, for whose sake the old Countess of Arundel gave now £80, once for all, to help her hither ; the two Sisters Tremain had nothing, but because they were good souls, and fit persons to help in the order, both those of St. Monica's and those that came forth were willing to have them ; Sister Mary Skidmore, the youngest, had promise of her uncle, Sir Richard Farmer, of twenty nobles a year ; moreover, because she could play on the organ, and had other good parts, she was gladly taken with them. These eight were named in the last-mentioned licence of the Bishop, who went also with hukes in the street in order, but Mrs. Worthington would needs go before with the youngest for to lead the way. The rest followed by two and two. The last came alone with Father Fen, who was come from St. Monica's to fetch them, and their servant Roger was sent to bring their things with the waggon-men.

Recent Publications.

Mary's Call to her loving Children; or, Devotion to the Dying (London: Thomas Richardson and Son).—No one has a better right to recommend devotion to the dying than a Sister of a "nursing order," and we learn with satisfaction that this book of fervent exhortation "emanates from the Convent of the Maternal Heart of Mary, at Nottingham." It belongs to the series entitled "Our Lady's Library." Not many arguments should be needed to make zealous souls eager to take their share in rendering spiritual assistance to the dying. There is no mutual exclusiveness between the great approved devotions of the Church, and we can increase our care of the agonizing without diminishing our care of the suffering souls in purgatory. It is chiefly the satisfactory part of prayers and good works which we consecrate to the aid of the holy souls, and it is the prayer of petition by which we seek to save the dying. But for both devotions alike it is a prerequisite that those who desire to help others should first help themselves. Those prayers alone avail which express the desire of hearts in a state of grace.

Loreto Flowers; being short Meditations on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. By Dom Silvano Razzi, O.S.B. Translated by F.M. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1880).—This little commentary on the Litany of Loreto, composed in the form of short colloquies—one for each title of our Blessed Lady—is in the original Italian two hundred years old. It has been thought well to add a colloquy for the new title which commemorates the Immaculate Conception. We notice a few little inaccuracies, but cannot say

whether the translator or the author is responsible. Thus it is said (p. 2) that our Blessed Lady alone was *born* without original sin, and it is implied (p. 79) that St. Martha was either a married woman or a penitent.

Mission of the Zambesi. By the Rev. A. Weld, S.J. (Burns and Oates).—The readers of the *Messenger* are already well acquainted with the first movements and the present prospects of the mission of the Jesuit Fathers which has been despatched to the Zambesi—but they will be glad to have the account presented to them in a consecutive form by Father Weld, who is better qualified by office and place of residence than any one else to speak with full knowledge from authentic information. It may be said that the real work of the mission is only just beginning. The preparations have been successfully accomplished, not without a very special protection. May the Mother of Divine Grace plead for the poor savages with prevailing prayer!

The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl, and the Brother's Grave (Marie Cameron); *The Rod that bore Blossoms, and Patience and Impatience* (Marie Cameron); *Now is the accepted Time* (Lady Herbert); *The Brigand Chief, and other Tales* (Lady Herbert); *Sowing Wild Oats* (Lady Herbert); *What can a Child do, and other Tales* (Lady Herbert); *The Two Hosts* (Lady Herbert); *Clare's Sacrifice, a Tale for First Communicants* (C. M. O'Hara); *Nellie Gordon, or Lost and Saved* (M. A. Pennell). (R. Washbourne).—All these stories, except the last, are published in a uniform series; but although most of them are intended for children, two or three of Lady Herbert's are for older readers.

Intention of the Apostolate of Prayer for August.

THE PERSECUTORS OF JESUS CHRIST.

The servant, said our Lord, is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you. As* there will be scandals always, although a woe is pronounced against those who cause them, so there will always be persecutions. Not the victims but the oppressors deserve the pity of Christian hearts. The enemies of Jesus Christ have a short triumph and a long, an eternal desolation. Their glory is soon changed into shame. *O that they would be wise and would understand, and would provide for their last end.†* In the usual Providence of God it is only through the prayers of the good, that the wicked find mercy. No words of warning can reach those, who turn with contempt from sermons and pious books, and are too proud to listen to any reprimand. No gracious dews of Heaven are distilled into hearts that have long banished prayer. A little consideration of the deplorable condition of the persecutors of Jesus Christ will induce charitable souls, deeply concerned as are the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer in all that affects the Interests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to pass from pitying to praying for them. This is the revenge which the Saviour of men permits and enjoins: *Do good to them that hate you ; pray for them that persecute you.*

The victims are told to rejoice: *My brethren, count it all joy, when you shall fall into divers temptations.‡* They

* St. John xv. 20.

† Deut. xxxii. 29.

‡ St. James i. 2.

are forbidden to fear those who can do nothing worse than kill the body; they are assured that in the end not a hair of their heads shall perish; they are promised all the grace they may need in the hour of trial: *And you shall be brought before governors and before kings for My sake, for a testimony to them and to the Gentiles. But when they shall deliver you up take no thought how or what to speak; for it shall be given to you in that hour what to speak. For it is not you that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you.** The saints who have learnt the lessons and imbibed the spirit of the Gospel have shown themselves in every age indomitable and irrepressible, like the Apostles whom it was worse than useless to scourge for having preached, or to try to terrify with threats of further punishment in case they dared to repeat the offence: *And calling in the Apostles, after they had scourged them, they charged them that they should not speak at all in the name of Jesus, and they dismissed them. And they indeed went from the presence of the Council rejoicing, that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus, and every day they ceased not, in the temple and from house to house, to teach and preach Christ Jesus.†*

But while the persecuted just man is, or ought to be, free from all solicitude, the tyrant who oppresses him—autocrat, or statesman, or infuriated rabble—is in more evil case: *And now, O ye Kings, understand: receive instruction, you that judge the earth.‡ The Lord hath sworn and He will not repent: Thou art a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech. The Lord at Thy right hand hath broken kings in the day of His wrath.§ Why have the Gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord and against His Christ. He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh at them; and the Lord shall deride them. Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and*

* St. Matt. x. 18—20. † Acts v. 40—42. ‡ Psalm ii. 10. § Psalm cix. 4, 5.

*trouble them in His rage.** For the persecutor there is no peace from the day on which he lifts his hand against the Church. He has marked himself by that act for an object of God's vengeance, and his dreadful punishment begins at once. He is haunted by a spectre which pursues him even in crowded streets, and wrings his soul with terror in the silence of the night—the thought, which will not depart, of a signal punishment awaiting him. He may say that he does not believe in Hell, that he does not care for Heaven, that he is superior to destiny, that he does not fear God. Believe him not! These are but the ravings of a tortured soul. One thing he knows, that he is the enemy of Jesus Christ and that at any moment death may find him. No heavenly messenger tells *him* to lay aside his solicitude. No words of Sacred Scripture contain for *him* a promise of security against impending danger. He is treading upon a thin lava-crust, which may yield to the pressure of his feet, and below it is liquid flame† Can such a man be happy? It is not yet too late. Will he harden his heart and with fixed perversity refuse to listen to the voice which says: *Do penance?* If any man on earth deserves commiseration and the help of many prayers it is one in high position, king, or prince, or president, or demagogue, who has stood up against the Lord and against His Christ, who has used his power to subvert the truth of God, to destroy the faith of a nation, and has in part succeeded, who has upon his soul the responsibility of laws and edicts and guilty concessions by which the ruin of millions will be wrought long after he has gone to his dread account. The persecuted have good reason to pity and to pray for their persecutors, and for those the first who have had the largest influence for evil. Even of them it can be said in some sense: *They know not what they do.*

* Psalm ii. 1, 2, 4, 5.

† Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso. *Horace.*

But there is a far larger class of men, who deserve the name of persecutors of Jesus Christ, though they do not dictate anti-Christian laws, or oppress the Church by any direct exercise of power. They are the active propagandists of evil philosophies,—writers who use their mental gifts against their Maker, and their disciples who in every rank of life make war upon religion and morality by forming a “bad public opinion” without which civil rulers would be unable to accomplish their irreligious designs and to enforce their impious decrees. These men also are fiercely hostile to the Catholic Church, with a hatred born of jealousy. It is not wonderful that men who have renounced all hope of an hereafter of eternal joy should hate their neighbours, whom they see rejoicing in the way of salvation. Of that great multitude of miserable creatures there are very many to whom the prayers of those whom they now hate may bring repentance, and restore the light of faith and hope and Christian brotherly love, for of the vast majority of these secondary persecutors it can be said with fuller truth than of the former class: *They know not what they do.*

There is yet another class of persecutors of Jesus Christ. They deserve that name rather for weak acquiescence in iniquity than for spontaneous ill-will. They are the men who suffer themselves to be led by others against their better judgment and their conscience. As Pilate was less guilty than the Sanhedrim, so these men are less guilty than their leaders. But as Pilate with all his reluctance to shed the Precious Blood was still responsible before God and man for the death of Jesus Christ, so these men are responsible for the wounds inflicted on the Church which they could have prevented if they had dared to display their real sympathies, and had possessed the courage of their convictions. *They know not what they do* when, for fear of giving offence to influential friends or incurring the ridicule of the unwise, they join the ranks of those who stand opposed to Jesus Christ.

For all the unfortunate adversaries of the Church, to whatever category of persecution they belong, let the prayers of our Associates ascend, with hope for those who have cast away their hopes, and love for those who have surrendered themselves to hatred. Then it may be that the compassion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus will prevail over the irritated justice of God ; the prayers of His Church being found more powerful than all the malice of wicked rulers, and all the mischievous public opinion upon which they depend, and all the fatal cowardice which too often frustrates the efforts of the wise and valiant.

PRAYER.

Sacred Heart of Jesus ! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer to Thee the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in expiation of our offences, and for all Thy other intentions.

I offer them to Thee in particular for the unhappy men who, through ignorance, frailty, or the blindness of passion, make themselves enemies of Thee and persecutors of Thy Church. Remember, dear Lord, that Thou didst pray for them on the Cross, and grant that they, like the Centurion, may recognize their sin and so have part in the fruits of Thy death. Amen.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic
regeneration of nations.*

AUGUST, 1880.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *The Persecutors of Jesus Christ.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. SUN. *Eleventh after Pentecost.*—*S. Peter's Chains.*—Liberty of the Church; 30,730 children.
2. Mon. *S. Alphonsus Liguori, B.C.D.*—Spirit of piety; 1,312 Church students and novices.
3. Tues. *Finding of S. Stephen, M.*—Christian courage; 12,498 young men.
4. Wed. *S. Dominic, C.*—Love of God's Word; 21,549 religious men.
5. Thurs. *OUR LADY AD NIVES.*—Zeal of the house of God; 5,500 parishes.
6. Fri. *TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.*—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Gratitude; 8,068 acts of thanksgiving.
7. Sat. *S. Cajetan, C.*—(*S. J.*, *Octave of S. Ignatius.*)—Recollection of mind; 1,218 missions and retreats.
8. SUN. *Twelfth after Pentecost.*—(*S. J.*, *B. Peter Faber, S. J., C.*)—The will to assist one another; 2,657 graces of concord.
9. Mon. *Vigil.*—*SS. Cyriacus, &c., MM.* August 8.—(*S. J.*, *S. Cajetan, C.* August 7.)—The spirit of wisdom; 2,800 superiors.
10. Tues. *S. Lawrence, M.*—Esteem of good works; 2,199 spiritual enterprises.
11. Wed. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J.*, *SS. Cyriacus, &c., MM.* August 9.)—Entire consecration of self to God; 16,662 nuns.
12. Thurs. *S. Clare, V.*—Perfect resignation; 4,896 communities.
13. Fri. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J.*, *B. John Berchmans, S. J., C.*)—Innocence; 6,824 First Communions.
14. Sat. *Vigil.*—*Fast.*—(*S. J.*, *S. Peter Celestine, P.C.* May 21.)—Spirit of faith; 5,261 ecclesiastics.
15. SUN. *Thirteenth after Pentecost.*—*ASSUMPTION B.V.M.*—Confidence in our Lady; 8,728 graces of perseverance.
16. Mon. *S. Hyacinth, C.*—Devotedness in doing good; 2,475 promoters.
17. Tues. *Octave of S. Lawrence.*—Spirit of prayer; 116,997 various intentions.
18. Wed. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J.*, *B. Andrew Bobola, S. J., M.* May 23.)—Readiness in self-sacrifice; 31,026 children.
19. Thurs. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J.*, *S. Philip Neri, C.* May 26.)—Christian spirit; 11,584 families.
20. Fri. *S. Bernard, C.D.*—Confidence in God's mercy; 19,061 sinners.
21. Sat. *S. Jane Frances, W.*—Earnest desire of perfection; 9,701 interior graces.
22. SUN. *Fourteenth after Pentecost.*—*S. Joachim, C., Father of B.V.M.*—(*S. J.*, *Octave of the Assumption.*)—Love of true devotion and piety; 9779 parents.
23. Mon. *Vigil.*—*S. Philip Benitius, C.*—Patience; 7,033 sick.
24. Tues. *S. Bartholomew, Ap.*—Zeal for the glory of God; 1,129 foreign missions.
25. Wed. *S. Louis, C.*—Detachment; 4,645 temporal affairs.
26. Thurs. *Of the Blessed Sacrament.*—(*S. J.*, *S. Joachim, C., Father of B.V.M.* August 22.)—Hope in time of trial; 3,934 afflicted persons.
27. Fri. *S. Joseph Calasanctius, C.*—Christian education; 3,119 houses of education.
28. Sat. *S. Augustine, B.C.D.*—Submission to the Church; 3,897 heretics and schismatics.
29. SUN. *Fifteenth after Pentecost.*—*Beheading of S. John Baptist.*—(*S. J.*, *The Holy Guardian Angels.*)—Love of God and our neighbour; 10,611 young women.
30. Mon. *S. Rose of Lima, V.*—Docility to the inspirations of God; 5,684 vocations.
31. Tues. *S. Aidan, B.C.*—Loyalty to the Church under persecution; 4,896 communities.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

*An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works
offered up for these Intentions.*

The Intentions of the *Archconfraternity of St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Applications for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. Edward Murphy, S.J., St. Ignatius' Church, Galway. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, Tickets of Admission, Intention Sheets, large and small, may be had from F. Gordon, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Grandfather's Darling.

CHAPTER XV.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

DIVESTED now of her visiting toilette, Mrs. Martin was occupied in spreading the table for her husband's supper, and having a turn for retrospection, and no turn at all for keeping her reflections to herself, she innocently approached the subject about which he was longing to speak to her without further delay. "London's a close, unhealthy sort of place *to* be sure," she observed. "I don't know why, but these light evenings make one feel the miss of a bit of garden and a breath of fresh air worse nor ever."

Martin removed the pipe from his lips and leant back in his chair. "What do you say to going clear away?" he asked. "I don't care how soon you pack up and get off to Hillingdon again."

"It's no matter for joking," responded the wife, "and a feeling sort of man wouldn't take a pleasure in so doing. He'd be more like to set store of me for caring about the place where we was both born and bred."

"I'm as serious as ever a man can be. Listen here, Nan. I've got through the work as brought me to London,

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or leastways shall have got done with it in about another week, so there's no call for us to stay in these parts any more."

Mrs. Martin paused in her occupation, and then sank into the nearest chair shaking her head ruefully. "Then it's come true just for all the world as I said! A few months of work is what we broke up our house and sold a couple of good feather beds for, to say nothing of furniture; and now, there's Joseph Crabbe got all the carpentering for miles round, and nothing to go back to. It seems to me that the workhouse stands clear before us."

Martin laughed, yet he was angry. "As it happens you're all in the wrong. I've not lost my work here; I'm only giving it up for what is more to my mind. Of course you'll cry and take on—it's the way of women to see things at the blackest—but nothing will alter this. I'm going to Australy. I'll work my passage out as ship's carpenter, and once there, I'll see if there's no money to be made."

"Then what's the use of saying as I can go back to Hillingdon?" cried Mrs. Martin. "If I'm to be took a-board ship and away to foreign parts, it's poor talking of the old place. I'm safe to be drowned going out or coming back, so I've looked my last at Hillingdon. I always did say as it were nothing less than tempting Providence to go sailing off with only a bit of plank between you and the sea, which has swallowed up hundreds and thousands already—it's plain no good can come of it."

"There's a many that do tempt Providence then, nor don't seem much the worse for it," said Martin. "Any way, I'm going to be one of the number."

"It comes hard on me and Rosy—a girl like her isn't one to take to new countries, and it's rough living out there, I'll be bound."

The man interrupted her impatiently. "Now listen here, Nan, and don't talk like a fool—that's to say if you

can help it. Do you think I mean to go about with a woman and girl tied to me? A fine getting on that'd be. When I see things clear ahead I'll send the money to bring you and Rosy out, but I'll not take you there before I've got a place to put you in and something good to do. I've put by a bit of money in the bank as'll keep you comfortable meanwhile, but the *Ocean Queen* goes out of dock in twelve days from to-morrow, and she don't go without me a-board of her. There now!" and he looked at her with some defiance, though not unmixed with shame.

For a moment she met his gaze with utter bewilderment; even the mention of the money added to the shock, for she was of those who, considering banks as instituted for the express purpose of ruining saving people, put their trust in tea-pots and the toes of stockings.

"You're going to Australy, across the sea—and me and Rosy are to stay behind?" she reiterated slowly and in a strange choked voice.

Martin nodded his head, but kept his gaze on the floor until from sheer surprise at her silence he raised his eyes, saw that awful stoney whiteness spreading over her features, and grew alarmed.

"Come, Nan, don't take on. You'll soon get used to the thought of it and the time'll be nothing; besides it's for you and Rosy. I don't want to see you toiling all your days, I want to get a tidy bit of money so as we can enjoy ourselves like them gentlefolks as takes it easy and never does a hand's turn." He was going to draw his chair nearer hers and promise a golden future, but the woman rose tremblingly up and went towards the door, groping her way as one suddenly blinded. For just one moment Martin thought of following her, refraining only for fear lest she might take this as a sign that he would relinquish this project which had been maturing for many weeks.

So he sat quite still, simply re-filling and re-lighting his pipe while he told himself that "Nan" would soon come round, it was only the way of women to take things to

heart just at the outset. By way of example, there was the giving up of the old cottage—once over, she had made the best of London, however bitterly she complained of its dirt, and her three small rooms were as neatly kept as ever was the home in which she had taken such pride. Yes! with all her faults, Nan was a good sort of wife. At this point Martin's meditations were interrupted by Rosy's fear-stricken voice calling "Father, oh, father! come!"

His heart well-nigh stood still when he saw that sight. The poor creature had evidently gone to her child for comfort under this tremendous blow, and there, by Rosy's bed, had fallen on the ground, striking her forehead sharply, for, from it, a thread of blood was slowly trickling. "Nan, Nan!" and Martin's strong voice trembled and quavered, but she did not answer, not even when the frightened child crouched down beside her, praying and entreating for one word, one look.

A doctor came and speedily reassured them; a day's rest and quiet were all that was wanting and Mrs. Martin would be herself again, he said. This prediction was so far true that in an hour or so Rosy heard her mother's voice giving directions about some little homely duty, and on the next day she was in her kitchen, weak indeed and shaken, yet busy as usual. But "herself" she was not, perhaps never would be.

"I feel as if I'd got a sort of death-blow, but maybe I'm wrong," she said to her child. "I wouldn't like to leave you all alone. I couldn't lie easy in my grave to think as you'd no mother nor father to see after you, and you so young and unknowing."

"Oh, mother, it's only a little time till father sends for us," Rosy would say. "Every one gets on in Australia, and he means to work so as we can live like ladies."

"Ladies!" and Mrs. Martin's tone was contemptuous. "Little do you know what you're talking of, child. It's not money nor fine clothes that makes ladies, Rosy, and

neither you nor me need think to get to it. God Almighty didn't mean us for ladies, and its no use going against nature. 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' as the saying is, and I'm minded to be a decent, respectable woman in my own station, rather than one of the make-believe sort as one couldn't but laugh at, except for pitying them. They're never rightly happy nor satisfied. They know in their hearts they've just stepped out of their own place, where they might have been thought well of." Rosy was silent—the sting of all this lay in her consciousness of its truth.

Mrs. Martin seemed disposed to exhaust the subject once and for ever. "Rosy!" she went on, "remember this, if I'm dead and gone and you've no one to tell you the rights of things. Never you be for tricking yourself out with trumpery finery, and calling yourself *Miss Martin*, and the like; in my day girls had a decent pride in themselves which kept them from aping those above them, but now it's different, and they must all call themselves ladies. It was only last Saturday, when I stopped to buy a few pinks and a pansy or two to remind me of the country, that a dirty little lad sitting by the flower-basket, without a bit of shoe to his foot, says: 'Please to wait a minute, the lady's just round the corner.' And back she came as he spoke, a big red-faced drunken-looking creature, straight out of one of those spirit vaults, and smelling strong enough of gin to a'most knock you down! *she* must needs be a lady too, Rosy. It seems to me as the real sort that's born to it, will soon be for calling themselves nought but women!"

Rosy felt this a hard creed, quite different to the sentiments of those pennyworths of folly, falsehood, and ill-disguised vice, which she had dipped into. There, the leading heroines were poor country girls and dressmakers' apprentices who never married *lower* than a baronet, and accommodated themselves with a happy facility to the novel situation. So Mrs. Martin's plain and primitive notions

were as bread without butter—more wholesome than inviting; Rosy adroitly turned the subject to a discussion of the necessary repairs and additions to her father's wardrobe before the sailing of the *Ocean Queen*.

The last day came, and again Martin strove to persuade his wife to return to Hillingdon, but in vain. "No, George, no! I couldn't hold up my head there when all the folks came round to ask what had become of you. I'll stay in London now we are here. I'll get news of you quicker, maybe, than away down in the country, and perhaps we can find a tidy room a bit nearer to Miss Harding, who seems the only one I've to look to as a friend now. I'll see as soon as I can turn myself round."

Martin was uneasy and depressed now that the time had come to leave wife and child; he comforted himself by reflecting that it was all for their good, and by arranging as far as possible that they should want for nothing. "See here, Nan," he said, when night came—the last night: "I've wrote down the name of the place where you'll always get news of the *Ocean Queen*. It's in the city: 'F. Green and Co.,' as the vessel belongs to."

Mrs. Martin took the paper, and gazed hard at the pencil scrawl as if that made up for her inability to read it. "It's best wrote down," she said slowly. "Not that I'm like to forget the name of Green, seeing as it's the same as him that keeps the barber's shop at Hillingdon. So there's two of 'em, is there? What is the one you said after Green?"

"Co., mother," said Rosy, "Green and Co. Shall I put it in one of the leaves of the Bible?"

"Yes, do; that's the best place for keeping things, seeing it's never opened unless it's you looking out the pictures. And I know you'll be careful of the paper which has got the name of the gentlemen we must ask whether your father's got drowned or not."

"Oh, I shan't come to any harm;" and Martin who had been listening to this brief discussion, tried now to give

a more cheery tone to the conversation. "Besides, I shall write as soon as I can. I'll send a line from Plymouth just to say we're fairly off, and when the *Ocean Queen* speaks with another ship as is homeward bound we'll get a chance, maybe, of sending letters? I'll address 'em to this lady you're so taken with, seeing you've not yet made up your mind where you'll get a lodging."

Mrs. Martin shook her head; it hardly seemed worth a discussion, but in her own mind she was assured that once afloat on the treacherous sea, all communication by letter was impossible. She had, however, firmly refused any banking arrangements for her benefit, and, sorely against his will, Martin had been compelled to draw out his little store and permit her to conceal in such places as she deemed safe, suitable, and secret.

"It's a poor story giving other people your money to take care of for you," she said gravely. "They wouldn't be able to keep from spending it maybe, and even if they meant to pay back all fair and honourable, there's many have found to their cost what lending is. I shouldn't like it cast up against me at the day of judgment as I put temptation in the way of any of these banks, so it's best and only right I should have the money just where I can lay my hand on it, if it's but to feel as it's safe."

Very late that last night before their separation the husband and wife talked together, and among other subjects, of Rosy and the possibility of her becoming a Catholic. Perhaps it was well that Mrs. Martin had withheld all mention of what had passed during her visit to Miss Harding until then, when the sometimes rough-spoken man was subdued and gentle as he had not been for a long while.

"If the child's set on it, I don't see as it need make much difference to me," he said. "It's a religion I can't find anything to like in myself, but there no accounting for tastes especially in a girl like Rosy. I thought when she was a little one she'd a fancy for the Methody folks."

Mrs. Martin, however, denied this last assertion emphatically ; she even said she would rather follow her child to the grave than see her "turn Methody." Her early dislike had been strengthened during her residence in London, through having once been called upon by some stranger who was apparently of the same school as "Styles" of Hillingdon memory. This visitor had opened the conversation by the startling announcement that she was a sinner, which Mrs. Martin considered a most uncivil falsehood, and had consequently got rid of him with less politeness than he probably expected—from that day her prejudices against what she termed "chapel-goers" became almost violent, and she would have crushed with severity any inclinations Rosy might have in that direction. She was then satisfied with her husband's neutral feelings on the matter of their child's religion, but when he half-jestingly asked her if she meant to "turn Catholic too," she was offended. "I was never a one to take up with new fancies, the time's gone by for that," she answered. "Rosy's different ; it'll, maybe, give her something to think of and keep her steady like, so I shall take her to see the gentleman Miss Harding spoke of, and maybe he'll get a bit of sense into her head, which is more than there is now. I'd *rather* not go along with her ; I always thought that if I took care never to go nigh one of their priests nor inside their churches there'd be no danger ; however, I've give my word to the lady and I couldn't send the girl alone, so we must hope no harm will come of it," and Mrs. Martin sighed as she reflected on the chances of religious infection much as she would have reflected on a case of small-pox or fever, into the way of which a painful duty was about to lead her.

Both wife and child went with Martin to the docks and saw him on board the ship which was to carry him so far away ; it was a sorrowful parting, and each one experienced a relief when it was over. "I doubt I'll never see him more," said poor "Nan," wiping her eyes as she

turned away after watching the *Ocean Queen* move out of dock. "Something seems to tell me as one or other of us isn't long for this world."

"Oh, mother, don't say it, don't *think* it," cried Rosy. "It's only for a little, and time soon goes. It will seem nothing at all when father sends for us."

But Mrs. Martin refused all such comfort. "You're in the right when you say time soon goes, child, but there's other things slip along with it, such as one's happiness and one's life. I'd give a good deal if I'd wake up to-morrow and find us all at home again, and you a little thing once more, calling yourself grandfather's darling! Poor grandfather! it'd most have broke his heart to think a son of his could throw up a decent living and go off to a strange country like this. It's well them that's dead and gone don't know what's doing among us as is left, Rosy; I can't believe as they'd be able to keep from coming back again, which would happen awkward now and then."

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER PARTING.

"HARRY, oh! Harry, *don't* take it like this, don't say such bitter things!" and Gertrude Harding bent over her boy trying to soothe that passionate sorrow, as she had done in many of the sorrows of his childish days. She had kept back the truth from him as long as she felt it right to do so; but now when he was building on a future which could never be realized, now when he must get strength to suffer a coming pain, she would not longer shut out the glaring fact from his eyes. "It may be a few more months, it might be a year, we cannot tell God's time for separating us, Harry," she had said. "But I want you to try and accustom yourself to the thought that so it must be. I have no fear when I think of leaving

you; I had at first, but now it is all gone, for I am so sure that our Lord will watch over you and raise up good friends to comfort you when you seem most alone." The pain of all she said was in the fact that he felt it true; he knew, and had for some time known, what was hanging over them both, and yet he had striven so hard to believe that in some way the evil would be averted, that now and then the dread was lulled for a little. *Why* should it be? *why* should he who had lost so much, lose just the one person left him? These and other were the questions he asked in his mingled passion and grief, and when Gertrude answered him, "Because God wills it," he turned from her, and flinging himself on the ground at her feet, gave vent to all the bitterness and rebellion his heart contained. "Don't speak to me, don't *preach* to me! Let me alone!" he cried, as she tried to quiet him, and presently he had rushed from the room and out into the noisy streets, walking on he knew not whither, and he knew not why, except that he could not sit still and bear his unspeakable misery.

At last he turned homewards. Weariness of body had begun to quiet his disturbance of mind, and, moreover, it suddenly occurred to him that Gertrude might be troubled by his absence. He went in to the little parlour so softly that she was not roused from the light sleep into which she had fallen, and so he had opportunity of noting her white worn face, and then he wondered if he had been blind to the change which it *now* seemed that a few short weeks had wrought in it, or was it only the grey evening light which made her look so ill, so stricken? Every word he had ever said to pain her, everything he had done since earliest childhood to make her sad or anxious, came back to the poor lad's mind during that sorrowful watch while Gertrude slept—a half moan escaped him as he sat there, which roused her to see he was by her side. "You will miss me, miss me sadly, Harry," she said, putting her hand into his; "but there is the life beyond, where we *may*

belong to each other again. And you must try and think of all you have been to me ; you have been the one joy of my life since I had you—excepting, of course, that which comes from God Himself.”

“But you may get better,” said Harry. “Surely something can be done, something thought of. Have not these doctors talked of another climate, or any way of doing you good?”

“Yes, but I would rather we remained together till the end, and you could not leave your studies ; those who will be your friends too, and interest themselves in you by-and-bye.”

“I have no friends in particular,” replied Harry, gloomily. “Some of the fellows at school like me well enough, and I suppose I may consider myself in good favour with the masters, but that’s nothing much.”

There was a short silence, and then Gertrude spoke again. “I never realized fully the wonderful way in which God raises up helpers for us, until yesterday, Harry. Your future had been troubling me a little, and now it seems to brighten wonderfully as far as worldly prospects go ; you will be as surprised as I to find it is this physician of mine who comes forward as the kindest possible friend.”

“What can he do?” said the boy, still moodily, “except make you well, and that is beyond him, I suppose.”

“He can do this, Harry, and he wishes it. Your education will be carried through at his expense, and his house will be your home in vacation ; afterwards he charges himself to see you started in life in the way which seems most suited to your taste and capacity, in fact he will be to you the nearest approach to what a father might be to a lad of his own, and I am not afraid to trust you to him.”

“But why is all this?” and Harry looked perplexed, not to say doubtful. “He knows little of *you*, and nothing of *me* ; he isn’t even a Catholic, he —. well, I can’t

make it out, for it is not according to the common run of things."

"No, and that makes me believe it happens as an answer to my prayers. When first it was talked of, I felt it unsafe, *impossible* to trust you to one who, however kind, was not of our faith; yet as I have his word in nowise to interfere with the practice of your religion, and to respect my wishes in all such things, I feel differently now, and am very, very thankful to Dr. Johnson."

"And Father Merton?"

"Father Merton has seen and talked with Dr. Johnson, and he is satisfied that he means everything kind and noble; he thinks too, as I do, that such disinterested goodness must surely win for him a great grace, perhaps by-and-bye the grace of conversion. And Harry! think of what may depend on you. Think how you will be watched and scrutinized, how the smallest evil in your conduct may bring shame on your faith, and how the good may bring glory to God. When I remember this, amidst all my gratitude, I should fear for you if I had not such trust in our Mother Mary for your Protectress, if I did not know the immense power of grace to keep you through all temptation. So I think of the words of our Lord when He was leaving those He loved so dearly, and like Him I look up to God, and say, 'I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil.'"

"You are so tired," said Harry, in a choked voice. "Don't talk about it now—there can't be such haste to think of everything."

"No, perhaps not. But I want to have nothing to do with all these cares for the time that remains. There is one thing you must manage for me to-morrow, or the next day, Harry; it is about Mrs. Martin and Rosy. I heard from the child that her father was going to Australia, and that her mother was in great trouble, but that they would come and see me soon; since then I have not had a word

I must see them both, in case——. Oh, Harry, you must not mind my saying *in case* I have not much more time."

"I'll write to-night," he said, getting up. "I'll do it here, and then you can tell me how to put it. But I hope if they come they won't tire you as they did before."

"Well, you need not express that hope in your note," and Gertrude smiled. "The woman is talkative, but she does not know it, and would not, I am sure, tire me for any consideration if she was conscious of doing so. Write plainly, Harry."

"My best large copper-plate," he said, affecting to be cheerful, though the tears were in his eyes, and he was glad to put himself beyond the range of his Aunt Gertrude's view.

Upon the second day the invited guests appeared, but even Mrs. Martin's usual volubility was stayed by the first glance at Miss Harding's face, and she did not so much as mention her own trials and vexations, though just then they were numerous. A hired nurse had been called in now to tend the invalid, and she would only permit the briefest of interviews. Few indeed, and faintly spoken, were Gertrude's words to Rosy and her mother, but perhaps the impression left on them by her perfect peace and resignation was more powerful than anything she had ever said.

Dying! plainly, obviously dying fast! yet not troubled or afraid—Mrs. Martin pondered on this state of things in many and many an hour of the days which passed before she knew that all was over. Was this something which the Catholic faith could effect, and *only that*? She almost thought so, for lately she herself had been picturing what it would be to die, and the mere fancy had made her uneasy and alarmed. "I'll go to the priest, and I'll take Rosy," she resolved. "I've been put about so with trouble, that I most forgot my promise to that poor dear lady; but I'll lose no more time, for maybe I shan't live long myself, and I'd like something to lay hold on which could make me quiet-like as she is."

Meanwhile, those who watched Gertrude were half deceived by a sudden rally of nature, which for some days gave the semblance of recovered strength; the boy Harry well-nigh believed it a sign of possible recovery, and his step grew light as ever, and his face was almost sunshiny as she talked to him so much like she had done in the happier past when but little ailed her. And thus the last hour came unawares one bright day a week after Rosy Martin's visit. The Holy Communion had been brought to her that morning, and afterwards Gertrude had been very still and silent, yet, in answer to every question, confessed herself as better, strangely better. When Harry's school hours were over, he came and took his place by her side, and told her the incidents of the day; they even talked of the summer holidays, now fast approaching. The physician paid his visit, which had become quite the visit of a friend; the priest called in and remained awhile, believing, when he took his leave, that perhaps Gertrude might linger on for many weeks in her present state of painless weakness, finally, Harry—at her urgent request—went out for a stroll in the soft evening air.

He came in just as twilight deepened, and found her lying as he had left her just an hour earlier, but with closed eyes. "She's been sleeping so quiet," whispered the nurse; "she dropped off just after you went out, sir."

Harry resumed his usual seat, feeling that this sleep was something to be thankful for, but before long it startled him, and he drew up the blind, so that a little light might come into the now shadowy room. He looked again at the outline of the pale, sunken cheek as it rested on the pillow, and then he just touched the thin hand which lay outside the coverlet. Alas! it was cold—of an icy coldness, which revealed the awful truth, and the boy's sharp cry brought the nurse to the room just in time to see him fall on his knees beside the bed with a sob of bitterest anguish.

"Aunt Gertrude, Auntie!" but there was no move-

ment, no unclosing of the eyelids, no pressure from the fingers which Harry clasped so despairingly. It was something far worse, far harder than grief, which was in his heart just in this moment. It was a feeling—partly bewildered—as if in her apparent amendment, God had been letting him hope and believe in something which had not come true, half granting, and then withdrawing a blessing. Just a short half hour before he had gazed up into the quiet sky, fancying each little star a messenger of comfort and promise; *now* how coldly, how hardly they looked down upon his loneliness, and wild thoughts of passionate rebellion against God's decree raged within him, and forced the breath in short choking gasps between his lips. He shivered when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the familiar voice of Father Merton bade him come away for a little while from that room of death; but he obeyed silently, though when they were together in the little parlour below, he uttered not a word, nor raised his eyes to the kind face which for some years of his life had been as the face of a father for him. The softening came when the good priest led him back to see again those calm dead features which had in them something lofty, something of the look of a conqueror in their infinite peace. Yes, Gertrude Harding, the poor governess, the woman who had made for herself neither name nor place in the world, was a conqueror, and her battle was won. What mattered now all the loss, the griefs of early youth? what mattered now the toil, the humiliation, the neglect, the suffering of later years?

One stronger and greater than the great ones of the world had marked her as she fought her brave fight; He had looked on as weakness and selfishness were being driven back, He had seen how the longings of her heart had been silenced by the greater love and longing for Himself, and now He had given peace, eternal peace.

"He that loseth his life shall find it." Harry Harding could not tell why those words should come to him, and

only those, as he knelt there ; but after a while they gave him comfort, and when he raised his face again, Father Merton read from its quiet steadfastness all that he desired.

A Birthday Hymn for the Eighth of September.

WHY strew to thee our fading flowers ?
 Why melt our tapers at thy shrine ?
 What is there on this earth of ours
 That can be worthy to be thine—
 For whom too poor a vesture are
 Sun, moon, and empyrean star ?

Why tax our sluggish earthly wit
 And vainly strive with tongues of clay
 To tune to thee a chorus fit,
 To deck thy name with melody,
 Whose praises worthily to hymn
 O'ertasks the blessed Cherubim ?

What can within us, or around,
 In earth beneath, in heaven on high,
 Or yet within Creation's bound,
 Be fit thy state to magnify ?
 What shall fresh dignity afford
 Unto the Mother of the Lord ?

What work of artist hand and brain
 In their divinest moments born,
 Hath worth enough to hem thy train
 Thy royal footstool to adorn—
 Of whom was taken flesh to be
 Wedded to the Divinity ?

What spoil of forests or of fields,
What gems from earth's cavernous womb,
Or pearls that lowest ocean yields,
Have price enough for thee—of whom
Christ took the blood that was to pay
Our ransom upon Calvary?

And if the millions of our race
Should give themselves thy serfs to be,
If kings should bow before thy face
And peoples pledge their fealty,
What were it to His service 'neath
The cottage-roof at Nazareth?

O thou in whom the Eternal King
Whose arm is strong great things hath wrought,
Shall we exceed whate'er we bring
The measure of thy due in aught—
Until some gift we shall invent
Greater than the Omnipotent?

Convent of English Augustinians at Louvain.

III.

WE left the second company of our good English Sisters in our last number in the act of "flitting." They had departed from St. Ursula's, but had not yet arrived at St. Monica's, and their tried friend Mr. Worthington again with artful affection interposed a little delay.

"They went first to St. Peter's, and heard another Mass there, which Father Holtby said; from thence they went to the Augustine Friars, to visit the Blessed Sacrament of Miracles, which is kept there; and after that Mr. Worthington, without their knowledge, led them also to his house, as the former, having gotten leave of the Archbishop. After dinner, about two or three of the clock, they came to this monastery, and were kindly received of their Sisters and of their old Mother. Having then awhile congratulated with each other, they went to Evensong together, and at supper they had recreation in the refectory for to welcome them, and to rejoice together in our Lord. Upon the Wednesday after, being St. Martin's day, they began their fast for the election of a Prioress, and kept silence all that week, until the Vicarius of the Archbishop came. So that upon Monday morning, the said Vicarius called them to give their voices. Then was elected for the first Prioress of St. Monica's Sister Mary Wiseman, who, as we have said, had the most voices at St. Ursula's in the election there two years before. They went then into the choir, and installed her in the dignity. After that they came to the chapter-house, and there, in the presence of the Vicarius, all the nuns as the manner is vowed obedience unto her.

“ After that they chose for Subprioress Sister Elizabeth Shirley, who was before in the place both of Superior and Procuratrix ; they chose, moreover, for Arcaria Sister Bridget Wiseman, and for Procuratrix Sister Margaret Tremain. Thus our monastery was now, to the honour of God, confirmed and established, which Almighty God of His goodness hath since prospered so well, as shall appear by that which followeth.”

The house in which the new community were living at this time was not yet secured to them by purchase. They had been in treaty for it with “an Abbot,” for it was built on abbey land, but he having consented to sell it for £800—a good bargain in their estimation—died before he could sign the deed, and it seemed likely that his successor would not ratify the agreement. They had therefore made a temporary arrangement with the occupier, an “old gentlewoman,” who retained for herself a small portion of the establishment, and allowed Sister Shirley to hire the remainder on reasonable terms, till they could either come to an understanding with the new abbot, or find another house. They seem to have passed too rapidly from conjecture to conclusion, as ladies often do, and, taking it for granted that they could not hope to be permitted to stay where they were, had actually accepted a kind offer of their friend Mr. Liggons, who for the sum of £400 conveyed to them his own house, bearing the quaint name of *Placet*, which, though in every way a less desirable residence than their abbatial tenement with its fair orchard, seemed the next best thing in the market. The deed had been signed and the building begun, when they lighted upon the discovery that the new abbot was entirely of the same way of thinking as his predecessor. Mr. Liggons was a gentleman of the old stamp, a worthy compeer of Mr. Worthington. Little as he liked undoing what had been well done, he had no mind at all to hold the nuns to their bargain, when it had ceased to be for their advantage. His spirit was shown in the offer which he made

to them in the first instance. Whether they bought *Placet* or not, he gave to them of his own free gift a large barn and some land to build upon, and wished them, if it suited them, to take up their abode in his house until the new building was inhabitable.

“So about Christmas that house [*Placet*] was bought for the price of £400, and forthwith they began to build upon the ground more room, for it sufficed not of itself to make a monastery. And when they had bestowed almost a hundred pounds in building there, one day the new abbot of this house coming upon occasion that way, asked for what that building was. They told him it was for the English Nuns who lived in his house. He hearing this, and having need of money at the present, gave them to understand that he would stand to the bargain which his predecessor had made, and they should have this house for the same price as before. Whereupon the Vicarius, having seen both the house of *Placet* and this, judged this was far more convenient for the religious than that other, by reason it stood very high and cold, and wanted water, with other discommodities, so he advised our Sisters, if they could, to break off with Mr. Liggons, and to buy this house, which they proposed unto him, and although he was loth to undo the sale, it being already signed and sealed, yet such was his charity that for to do our nuns a pleasure, he was content to disannul the same, and they were also content to forego the building made there, although it had cost them so much. But Mr. Liggons afterwards, at his death, of his good disposition requited them again, leaving us £80 for a legacy, as the books of account do show. So this house was bought in the year 1610, and the money for it they took up partly on rent for the present, and the foresaid £80 with some other small sum assisted, so that £800 was soon paid for it.

“It shall not be amiss to set down what happened now about a gentlewoman named Anne Isam, who was scholar, having been put in here by Mrs. Mary Green living then

in the town, and having care of her was desirous to have **h**er religious. Wherefore she was received, and proved a **f**it person for religion, having a good voice and other parts, **b**ut such was the wrong conceit some had conceived of **t**his cloister, that they persuaded her father, who was at **R**ome, by no means to allow her a portion in this place. **W**hereupon he sent word to a son of his who was a priest **l**iving in these parts, that he should in any case take her **o**ut of this monastery, for he would not allow her a penny, **w**hich was much against the will of the young man, for he **l**oved our house, having lodged some time here and said **t**he first Mass; yet notwithstanding to satisfy his father's **m**ind, he took his sister out, to the grief of our Sisters, who **l**iked her very well. And after that she was abroad in the **w**orld, she chanced to marry a soldier, and not long after **d**ied, having suffered great want and poverty. This may **s**erve for an example unto parents not so lightly to take **t**heir children out of religion when they are already entered, **a**nd have a desire to go forward in the Order.

"Our Reverend Mother Mary Wiseman was of very **h**oly parentage, her father lived and died a constant cōfessor of Catholic religion, named Thomas Wiseman, of **B**radoach in Essex, an esquire of ancient family, who suffered much for his conscience, his house being a receptacle for all priests and religious men. He brought up his children not only very virtuously but also to learning of the Latin tongue, as well the daughters as the sons, himself being their master. Besides that in his house was order kept resembling a monastery, at the meals for half an hour was something read, unless strangers were there of higher degree than himself, otherwise this worthy custom was not omitted. Himself lived for the most part a **r**eclused life, by reason that being troubled with the gout he resided above in his chamber, giving himself to prayer and holy lecture, as also every Friday would he make an **e**xhortation to his children in Latin, thereby to exercise **t**hem in that language, as also to give good instruction.

By which worthy education they profited so much, that having four daughters the two eldest came over seas and became nuns of St. Bridget's Order, and have both governed the monastery at Lisbon in Portugal, being chosen at several times by mutual interchange Abbesses, for their order is to change at some years, and at this present 1631 the one is Abbess and the other Prioress. The two younger daughters came to St. Ursula's to St. Augustine's Order, leaving the kind cherishings of most loving parents to embrace the strictness of poverty and want whereof we have spoken, such was the fervour to God's service even in tender age, following the example of their most virtuous parents. For to speak now of their worthy mother whose life hath partly been set down by some that know her well, her name before her marriage was Jane Vacham [Vaughan?] her father being of ancient house in Wales, but her mother of blood royal. She being left a ward by her parents' death, passed many troubles and molestations to avoid marriage by those who had her in keeping, for having no mind to marry by reason that she was drawn through God's instinct to delight in spiritual things, her uncle by her mother's side, named Mr. Gwinneth, who was a priest, and had been curate of a parish church in London in Catholic time, took especial care of her, although he could not assist her in all so well as he desired, being long time kept in prison when heresy came in, but at length getting freedom he was desirous to match this his niece worthily and as should be best for her soul's good, wherefore one day he met with Mr. Wiseman, a young gentleman of the Inns of Court, and liked him so much that upon the proposition of one in the company he became content to marry his niece with him and brought him unto her, persuading her, if she could like him, to take him for husband. But she was ever very backward in that matter, insomuch that having no less than thirty suitors, some whereof had seven years sought her goodwill, yet she could not settle her love upon. But now it was God's

will that she should yield herein unto her uncle, and so was married to Mr. Wiseman, who brought her home to his house in Essex, where she found both father and mother-in-law, and a house full of brothers and sisters, among whom she passed some difficulties, not having things always according to her mind, but all happened to make her virtue more refined, for she ever carried herself both loving and dutiful to her husband, who loved her dearly, as also to his kindred, and assisted them all she could, living in the state of marriage irreprehensible, and bringing up her children in all virtue. After her husband's decease exercising the works of a holy widow, it pleased our Lord to rank her not only among the troops of constant confessors, but also as we may say of valiant martyrs, and of the most famous women that England afforded in these our miserable times of heresy. For she was ever most fervent and zealous in religion and so devout in prayer, that she was once heard to say by her daughter our Reverend Mother, (It seems, said she,) that if I were tied to a stake and burned alive for God, I should not feel it, so great is the love to Him which I feel in my soul at this time. Wherefore, Almighty God, to make her love to Him indeed apparent, permitted that Topcliffe, the cruel persecutor, did vehemently set against her, and at length only for proving that she had relieved a Catholic priest giving him a French crown, brought her before the Bar to be condemned to death for felony, but she constantly refused to be condemned by the jury, saying that she would not have twelve men accessory to her innocent death, for she knew although they could not right find her guilty, yet they should be made to do it, when her enemies pleased. Hereupon they told her that she was by the law to be pressed to death, if she would not be tried by the jury, but she stood firm in her resolution, being well content to undergo so grievous a martyrdom for the love of Christ. Yea, when they declared unto her the manner of that death, in the hardest terms, as the

custom is at their condemnation, the worthy woman, hearing she must be laid with her arms a cross when the weights were to be put on her, exulted with joy and said, 'Now, blessed be God, that I shall die with my arms a cross as my Lord Jesus.' And after this, when her sons lamented with sorrow, she rejoiced and cheered them up. There was at the same time a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Barnes, brought also before the Bench to be arraigned with her, who being a man yet had not such a courage as she to be pressed to death, but was content to be tried by the jury, who were made to find him guilty, as she knew well enough although by right they could not do it, and so he was condemned to hanging for felony, but neither he nor she died at that time, for Almighty God, accepting of this courageous matron's fervour to martyrdom, would not have her to depart so soon out of this life, that she might have a longer time of suffering for Him, also do more good works to His honour, therefore ordained that Queen Elizabeth, who then bore sceptre in England, hearing of her condemnation stayed the execution, for by bribes her son got one to speak a good word unto the Queen in his mother's behalf, who when she understood how for so small a matter she would have been put to death, rebuked the Justices of cruelty, and said she should not die. Notwithstanding both she and Mr. Barnes in prison so long as the Queen lived, in which time Topcliffe ceased not often to molest her with divers vexations, insomuch that she was once made for a good space to lie with a witch in the same room, who was put in prison for her wicked deeds. And it was a strange thing to see, that many resorted to the same witch there in prison to know things of her by art magic, but she never had power to exercise her necromancy in the room where Mrs. Wiseman was, but was forced to go away into another place.

"One thing also we will not omit which was a miraculous thing. Upon a time her friend Topcliffe passed under her window, being mounted upon a goodly horse,

going to the Queen, and Mrs. Wiseman espying him, thought it would not be amiss to wash him a little with holy water; therefore took some which she had by her, and flung it upon him and his horse as he came under her window. It was a wonderful thing to see. No sooner had the holy water touched the horse, but presently it seems he could not endure his rider, for the horse began so to kick and fling, that he never ceased till his master Topcliffe was flung to the ground, who looked up to the window and raged against Mrs. Wiseman, calling her old witch, who by her charms had made his horse to lay him on the ground, but she with good reason laughed to see that holy water had given him so fine a fall.

"After Queen Elizabeth's death this valiant woman lived some years out of prison, but wanted not good occasions to exercise patience by one that was allied to her, a most perverse, fantastical woman, who used her very ill, so that both in prison and out of prison she wanted not crosses to make her the more renowned by a long martyrdom. In all, as I find written of her, she exulted in mind and abounded with spiritual comfort out of the loyal and fervent love which she bore to God. Until at length in the year 1610, when her merits were accumulated unto a greater measure for eternal glory, she fell into a most grievous and painful sickness, where amidst her great pains she would rejoice and give Almighty God thanks that He pleased to accept of those her sufferings, in place of greater which she had desired to pass for His sake, and coming to her happy death, the last words which she said to the priest were, *Pater, gaudeo in Deo*, and so rested in our Lord.

"These were the parents of our first Prioress, who had also four sons. Two died priests of the Society of Jesus, the other died a good Catholic, and the eldest, Sir William Wiseman, is yet living, a man more of Heaven than of this world. Our Reverend Mother was professed in the year 1595, upon the 8th of May, together with Sister Catharine

Allen, changing her name, which was Jane, and Sister Bridget the same year, upon the 11th of June, together with Sister Margaret Garnet and Sister Dorothy Rookwood. She died about the time that the Dutch Mother was elected, November, 1606, of a consumption, very sweetly, as she had lived, for she was a mild, virtuous soul, sweet and affable in her conversation, and beloved of all her Sisters; so rested blessedly in our Lord.

“Our Subprioress, of whom much mention hath already been made, was daughter to John Shirley, of Shirley in Leicestershire, the chiefest house of that name, and sister to the baronet, Sir George Shirley, whose conversion, showing the great goodness of God, we will here set down. She was until twenty years of age brought up an earnest heretic, and being very sickly, her brother George, a good Catholic, was desirous to have her come live with him, he being unmarried, and so she kept his house for six years till he was married, in which time it pleased God to induce her unto Catholic religion in this manner. She being exceeding obstinate in her opinion, the more that her brother or any of her kindred, both priests and others, would seem to persuade her, the more perverse she remained, whereupon they gave her over to God’s mercy, and here we may note what a pretty way the Divine Wisdom took for to allure this wandering soul to His service. It happened that she, governing her brother’s house, upon a time stood in need of some tape or inkle for some necessary thing, and there coming a poor woman to the door a begging, who could weave inkle, as the manner is in England, she agreed with her to weave her some, but she would be by herself, to see her warp it in the manner she desired. And there being no room long enough in the house, they went both to the church that stood right before the house, which was very large and long, for to warp the tape. The poor beggar woman, supposing her to be a Catholic, as the master of the house and all the rest were, and hoping perhaps to get some better alms by

praising the old religion, as she termed it, began to discourse thereof; the other hearing it, let her say what she would, esteeming it a base thing to contend with a beggar, who took first occasion to speak of the monuments of that same church wherein they were, which had not been much defaced, he being a Catholic that was lord of it. The woman said then that churches and such devout things as were there could not be made for this new religion; divers things also she declared that had happened in her country of Derbyshire concerning the ministers and their evil life, all which made such an impression in the other's heart that she became greatly troubled in mind and knew not what to do; but being thus tormented in herself, not daring to utter it to anybody, by reason that she had been so obstinate before in her false opinion, she notwithstanding now secretly would steal Catholic books of her companions and read them by herself, which before she never would have looked into, yet did she not this (as she related since) with intention to profit thereby, but to find something to cavil at, that she might quietly set herself as stiff as before. But Almighty God, Who had cast a loving eye on her, of His infinite mercy and goodness did not leave the matter so, but still moved her more and more inwardly, so that she could have no rest in herself; and thus greatly afflicted, one night going to bed, and not being able to take any sleep, she kneeled down by the bedside and besought our Lord that He would vouchsafe to show her whether she were in right way or no, and to cease that storm which so molested her. This she prayed with such a violent motion as if her heart would have broken, and after essayed to take some rest. Then being fallen into a slumber, she seemed to see a fine great bird or fowl of all kind of fair glorious colours, that pleased her mightily, which she to her seeming, together with all her brothers and sisters, endeavoured earnestly to catch, but she only was the first that could touch or lay hand thereon, and therewith being frightened, she seemed to hear one say to her, 'Fear not, for

it is the Holy Ghost,' and awaking therewith found her mind wholly quieted. Whereupon she resolved to seek some means to be instructed in the truth, and so became a Catholic. After which, loving still the world, yet by reason of her sickly body she could not take much pleasure therein, and being also wearied with travelling up and down for safety of conscience, at the last resolved with herself to take some course of religion, for she never had any mind to marry. Thus did the Divine Goodness seek still to draw her nearer to Him by His holy inspiration. Wherefore at length over the seas she comes into these Low Countries, but here the devil laid a snare to divert her designs, for being arrived at Antwerp, and meeting there with a gentlewoman that was her old acquaintance, and one whom she loved very entirely, having discovered to her what intention she had, the other being very poor, and hoping to make some advantage, having a great charge of children, persuaded her to sojourn with her, and to leave her desire to religion, telling her many inconveniences and difficulties which she should find in the religious state, and especially in that cloister of St. Ursula's at Louvain wherein she determined to enter. Our principiant to religion was hereupon much daunted, and began to determine her return into England, being very weak-minded; which when she declared to her ghostly father, he grieved thereat, and persuaded her earnestly to tell him the cause that moved her, but she would in nowise do it, fearing the person might come to some discredit. He, seeing nothing could be done for all his admonishment to stay her, at last broke out into these words, saying: 'I do assure you that if anybody through evil reports hath thus averted your mind from the former good intention, they can never make satisfaction in this life except they go into religion themselves.' These words struck her to the heart, for our Lord had a care she should not be wholly overcome, and therefore made him to say this by the instinct of the Holy Ghost, to cure the wound that was given her by this

dangerous blow. For she hearing this, and loving the other party so well, knowing her to be a married woman, who could not take that state on her, it moved her so that she resolved again to go forward in her good purpose, how dear soever it might cost her, for she had still great fear and terror thereof. She went therefore to Louvain, but into the monastery she could not enter so soon—her conflicts were not yet crowned with victory. Wherefore she took a chamber in the house of Mrs. Allen, who kept house then, her daughter being not married, and there she boarded herself and maid who came with her out of England, and had also desire to religion; wherefore, being loth to hinder her, she offered to put her into the cloister, and to give her all things that she needed, the which the maid refused, and would in nowise enter unless she herself did enter, which also moved her much, for she was loth to hinder the maid, though as yet she could not wholly resolve herself. Wherefore, upon a time going to the Jesuits' church to hear Mass, as her custom was, having first talked awhile with one of the Fathers who was her confessor, she went up towards the high altar, and there kneeling down before a devout picture of our Saviour, she burst out into such a vehement weeping as if her heart would have broken. Whereupon her ghostly father coming up, requested her to restrain such a violent motion, saying that people in the church would either think him to be very rigorous, or else that she had committed some great sin. Yet hardly could she cease from weeping. At last, lifting up her hands and eyes towards the picture, which indeed was a very devout one of our Lord crowned with thorns, and His face bedewed with tears, at that time she supposed in heart that our Saviour, looking on her, said three times, 'Fear not, all will be well;' and presently succeeded such a calm in her mind as could not be expressed, and from thenceforward she never felt the least disquietness in this kind, whereby appeareth plainly, first the malice of the wicked enemy seeking to hinder a soul of

her good, and laying a hard battery to a weak pusillanimous mind, and again, the great goodness of God, Who prevented and assisted her so with His especial grace in time of greatest need, as He is ever ready to help those who, although timorous and fearful, yet give not over the combat in His holy service. After this she sent to the Rector, desiring to have the said picture for herself, giving him a better to set there in the place, and so she got it, and carried it into the monastery with her, where she entered soon and the aforesaid maid with her. After that, although the hard fare was at first some difficulty unto her, nevertheless, through the good counsels and comfort of the old mother, she went through all in such wise that God concurred to give far better health than she had before in the world, and was able to observe the order in all strictness, so that she herself wondered thereat, knowing well the pusillanimity of her mind if God had not assisted her. She was professed in the year of our Lord 1596, upon St. Nicholas of Tolentino's Day, the 10th of September."

An Offering to St. Walburga.

I. THE DISCIPLES OF ST. BONIFACE.

THE saints of God have each their distinguishing mark or grace which He impressed upon them for ever, not only for their own eternal beatitude, but also as the channel of further graces and gifts to their brethren on earth, especially in some cases, for their comfort and consolation who are still struggling with sin and temptation and all the evils of mortality. Among those saints whom the Catholic Church calls *oleophori*, from their bones distilling a miraculous oil, that grace may justly be called a tender spirit of mercy and compassion for others, joined to a love of the Cross as regarded themselves. Such were St. Andrew the Apostle, St. Nicolas of Bari, St. John the Almsgiver, St. Elisabeth of Hungary and others, all instances of this miraculous gift. Nor is there one of this class whose miracles are more remarkable, or of more daily occurrence, than St. Walburga, the Anglo-Saxon, whose tender compassion for souls induced her to leave her country and convent in middle life, to risk all, even a painful death itself, for the salvation of her neighbour, among the heathen wilds of Germany, in the eighth century. A few among the frequent examples of the compassionate intervention of the Saint will be given in the following pages, but we shall first kneel in spirit for a few moments before her shrine, in the quiet and obscure little town where her relics repose, the centre for a thousand years of those marvels which God still loves to work by her means, in every country, and thank Him for these graces, by which He is, day by day, and year after year, thus "wonderful in His saints."

In order to make such an offering to the honour of God

and of St. Walburga the easier to our readers, it is necessary to spend a few words upon the town of Eichstätt and its neighbourhood, the history of the Saint herself, and that of her holy brothers, St. Willibald and St. Wunibald.

Travellers who have crossed the great Bavarian plain in certain directions will have a general remembrance left of a considerable sameness in the features of the country they have been traversing. Their first recollection will perhaps be a patch of forest, with pine trees so thickly set that not a gleam of sunshine passes through them; then some open well-tilled country, without house or hedge; next, a village full of gables, with a tall, thin church spire, sometimes itself ending in a gable; next, a stream or larger river; and then they will remember dashing again into the pine tree forest and out once more among the fields, and another village much like the last will have appeared, and another stream, and so on and on in unfailing succession. When told that ranges of hills lie across the plain, they are perhaps surprised that what appeared, when seen over the distant stretches of open country, but slight elevations of ground covered with pine and brush woods, should be called such. Still more would they therefore be surprised on coming near to them to find that these woods contain old trees with massive trunks, the growth of years, in height fit for the main mast of some huge ship, and that the hills conceal sometimes deep valleys, with rocks and other scenery, with perhaps a stream running between them of some importance or historical interest.

It is such a series of hills, somewhat to the north of the Danube and considerably, therefore, to the north of Munich, which shelters the little town of Eichstätt, the final resting-place of the sacred relics of St. Walburga for the last one thousand years. The descent from the elevated plain and forest ground into the narrow valley of the Altmühl, a tributary of the Danube, upon which Eichstätt is built, is accomplished by means of a bad road,

cut, at great cost, on the side of the hills, passing above the pretty village of Hofmühl, which lies under them, and in front of the magnificent Augustinian abbey and church built low down upon the opposite bank of the river. This pile of buildings, now used as a Government prison, tells its own tale as to the number of its religious inmates in happier days. The principal façade alone has three rows of windows, each sixty in number, while behind it stands a noble church and a cluster of conventual buildings, besides the rest of the quadrangle. Almost opposite, on a lofty crag, on the other side of the river, and apparently projecting on a platform over it, stands the Monastery or, as it well may be called, Castle of St. Willibald, commanding the whole valley, and forming, with the Augustinian monastery below, the river and the hills rising close on both sides, a very striking picture. The hills have a peculiar aspect. They are steep, but cultivated, sometimes in terraces, sometimes in long, slanting, many-coloured stripes of vegetation from top to bottom. Rocky fragments project everywhere, showing the rude, wild soil which St. Willibald's blessing, as we are told, changed, one thousand years ago, from barrenness to fertile abundance. As we approach nearer and stand beneath the battlemented monastery far above us, the valley seems shut in from the rest of the world, but in a moment the river takes a sudden turn, the old bridge is crossed, and Eichstätt lies before us, crouching beneath the two ranges of hills and protected by the strong position of the monastic buildings (now a fortress) from the most formidable enemy either of mediæval or modern times.

When St. Willibald arrived at Eichstätt in the year 740, the whole country was a wild waste, the ground covered with forest, the abode of wolves and bears, and the few inhabitants of the neighbourhood were heathens, or only half-converted Christians. One little church only, dedicated to our Lady, stood in the valley, where now a cluster of spires and towers are to be seen. In five years

the whole aspect of Eichstätt was changed by the doings of the energetic Saint and his three companions. The monastery, or minster as it was called, was partially built, as also the cathedral church; a flock of religious, attracted by the holiness of its founder and the power of his words, had crowded into the former, and devoted themselves to God under the holy rule of St. Benedict, the country was cleared, and crops were sown by the hands of the monks, and a colony of inhabitants had settled around the new cathedral. Willibald himself was consecrated by St. Boniface, first as priest in the little church of our Lady, and then as assistant-bishop to the enormous sees of Augsburg and Regensburg; finally being placed as head of the independent see of Eichstätt itself.

The earlier history of St. Willibald and his brother, St. Wunibald, as interwoven with that of their sister, St. Walburga, can only be slightly touched upon here. A Saxon nun of Heidenheim wrote, about the year 760, a short account of the travels of the brothers, which is given by the Bollandists, and as the writer speaks of herself as "their humble relative and the least of their race," and adds that what she declares concerning Willibald was "not from hearsay, but from his own mouth, as it was dictated to us in the Monastery of Heidenheim," it is believed that St. Walburga herself was the author. The three saints were the children of St. Richard, son of Lothaire, King of Kent, and Winna, the sister of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. Willibald was born in the year 700, and was miraculously healed of sickness at the foot of the Cross, when three years old. "For such is the custom of the Saxon nation," says St. Walburga in her narrative, "that on the estates of the noble and good, they have commonly the emblem of the Holy Cross in place of a church, dedicated to the worship of God, erected in a lofty place, to be frequented for the purpose of daily prayer. Placing him there before the Cross, his parents earnestly besought God, the Creator of all things, to save

his life by His almighty power; and they promised on **their** part, that if his health were restored he should, as soon as possible, receive the tonsure and be dedicated to **the** service of Christ as a monk and soldier of God." To fulfil this vow, Willibald was sent to the Abbey of Waltham for education. At the age of nineteen he induced his father and brother Wunibald, a year younger than himself, to set forth on a pilgrimage to Rome, no uncommon practice in Saxon times, even for royal personages.

Having placed Walburga, then about ten years of age, for safe keeping in the Abbey of Wimburn, Dorsetshire, lately founded by St. Cuthberge and St. Kenberge, their relatives, sisters of the royal saint, King Ina, they proceeded on their way. St. Richard died a holy death at Lucca, and was buried there, and the brothers hastened on to Rome. The next seven years of Willibald's life were spent in the Holy Land and the East, where he was again miraculously cured of blindness in the Church of the Holy Cross at Jerusalem. Ten more were spent in the Monastery of Monte Cassino, which he entered on his return to Italy, living there in great sanctity. His brother Wunibald, meantime, having been kept by illness from accompanying his brother, returned to England in 727, and by his counsels Walburga, after his return finally embraced the religious state at Wimburn. In 738, Wunibald was again at Rome, and meeting there his uncle, the great Apostle of Germany, who had come to the Holy City for the third time to seek for fellow-workers among the heathen, by the command of the Pope he placed himself under his direction, and was sent into Thuringia, where he became a priest, and entered the Order of St. Benedict. It was not long ere St. Boniface gave him the care of seven houses of monks. Two years only had elapsed when St. Willibald also arrived in Bavaria, St. Boniface having already asked him of Gregory the Third, and it was upon his journey to receive consecration as a bishop from his uncle's hands, that the two holy brothers once more met, after a separation of nearly

eighteen years ; and says St. Walburga in her manuscript, "they rejoiced together upon meeting again."

Meanwhile St. Walburga was leading the tranquil life of a cloistered nun at Wimburn. According to Rudolph, a monk of Fulda, who wrote the *Life of St. Lioba*, that convent numbered nearly five hundred religious. The seclusion was very strict ; and the abbess of great repute for sanctity. She governed a double monastic house of monks and nuns, as was not unfrequently the custom, but the separation was so complete, that no one except the priest to say Mass ever entered the convent walls. St. Lioba was one of our Saint's companions there, and from the letters of St. Boniface to her, something may be learned of their way of living and occupations. He inquires what progress she makes, and she sends in her answer, preserved among these letters, a specimen of a hymn in good Latin verse. Church history and a knowledge of canon law and the councils are also mentioned. She asks what vestments he requires in Germany, and offers to work them. To know the Psalter by heart, and to be accomplished in Church music, were both required for the cloister in those days. Such was the education Walburga received, and, united to many daily hours of prayer and contemplation, such were her occupations for thirty years after her first entrance at Wimburn.

But God had other designs for her. She had been learning lessons of heavenly wisdom in the school of humility and self-abnegation which the conventual life gave, and now she was to share with the Apostle of Germany in the great work of evangelization, which ere long he was to crown there by his martyrdom. In the year 748, St. Boniface wrote to the abbess, desiring her to send nuns to Germany to assist him in carrying on the instruction and conversion of the heathen in that country. He named especially among the number his niece Walburga, the sister of his two fellow-labourers, with Lioba, his correspondent, and Thecla, two noble Saxon ladies. Walburga was now

nearly forty years of age. She committed herself entirely to the Divine will, and understanding in the invitation signs of a special call from God, prepared for departure. Thirty nuns were chosen to accompany her. On the voyage a severe storm arose, the ship was in danger, and the sailors gave up all for lost. St. Walburga, who had been absorbed in prayer, full of faith and confidence that God, Who had called her from her native country, would not suffer her and her companions to perish, rose from her knees, and commanded the storm to cease. A calm immediately ensued, and they arrived safely at the shore. At Mainz they were met by St. Boniface and St. Willibald, and Walburga entered the Benedictine Order, receiving the veil from the hands of the great Apostle. She was afterwards sent by him into Thuringia, to be under the direction and protection of her other saintly brother, Wunibald. His reputation for sanctity was already spread through the country. The convents of Kissingen, Ochsenfurt, and Bischofsheim, but newly founded, were under his care, and in one of these he placed his sister. The last named is considered as her probable residence from the fact that St. Lioba was appointed abbess there, who was looked upon as the leader among the Anglo-Saxon missionary nuns, and that Walburga would thus have continued under her guidance.

A Special Providence.

"I WISH I could bring my religion more home to myself." This is a wish often breathed forth from the heart of a Christian who is labouring to do good. The articles of faith are set forth as grand objective facts: so indeed they are. To bring religion home to the individual believer is to get him to feel and understand the bearing of those facts upon himself. The Heart of Jesus is full of love: sin is an immense evil: so all Catholics believe. But when after a meditation, or a sudden illumination of the Holy Ghost, one comes to appreciate something of the huge evil of his own sins, or something of the deep personal tenderness and care of His Saviour for him singly, a man then has his religion brought home to him.

We believe that there is a Providence that extends from end to end of the world masterfully, and disposes all things sweetly for the filling up of the number of the saints. But many of us are foolish and slow to believe that this same Providence is guiding to this same magnificent end the march of our own humble and uneventful, often wearisome and dreary lives. Yet so undoubtedly it is. There is a Divine meaning, a heavenly purpose, in everything that befalls us, our sins alone excepted. Our present age, strength, position, the number and quality of our friends or enemies, the ways that are open to us for to go, and the ways that are closed against us, all are intended, approved, and ordained by our Creator to the end that we may do Him a special service, and gain a special rank in the number of His holy and chosen ones.

There is a special Providence over every man: there is

a special fidelity required of each: there is a special Providence over me: how am I to be faithful to my calling? The practice of the fidelity here in question is contained in three words: "Watch, wait, and obey."

1. Watch your opportunity of doing any one any good in body or in soul. *Watch* was the repeated injunction of our Saviour to His disciples. He cautioned them against the careless, aimless, frivolous life of mere pleasure-seekers. Pleasure-seekers are one class of worldly, un-Christian people. Such men do not watch. But there is another class of children of this world who do watch, and are ever on the alert for an opportunity of making money. All their thoughts roll round a good investment, so much to lay down for the price, and such and such a hope of return. These men our Saviour holds up to the children of light for imitation. "Traffic till I come." Be on the look out for a spiritual investment. If we read the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, we shall see that the investment which our Lord particularly recommends is works of mercy towards our neighbour. "As long as you did it, or did it not, to the least of these My little ones, you did it, or did it not, to Me." To be merciful, one must be watchful. Sharp eyes are needed to read others' wants; nimble feet, to anticipate their asking; active hands, to prevent their complaint. The opportunity for doing charity flies past the unobservant man; he sees it too late, starts a sigh, and relapses into heedlessness. A word in season of kindness or of advice, some little notice taken of the timid and drooping, an occasional exhibition of faith and piety, a turn of work volunteered to relieve a neighbour—the commonest life affords opportunities of charity like this. The man who watches for them, and seizes them, answers the intentions of Providence.

2. "Wait for the Lord; do manfully; and let thine heart pluck up strength, and wait for the Lord." There is a work measured out by God for every lifetime, but it is the work of a lifetime, not of an early spring day. We

in our impatience would do all our work at once, and God will not let us. He harasses us with distracting calls that draw us off from the work we love; He prostrates us with illness; He blunts the keenness of our faculties; He puts us in positions that we seem unfit for; He fills us with aspirations beyond our ability, and plans too vast for their conceiver. What are we to do? Do as our Lord did at Nazareth for thirty years; bide our time and God's time—wait. We are ill; we will wait till we are better. We are young and despicable; we will wait till we are older. We are in the decline of life; still we will wait. Many a man's best work is done in the evening of his days. We will wait and watch our opportunities, small as they be. "It is good to await in silence the salvation of God."

3. "Obey your superiors and be subject to them." This is the grand rule for not wandering from the path along which Providence would lead us. All lawful authority is the instrument of Providence, often the unconscious instrument. A superior gives a command at haphazard: important results nevertheless may hang upon the subject's paying obedience to that perfunctory mandate. God provides for every being according to his nature. For man, as for a social being, He provides through the authority that is the binding principle of society. It is perilous to neglect, not the command alone, but even the mere wish of a superior. One such negligence may throw a person off the track which God had traced for him; and it will take days of trouble and temptation for him to find his way back again. The man that is soft-mouthed and easily governed by those that have a right to rule him, will be a successful man; that is, he will succeed in finding the way of God's special providence about him, and walking that way, casting an influence for good to the right and to the left as he passes on to the goal set before him. "An obedient man shall speak of victory;" for God's hand shall help him, and God's arm shall strengthen him.

The Vatican to-day and eighteen hundred years ago.

Translated from the German.

I.

IMMEDIATELY after crossing the Bridge of St. Angelo, the traveller passes the castle of the same name, and finds himself on a large open space of a triangular form, called the Piazza Pia, after the late Pope Pius the Ninth, who caused the crumbling fortifications and miserable hovels which formerly covered the area to be cleared away. A little further, and we see before us two streets, running parallel to each other, both of which lead to St. Peter's. The names of these, Borgo Vecchio and Borgo Nuovo, suggest the inquiry how this word *borgo*, "burg," of German origin, became naturalized in Rome. It was probably introduced there by the old Anglo-Saxons, coming from England, when, with the Pope's permission, they erected a large hospice in the neighbourhood of St. Peter's for the accommodation of their fellow-countrymen coming on pilgrimage to the Eternal City. This house, with the church and other buildings attached to it, formed a little colony in itself, enclosed as it was with walls, moat and entrenchments. This, the castle or Burgh of the Anglo-Saxons, not unfrequently played a prominent part in the history of the following centuries; not a single stone of it is standing in the present day. Nevertheless the name of Burgh is not the sole surviving memorial of the Anglo-Saxons, for the church which now occupies the site of their former settlement is still called San Spirito in Sassia, or the Church of the Holy Spirit in the Saxon quarter.

The two streets above mentioned lead directly to a small square, in the centre of which a fountain sends up its sparkling waters night and day. The name of this square is a peculiar one, Scossacavalli, which may be roughly rendered as Stop-horse Square. In it stands a small and very ancient church, dedicated to St. James, wherein is preserved the stone on which, as the legend runs, Abraham was about to sacrifice his son Isaac at God's command. This stone, we are told, was brought from the Holy Land in order that it might be deposited in St. Peter's, but when the cart in which it was being conveyed thither came to this spot, the horses suddenly stood still, as if arrested by unseen hands, nor could they be by any means induced to proceed further. This was regarded as an indication from Heaven that the stone was not to be deposited in St. Peter's, as was originally intended, but placed in the little church, where it may still be seen. Contiguous to this square are two large buildings, the Convent of Confessors of St. Peter, and the house for the reception of converts. Until the suppression of the Society of Jesus, the ranks of the Jesuits furnished the Fathers whose duty it is to attend the confessionals set apart in St. Peter's to afford every Catholic, whatever his nationality, the opportunity of making his confession in his own language; since that time the Friars Minor of St. Francis have filled the office. In order that the pilgrims of different countries desirous of finding a confessor of their own nation may know to what priest to address themselves, the language in which confessions are heard is painted in letters of gold over each several confessionals.

The house for the reception of converts was built by a pious Cardinal in the sixteenth century, in order that Protestants, whether French, English, or Germans, who wished to return to the bosom of the Church, might receive instruction there. We need hardly say that great precaution is observed with regard to the persons admitted; not only is a certificate of baptism and a letter of recommen-

dation required, but strict examination is made as to the motives actuating the candidate for admission. Until quite lately the house was presided over by a German Father from the diocese of Cologne, who died at the advanced age of ninety years, and is buried in the German part of the Campo Santo; among the many praiseworthy acts recorded on his tombstone not the least is that he twice declined a bishopric when offered him by Gregory the Sixteenth. Adjoining the square in question is the Palace Serristori, which until 1870 was in a condition of complete ruin. When the Piedmontese took possession of Rome, they made haste to rebuild it, and they had good reason for doing so. It had long served the purpose of barracks for the Papal Zouaves; and when in 1866, the Garibaldians, in secret understanding with Victor Emmanuel, were seeking to conquer Rome, it was agreed that their confederates who were concealed within the city should give a signal to those without the gates when the attack was to commence, and this signal was to consist in nothing less than blowing up the above-mentioned barracks. A subterranean passage was made under the road from a house which stood opposite, by means of which a vast quantity of gunpowder was piled beneath the doomed building. Monti and Tagnetti, who were both subsequently executed, being the ringleaders in this diabolical scheme. Fortunately it was only partially successful, as only that wing of the building which looked into the square was blown up; and furthermore, through what may be termed a special intervention of Providence, a few moments before the catastrophe the bugle had sounded the call, so that all the soldiers, with the exception of the band, were drawn up in the inner quadrangle of the barracks. Had the conspirators applied the match but a few moments earlier, hundreds of human lives must have been sacrificed; as it was, the number of killed and wounded was over twenty. The Papal Government allowed the shattered building to remain in ruins as a memorial of revolutionary barbarity;

but after the taking of Rome, the first task to which the Piedmontese applied themselves was, as may readily be imagined, the rebuilding of the barracks, in order to obliterate as soon as possible the remembrance of this atrocious deed.

Leaving the barracks and proceeding a short distance, we arrive at St. Peter's, or, more correctly, we enter the square which opens into that in which St. Peter's stands. The Piazza Rusticucci, which takes its name from an adjacent palace of great size, is a square properly so called, shut in on three sides by houses, whilst the fourth leads, by a slight rise in the ground, into the immediate precincts of the mighty structure itself. No city in the world can boast anything to rival in size, arrangement, or decoration, the square of St. Peter's at Rome. In the background of the Cathedral stretch two magnificent semicircles, the colonnades, long rows of gigantic pillars, two hundred and eighty-four columns, and eighty-eight square pillars, of travertine stone. These pillars are arranged four in a row, each being so massive that three men with outstretched arms can scarcely span it, and by their position divide the colonnade into three corridors, the central one being wide enough to admit of two carriages driving down it abreast. The stonework above the columns supports on the side facing St. Peter's one hundred and sixty-two figures of saints, nearly twelve feet high; on that fronting the Piazza Rusticucci are adorned with the armorial bearings of Pope Alexander the Seventh, carved in stone, a work on which he employed the architect Bernini, and which cost an almost fabulous sum. In the centre of the square stands an obelisk, hewn out of a single block of granite; this was brought to Rome from Egypt by the Emperor Caligula about 35 A.D., and erected on its present site by Fontana by order of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, who caused a huge cross, containing a portion of the true Cross, to be fixed upon its summit. On the pedestal is the following inscription: *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus*

imperat, Christus plebem suam ab hostibus defendat—"Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ rules supreme, may Christ defend His people from their foes!" On each side of the obelisk, to the right and left, between it and the colonnades, rise two fountains which unceasingly send up a powerful jet of water, ascending to a considerable height and falling again in a shower of splashing rain-drops into the twofold basin below. This vast square is paved with slabs of basalt throughout its whole extent.

Three flights of seven steps each bring us to the portico of St. Peter's. The sacred edifice may be entered by five different portals. The one known as the Porta Santa is ordinarily walled up, being open only in the year of the Jubilee; of the others two only stand open all day and every day; the principal door and the third side door are used on great festivals and grand occasions, or when the presence of a vast crowd renders another means of ingress and egress necessary. Much has indeed been written about the majestic grandeur of St. Peter's, but the magnificence and sublimity of this imposing structure defies all efforts to depict or describe it; it is needful to visit it oneself, to go again and again and wander repeatedly throughout its vast extent, before our limited powers can apprehend something of its almost infinite grandeur, and estimate aright the gigantic proportions of this splendid edifice, incomparably the finest ever erected by the hand of man. On the pavement of the nave may be seen metal stars let in to mark the comparative size of the other great cathedrals of the world: amongst these neither the Cathedral of Cologne nor that of Vienna are found worthy of mention, so small do they appear by the side of the Church of the Apostles. Of all the numerous palaces in Rome, the Palazzo Farnese is the most spacious and lofty; but the canopy surmounting the altar above the tomb of the Apostles, although it equals in height the palace in question, and measures some hundred feet, fails to strike the eye on that account as anything remarkable, lost as it is in the vastness of its

surroundings. The cost of keeping up the Cathedral amounts to about £7,500 yearly; the building of the sacristy, completed in the Pontificate of Pius the Sixth, alone cost above £150,000. These details may enable the reader to form some idea of the magnitude of this gigantic structure, whose interior, adorned with a wealth of statues and mosaics, is truly of surpassing splendour.

Preparation before Communion.

JESUS, God and Saviour,
Lord of light and love,
Make our hearts a heaven
Like Thy home above.

Thou alone canst fill them,
Little though they be;
For Thou, Lord, hast made them
All alone for Thee.

See, we come obedient
To Thy gracious word,
Just because we cannot
Do without Thee, Lord.

Not as being worthy
Of this heavenly food,
But because we need Thee,
And Thou art so good;

And because, dear Jesus,
Thou wilt have it thus,
Wonderfully deigning
To have need of us.

Give us truest sorrow
For our soul's offence,
And what doth so please Thee,
Childlike confidence.

Love Thyself within us
As Thou dost deserve
To be loved, supremely
And without reserve.
Cold and hard the hearts are
Which Thou deign'st to choose ;
Yet we know their shelter
Thou wilt not refuse.
For Thy Mother laid Thee,
When Thou cam'st of old,
In as hard a manger
'Mid the wintry cold.
Ah ! that we may welcome
Give not all unmeet,
Teach us, dearest Mother,
How Thy Son to greet.
Clothe us with thy virtues,
Lend us Thine own Heart,
Who of all His creatures
Only sinless art.
Pray for us thy children ;
And for thy sweet sake,
He well-pleased within us
Will His dwelling make.

NOTE.—Admirers of Father Faber's hymns have expressed their regret that he did not write one as a "Preparation before Communion," as well as his beautiful "Thanksgiving after Communion." The above verses do not indeed pretend to compete with the well-known "Jesus, gentlest Saviour"; yet until some Catholic poet shall give us a "Preparation" as beautiful as Father Faber's "Thanksgiving," there is not much presumption in stringing together some thoughts in verse in the same metre, such as must naturally occur to every one as he prepares himself devoutly for Holy Communion.

What next in Belgium ?

EVEN in this age of sudden surprises it seems nearly too strange for the sober order of actual occurrences that Catholic Belgium should have flung at the head of the Sovereign Pontiff an insult unparalleled in its wantonness. Yet the fact is beyond disputing, and the conjecturally impossible has been brought to pass by a Ministry skilled in the art of legerdemain as applied to party politics. What meets our eyes is certainly a phenomenon, if it be not something more marvellous. The statesmen of Belgium have managed to create a state of things which contradicts itself. They are carrying on a persecution with the un-compelled assistance of those whom they are persecuting, and yet those whom they persecute do not pretend to like the treatment which they are receiving. The explanation of the paradox may be found, if sought, in that vacillating and temporizing spirit which has furnished in the past the key to many a riddle of history. A zig-zag movement is well fitted to disturb calculations which are formed upon the hypothesis that men have definite principles, and are marching straight.

The Holy Father has pleaded, the Bishops of Belgium have striven, in vain to avert a great calamity, and the reason of the failure is that they have been trying to help those who had not been willing to help themselves. A large body of Catholics who ought to have known their own mind were trying at a critical moment—when the elections were pending—to blow hot and cold at the same time. They had been certainly made aware that the men whom their votes were sending into power would endeavour

to do what in fact they have done, but they fancied that these men who were the subverters of their faith would be the architects of their fortune. They ought to have known by the light of common sense that a policy which divides a kingdom against itself does not tend to promote commercial stability, and they ought to have known by the light of their Catholic faith that no blessing of God would descend upon the children of parents who, believing in the Church, took part with her oppressors. However, the mischief has been done, and not even the power of God Almighty can prevent what has been from having been. A great sin has been committed, of a kind not readily pardoned—the betrayal of a sacred trust, the deliberate preference on a large scale of temporal to eternal interests. Esau sold his birthright for a little food, and “he found no place for repentance though with tears he sought it.” The Catholics of Belgium in great numbers have done something very similar to this. To vote men aggressively anti-Catholic into office in order that they may, as some suppose, advance the temporal interests of the kingdom, is painfully like the choice which Esau made. By this time they are certainly aware of their fatal error, but its responsibility lies heavy on their shoulders and there is not a moment to lose. The greater part of those who are accessory to the outrage on the Holy See, being Catholics, are within reach of repentance, but their repentance is not sincere if they manifest it by sitting down and lamenting when they ought to be up and doing. There is no room any longer for the plea of invincible ignorance. The party which is in power has declared its intentions very plainly, and Catholics are bound in conscience to frustrate their intentions by using every lawful means. Those are not good Catholics, who, after what has passed, can continue to support avowed enemies of the Church, and shameless insulters of its venerable Chief. Generosity has no place in their hearts, unless they feel some impulse of indignation at the spectacle of their country stultified,

and too surely faith is burning low, or faintly flickering on the verge of total extinction, in the souls of Belgian parents, if they can cheerfully consent to have their children educated under the provisions of a law anathematized by the Bishops of Belgium, acting in complete accord with the Holy See. A little time will serve to separate "the precious from the vile." The next elections will be for ruin or resurrection. It is surely a merciful dispensation which has permitted the crime to be so speedily punished. Unless the spirit of religious indifference has gone farther and deeper than those who love Belgium would be willing to believe, there will be a mighty protest, in words immediately, and in deeds on the first opportunity, which will prove to M. Frère and his friends that they have presumed just a little too far on the forbearance of their Catholic constituents. "Give an account of your stewardship," Belgium will say to the unjust stewards, "for now you can be stewards no longer."

It is scarcely necessary, after the open rupture of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, that we should undertake to trace for our readers the history of the petty war which has ended so calamitously. It was a war of words only, for the act which ostensibly followed the dispute had been planned beforehand, and the dispute was on the one side a search for a plausible excuse for taking offence, and on the other side an honest effort to avoid giving offence. There is no duty of tearing off the mask, because there is no longer any effort to disguise, except with a few conventional phrases, the real nature of the enterprize. M. Frère glories in his shame. Cardinal Nina must have been long aware that his adversary was not sincere in his profession of peaceful sentiments, but it was not less a duty than a deep personal desire of Leo the Thirteenth to do all that could be done conscientiously to maintain, even if it could only be in external evidences, those amicable relations which gave Belgium a place of honour in Christendom, and enabled her Catholic popu-

lation to enjoy the long cherished right of profitable communion with the central source and fountain-head on earth, not only of supernatural life, but of all that best conduces to social order and the peace of this world.

It would be amusing, if it were not distressing, to read the despatches in which the infallible Minister lectures the Holy Father upon the duties of his position. It would be amusing if M. Frère had really persuaded himself that he was doing the right thing, and knew better than the Pope how to govern the Church; but it is distressing when we are aware that M. Frère was only playing a part, and endeavouring, not precisely to deceive the Holy Father, but to say something which might be referred to as a kind of justification of the ultimatum to be issued at a later date. The thunders of the Vatican, we are to believe, come back like the boomerang. M. Frère fears them not, for his right hand can launch a more dreadful bolt. Did he not utter the word and the Legation ceased to be?

To state the case very briefly, we may say that the intended justification amounts to this. The law of Primary Education, passed in June, 1879, of which the object is to banish all distinctively Catholic teaching from the schools of a distinctively Catholic people, however much it may shock the Pope and the Bishops, is not, M. Frère declares, in any fundamental manner different from the pre-existing arrangement. As that had been accepted so this must be accepted. His words are: "I said to the Chamber, that the change of legislation had not radically modified the schools, that these remained in several particulars what they were before, that they had the same masters, who came nearly all, or in a great measure, from the episcopal schools, that what was good on the eve, in similar circumstances, could not be detestable on the morrow." Having thus settled to his own satisfaction that the transformation of Catholic schools into un-Catholic schools in a Catholic country was a trifling matter, of which it would be most unreasonable in the Pope to complain or to

allow the Bishops to complain, the next step—an easy one—was to express himself very much surprised and aggrieved and indignant when the Pope refused to condemn the conduct of the Bishops. M. Frère's argument in its very simplest form might run as follows: "Holy Father, I have shown you in words of which no reasonable man can fail to feel the force that the Bishops, in objecting to my law of Primary Education, are altogether wrong. That law is (I say it, and that ought to be enough) in all respects admirable. You, however, in spite of my good advice, have deliberately chosen, against both reason and conscience, and in strange forgetfulness of your duty as Head of the Church, to support the Bishops in that very line of conduct which I have shown you to be wrong. Your Holiness therefore need not blame me if I take the step which such wilful perversity compels me to take. Europe will judge between us, and will say on whom rests the guilt of the interruption of diplomatic relations."

The Holy Father did not see the matter in the same light as M. Frère, and as long ago as the 11th of November last he instructed Cardinal Nina to represent calmly, but firmly, and in a manner which could not be mistaken, that the new Education Law was one to which Catholics could not in conscience give their approval. If this despatch had been made public, it would have been impossible for M. Frère to repeat, what he had previously declared in the Chamber, that the force of his arguments had been felt by the Holy Father, who would have wished to change the action of the bishops if he had considered himself able to do so. Adroitly, but far from honourably, the Belgian Minister obliged Cardinal Nina to withdraw the plain statement, under threat of interrupting the negotiations if he refused; after which stroke of policy he continued to speak in the same terms as before, although he now knew—even if he had not hitherto known—that those words were in point-blank contradiction of the Holy Father's views and sentiments.

The end, delayed for reasons of policy, has come at length. Rome and Brussels are severed, and we may well ask, what next? For so long a time Belgium has been the stronghold of Catholicity, and the people of Belgium, in spite of the vexatious conduct of a faction in the State, has shown itself Catholic to the deep heart. Is all this about to be changed? Will the nation consent to sell its birthright, or has it already done so beyond redeeming? Is the rupture of diplomatic relations to go down to history as an act of isolated folly, almost inexplicable, but promptly corrected and nobly expiated, or is it to be the inauguration of a new era of degeneracy and desolation?

Note.—Wherever Cardinal Nina's *Statement*, supported by *Documents* finds readers conviction is nearly sure to follow, but those who do not wish to be convinced will take care not to read that masterly exposition of the Belgian Minister's bad faith. M. Frère's desire is to suppress the truth, our desire is to make it known, but too often the power is not equal to the will. Our readers will do good service by making their friends acquainted with the short summary in which the Cardinal Secretary has condensed at the end of his memorial the conclusions which have been carefully established in his narrative of facts.

From what has been set forth thus far, the following conclusions manifestly result:

1. That the Holy See, no less than the Belgian Bishops, has several times expressly condemned the new law on primary instruction under a dogmatic or doctrinal aspect.
2. That the Holy Father has, in the midst of the strife, ways inculcated on the defenders of the truth, with his authoritative advice, never to separate charity, prudence, and moderation from firmness and zeal.
3. That the Bishops of Belgium, by opposing the new law in order to render it less disastrous to the faithful in its application, have performed a sacred duty of their ministry, and could not be on that account disapproved by the Holy See.
4. That the counsels of moderation and temperance given

by the Holy See were, as always, received by the Bishops reverently, and put into execution to the extent that circumstances allowed.

5. That all the practices of the Government to obtain from Rome a word of blame against the Episcopate turning out vain, resort was had to artifice in order to induce persons to credit the false notion of a disagreement between the Holy See and the Belgian Bishops.

6. That when the Government placed the Holy See in the alternative of choosing between the recall of the Embassy and the acceptance of the false deductions drawn from the *échange de vues*, the Holy See did not hesitate at all to undergo the former and to repel the latter.

7. That under such circumstances the cessation of the Belgian Embassy to the Holy See assumes the character of an unjustifiable outrage, so much the more evident inasmuch as it was announced to be a political necessity from the day in which the present Minister rose to power, though in this day it is desired to make it pass for a consequence of a supposed contradiction on the part of the Holy See.

But "Europe," as the Nuncio nobly concluded in his reply to M. Frère-Orban, "will render justice to the deep condescension of the Holy See, and to the splendid proof it has given of its unalterable desire for conciliation and peace. This was its duty, and this will form its honour in history, not to have lowered its Divine mission to the level of certain bargains, the price paid for which would have been the faith of rising generations, and perhaps that of an entire people."

Recent Publications.

St. Angela Merici and the Ursulines. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly (Burns and Oates, 1880).—St. Angela lived in a time and place familiar with examples of sanctity in every rank, from the royal family of Savoy, made more illustrious in Blessed Margaret and Blessed Amadeus, down to the illiterate peasant girl, Veronica of Milan. The importance of good early training was well understood by Catholic parents then, although they had not admitted even remotely and in theory the principles which underlie our modern education laws. Life must have been better worth living in the days when "cramming" for competitive examinations had not been imagined. Certainly there was more assiduous fighting then than now in dynastic struggles and national jealousies, so that it may have been difficult to fit in a few years of peace between scenes of bloodshed; but, whenever and wherever home-life was allowed to expand undisturbed, flowers of holiness sprang up to show forth, for the confusion of a wicked world, the beauty which belongs to the Kingdom of Heaven, established by Christ upon earth. St. Angela, who was destined to promote so powerfully the cause of Christian education, had been brought up with solicitous care and excellent judgment by parents worthy to be entrusted with the direction of a young saintly soul.

Angela Merici was born in 1474 at Desenzano, on the Lake of Garda. She was one of five children, and the good example of an elder brother and sister gave her great help in her spiritual progress. In the year in which St. Angela was born, St. Catharine of Genoa, then twenty-

seven years old, consecrated herself to God, and the fame of that generous sacrifice was one of St. Angela's earliest lessons. She had soon made up her mind that God should have her undivided love, and from her very childhood she tried to escape from the admiration which her beauty inspired. When she was ten years old she was strongly tempted to cut off her fair tresses, because a giddy girl of her own age had told her that they made her very charming, but she could not take so decided a step without the leave of her parents, and there the matter rested. By some childish logic she persuaded herself that, although it would be wrong to cut off her hair on her own responsibility, it would be perfectly lawful to change its tint for the worse, and she tried with good will to spoil both the golden locks and the fair young face. So God's dearest ones understand the use of cosmetics in their youth. Angela's sister, a little older than herself, and her brother, shared her spirit, and the prudent parents were obliged to interfere to moderate the fervour of the three happy little children, who were eager to practise the austerities of which they read in the lives of saints every evening. That happy home was soon to be clouded with sorrow. When Angela was fifteen her father died, a year later her sister, again a year later her mother, and then after a short interval her brother, and she was left in the care of an uncle. Then the true work, for which her innocent girlhood, sanctified by prayer and suffering, had prepared her, had its beginning. She received a command in vision to found a company of holy virgins. We cannot linger longer here over a history in which every page is instructive. St. Angela's gentle life fell upon stormy times.

There was another side to the picture. "Alas for Rome and for the Pope! Ere twice a twelvemonth had passed, the walls of the Eternal City would be scaled by the German Lutheran bands of the murderous Frundsperg, fighting under the imperial standard of Spain, and led on

by the French Duke of Bourbon! To the shame of the clergy and people of Rome one of their own noblest families—the Colonna—were but too zealous within Rome's walls to introduce the sacrilegious assailants. And for two whole months every church in Rome was to run with blood, every monastery and private dwelling-house to be the prey of a brutal soldiery, while Pope Clement was to look on, helpless and forsaken by the whole world, a prisoner within the Castle of S. Angelo."

The Life and Doctrine of our Saviour Jesus Christ.
By H. M., of the Society of Jesus (reprinted from the edition of 1656).—Father Charles Bowden of the Oratory deserves our thanks for calling this excellent meditation-book from its comparative obscurity. It was first printed in Latin at Antwerp in 1649, and the present edition is taken almost word for word from the English version published at Ghent in 1656. The orthography has been changed, but the old-fashioned phrases have been judiciously allowed to stand. At the date of the earlier publication it was according to the counsels of prudence to put on the title-page of any book written by a Catholic priest, who might be a British subject, at the most the initials of his name, but it is known that the letters H. M. refer to Father Henry More, and that fact is in itself almost a sufficient guarantee of the solid piety of the reflections on the Life of our Lord. The meditations form two books in one volume. In the second book every seventh meditation is an application to the Blessed Sacrament of the examples and lessons contained in the meditations of the preceding week. Father Bowden has been encouraged in his work by "the growing interest manifested of late in the devotional literature of our Catholic ancestors." We are only beginning to find out our treasures in MS. and dusty little tomes printed when books contained more thought and represented more labour of both brain and hand than in these days of hurried work amid distractions without number.

Biographical Sketch of St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Mrs. Ward (Burns and Oates, 1880).—Around the history of the great martyred Archbishop of England anti-Catholic prejudice has endeavoured much to gather dark clouds and disagreeable mists, but the truth shines in this instance too powerfully to be eclipsed, or even seriously obscured. Mr. Froude himself for once condescends to praise what is worthy of praise. The sketch noticed here does not enter into the great historical controversies connected with the name of St. Thomas, but is meant to be a little tribute of devotion to his memory in the shape of a faithful narrative of what he did and suffered for his Master.

The Life of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Joint Foundress and First Superior of the Ursulines of Quebec. By a Religious of the Ursuline Community, Black-rock, Cork (Dublin: James Duffy and Son).—Another Ursuline saint is presented to us simultaneously with St. Angela Merici. The active zeal of Mother Mary of the Incarnation found its proper sphere in Canada, to which country she received a Divine call when she was forty years old and had been in religion eight years. She was the contemporary of the glorious Jesuit martyrs, De Brébeuf and Lalemant, who fell into the hands of the cruel Iroquois and were slowly burned to death, with every accompaniment of horror which the ingenuity of savages could invent, enduring among other torments a mockery of Baptism performed with boiling water, and being adorned for their terrible sacrifice with necklaces of red-hot hatchet-heads. No wonder there were sleepless eyes in Montreal when the news came, in 1660, that twelve hundred Iroquois were on their way to exterminate the hated French, the allies of the Hurons and Algonquins. For five weeks the terrible anxiety lasted. The Iroquois on their side had an overpowering dread of the fierce dogs which had been trained to spring upon them and drag them to the ground and worry them. It was of no use to try to hide behind the

bushes when such sentinels, keen of sight and scent, were pacing round the walls. Therefore when the Iroquois found their intentions discovered, and a great resistance prepared, and these "dogs of war" waiting for their chance, they went back as they came. This period of suspense had been preceded by a fatal pestilence, and was followed by another exemplary punishment; for the French colonists had provoked the anger of God by their treatment of the poor Indians, to whom they sold in open defiance of all the excommunications of the Church, the fire-water which drove them into madness and worked ruin to soul and body. "In one month," said Father de Lalemant, in bitter denunciation of this heartless traffic, "we lose the fruit of our labours of ten or twenty years." Over an area six hundred miles in length and three hundred in breadth a violent intermittent earthquake kept the inhabitants in constant alarm for a whole year, and for the first five months in a sort of prolonged agony of death. The warning was very efficacious. The most depraved wretches, who had long hardened their heart against the threats of Divine vengeance, fell on their knees in abject terror when the earth began to undulate and mysterious sounds escaped from dark depths below. The strangest part of the visitation was, that though hills had been removed, and rivers dried up, and the face of the country curiously altered, not one life was destroyed by the earthquake. One reason may have been that while sinners were literally withering away with fear, and in their terror turning perforce from their iniquities, the good Sisters were striving by prayer and penance to appease the wrath of God. Mother Mary of the Incarnation died in 1672. Her son, a Benedictine, survived her twenty years, and wrote her life. From his account all subsequent memoirs are mainly derived.

Intention of the Apostolate of Prayer for September.

THE SANCTIFICATION OF PRIESTS BY DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

THE repetition within a very limited period of a solemn invitation to all our Associates to pray for the spiritual welfare of the clergy, need not be taken as implying that our priests are less zealous than they used to be. Perhaps the contrary assertion would be much nearer the truth. As the hatred of Hell unchained rages more fiercely round the Church, the defenders are forced even in spite of themselves to be more vigilant and circumspect, and perhaps never since the very days when the Apostles themselves were laying their hands upon the heads of the most approved, making deacons and priests and bishops, has there been a greater uniformity of loyalty in the high places of the Church. The age is gone by, may God be praised for it! when mere boys were made bishops to please illustrious families, and when younger sons were made priests for the sake of a fat living, and less promising daughters were condemned to a cloister without much effort having been made to find out what they themselves thought about it. Refractory and disedifying prelates are so rare in these happier times that when recently the unfortunate Bishop of Tournai spoke foolish words against the Holy See, the case was startling in its novelty, and Catholics at once recognized the poor man's insanity, with an instinctive appreciation which has been confirmed by the event.

In those "ages of faith" to which we sometimes turn a wistful glance from this gloomy world which has been

Protestantized into infidelity, not only Christian Kings by their perpetual strife made Europe one great battlefield, but Christendom, *as such*, was liable to be tortured beyond endurance by the sacrilegious ambition of contending antipopes. Now more than ever the Gentiles are raging, but within the fold there is peace; and while we pay the tribute of our admiration to the devotedness and zeal for the house of God, of which the Catholic Episcopate has given so many proofs in the days in which we live, we have good reason also to rejoice in the thought that traditions to the priesthood and to religious life were never less tainted with worldly motives than now, and that they are sufficiently numerous in every rank of society to give us the right to smile amid our tears.

Therefore the Intention recommended for the ensuing month is not intended to point to any special danger or emergency by which the clergy are threatened. It is intended, however, and particularly intended, to point to every special duty of all who love the Church and care for the interests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Priests, as pastors, and because they are priests, claim a large share of the prayers of faithful souls. Their ministry will, in the ordinary providence of God, bear fruit in proportion to their personal holiness. If they are full of devotion to the Sacred Heart, they will receive a power which will enable them to instruct the ignorant and convert the sinner;* and, although it is both a heresy and a fallacy to say that one who has not the Holy Ghost cannot confer the Holy Ghost, and although the ministers of God are channels, not fountains, of sanctifying grace, yet the waters of grace flow more readily where there are fewer

* In several dioceses of France and Belgium, as we have already stated in an earlier number (November, 1879), an association of priests called the "Apostolic Union" has been established for mutual encouragement in the practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is an adaptation of a holy experiment started by the Venerable Bartholomew Holzhauser in the seventeenth century, too rigorous in its original form to be widely diffused or long lasting. As in its new shape it has been honoured with the express approbation of the Holy Father, it will probably before long receive a fuller development.

obstructions, and words which breathe *charity from a pure heart and a good conscience and an unfeigned faith** are more persuasive than any merely human eloquence. St. Ignatius, on fire with the love of Jesus Christ, did more good to souls by a few words in a language of which he scarcely knew enough to make himself intelligible, than many fine preachers who "preached themselves" from the pulpits of Italy in his time.

The object, then, for which many prayers are asked, is that what is already good may grow to something better, that those whose position makes their influence of vast importance in all things spiritual may be inflamed with fervent love of the Sacred Heart, and in working out with earnest endeavour and unflinching courage their own sanctification, may give to the Church aid so powerful and service so faithful, that her enemies may recognize the power of God fighting for His own, and may either surrender themselves to the empire of faith and love or be compelled to retire from the unequal contest. *Let God arise and His enemies be scattered.* The prayers, therefore, made by the faithful for their pastors will return in blessings upon the heads of those who utter them, for clergy and laity are all members of the same family of Jesus Christ, and whatever tends to make the elder members of that holy household more holy, more powerful with God, more feared by His enemies, cannot fail to give increased security and peace and joy, and fuller light and higher hope to all the rest. May our Blessed Lady, in the month to which belongs the joyful day of her Nativity, procure a gracious answer to innumerable prayers made with consenting hearts for one and the same great grace, which as affecting the welfare of the Church yields perhaps to none in its intrinsic importance, and may her whispered inspiration rouse in the hearts of many zealous and devoted priests a love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus higher, not only in degree but in kind, than that which they have known

* 1 Tim. i. 5.

before, moving them to heroic sanctity and—it is the same thing in other words—the spirit of martyrdom.

PRAYER.

Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer to Thee the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in expiation of our offences, and for all Thy other intentions.

I offer them to Thee in particular for those who are called to be the dispensers of the graces of the Sacred Heart and the instruments of Its love. Grant, dear Lord, that by means of the close union which Thy Heart will effect in them, they may acquire the power of uniting thereunto the hearts of all. Amen.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic
regeneration of nations.*

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

I. GENERAL INTENTION : *The Sanctification of Priests by devotion to the Sacred Heart.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Wed. *S. Raymond Nonnatus, C.*—Humility; 18,136 religious men.
2. Thurs. *S. Stephen, C.*—Contempt of worldly vanities; 2,704 temporal affairs.
3. Fri. *Feria.*—(*S. J., BB. Anthony S. J. and Comp., MM.*)—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Gentleness; 2,462 graces of concord.
4. Sat. *Of the Immaculate Conception.*—(*S. J., The Most Pure Heart of B.V.M.* From Sunday previous.)—Love of innocence; 2,666 First Communions.
5. SUN. *Sixteenth after Pentecost.*—(*S. J., Octave of the Holy Angels.*)—Assiduity in public worship; 1,497 parishes.
6. Mon. *S. Lawrence Justinian, B.C.*—(*S. J., Beheading of S. John Baptist, Aug. 29.*) Charity to the faithful departed; 8,879 dead.
7. Tues. *Feria.*—(*S. J., BB. Thomas S. J. and Comp., MM.*)—Successful war against our faults; 6,147 young women.
8. Wed. *NATIVITY OF B.V.M.*—Trust in the protection of Mary; 11,998 children.
9. Thurs. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J., B. Peter Claver, S. J.*)—Patience; 2,722 afflicted persons.
10. Fri. *S. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.*—Remembrance of the Last Things; 583 missions.
11. Sat. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J., BB. Charles S. J. and Comp., MM.*)—Salvation of souls; 571 foreign missions.
12. SUN. *Seventeenth after Pentecost.*—THE HOLY NAME OF MARY.—Confidence in Mary; 7,879 various intentions.
13. Mon. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J., B. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, June 3.*)—Wisdom; 2,159 superiors.
14. Tues. *THE EXALTATION OF THE HOLY CROSS.*—Spirit of enterprise; 2,198 pious undertakings.
15. Wed. *Ember-day.*—*Fast.*—*Octave of Nativity of B.V.M.*—Recourse to Mary; 4,659 young men.
16. Thurs. *SS. Cornelius, P.M., and Cyprian, B.M.*—Submission to the Church; 4,101 heretics and schismatics.
17. Fri. *Ember-day.*—*Fast.*—*The Stigmata of S. Francis.*—Love of Jesus; 6,244 interior graces.
18. Sat. *Ember-day.*—*Fast.*—*S. Joseph of Cupertino, C.*—Obedience; 11,922 nuns.
19. SUN. *Eighteenth after Pentecost.*—SEVEN DOLOURS B.V.M.—Devotion to our Lady of the Seven Dolors; 2,519 communities.
20. Mon. *Vigil.*—*SS. Eustachius and Comp., MM.*—Ardent love of God; 4,884 families.
21. Tues. *S. Matthew, Ap. and Evang.*—Gratitude; 8,775 acts of thanksgiving.
22. Wed. *S. Thomas of Villanova, B.C.*—Love of our neighbour; 4,296 ecclesiastics.
23. Thurs. *S. Linus, P.M.*—Docility; 612 Church students and novices.
24. Fri. *OUR LADY OF MERCY.*—Confidence in the compassion of Mary; 8,069 sinners.
25. Sat. *SS. Januarius and Comp., MM.* Sept. 19.—(*S. J., S. Francis Caracciolo, C. June 4.*)—Constancy; 5,850 graces of perseverance.
26. SUN. *Nineteenth after Pentecost.*—Holy inspirations; 2,380 vocations.
27. Mon. *SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM.*—Resignation; 2,967 sick persons.
28. Tues. *S. Wenceslaus, M.*—Confidence in the Divine assistance; 5,541 parents.
29. Wed. *S. MICHAEL, Archangel.*—Zeal for the glory of God; 1,047 promoters.
30. Thurs. *S. Jerome, C.D.*—Horror of false teaching; 2,844 houses of education.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

*An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works
offered up for these Intentions.*

The Intentions of the Archconfraternity of *St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Applications for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. Edward Murphy, S.J., St. Ignatius' Church, Galway. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, Tickets of Admission, Intention Sheets, large and small, may be had from F. Gordon, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Grandfather's Darling.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHANGES.

WHEN an unimportant individual (such as Gertrude Harding) dies, a little bustle and excitement supervene. Apart from the inevitable business visits of undertakers there are other visits. Acquaintances, one never knew as such, start into being and leave cards and messages at the door; distant relatives and long-silent friends of other days write notes, or come to look at the quiet form out of which life has passed away; so Harry Harding was not exempt from the fussy attentions which are supposed to imply affection or respect for the dead. In the little room where he shut himself away from every one, he could hear the loudly-whispered inquiries in the passage as to his own future, Miss Harding's age, the immediate use of her decease and so on—just as plainly as he heard the landlady's detailed replies which were usually so purely malicious that the boy often was ready to uncloset his door and confront her with the accusation of lying. It was only in the evening of those saddest days before the funeral that he could go undisturbed into the still room knowing that though death was there, there also was peace.

OCTOBER, 1880.

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—a royal peace! Happily for him his new protectors understood that kindness of leaving people alone which is so rarely met with, yet a few written words had gained him the assurance that home and friends were ready when the right moment came to find them helpful. So one summer day the body of Gertrude Harding was laid to rest and the lonely boy went silently back to the physician's house to bear his sorrow as best he might. He had ceased to rebel and struggle, the wild storm in his heart was hushed away, but the keen-sighted eyes which watched him, noted some fast-approaching physical failure, and within a week of the funeral Harry was despatched in Mrs. Johnson's company to the far north where the winds came blowing over the moors, and the river flowed along a rocky bed, and the air was full of the sweetness from the thymy hill-sides. At first he used to lie for hours on the grass wishing that he might never rise again, feeling as if he could bear no more—not even *one* more of the slow passing days! He would fancy sometimes that the silent voice called him again, that Gertrude's step was at hand, close by—it was thus that one morning he unclosed his heart to the childless mother who had come near, longing to comfort him. "Are you not tired of being here?" she asked moving gently towards the boy, and fretfully spoken was the answer. "Tired! yes, but it does not matter; nothing will ever matter any more;" and then he hid his face in his hands and burst into the tears which presently eased and softened his strained nerves.

The physician's wife said little, but she took his hand and looked at him silently until she saw that he could listen; then, she began to tell him why he had gained a place in the heart of two almost unknown people. Some years back they had lost an only child—a boy of Harry's own age—and she spoke of her husband's sorrow as something terrible to witness because he had no religious faith to uphold him and did not believe in the soul's immor-

talities. "It was such a happiness when I knew you were to come to me," said the simple-hearted kindly little woman "for ever since the loss of *our* Harry (his name was Harry too) there has been something always wanting in our home. Besides it gave me a great hope which I do not mind telling you now that we know each other a little. At the very worst of our trouble when the clergyman of the parish and other good-meaning people tried to say comforting words about God's love and the certainty of meeting our darling in Heaven by-and-bye, my husband turned away from all. It made him bitter and angry, for he does not believe in anything—to him it is all so unsatisfying and empty—but over and over again he would say 'If I could accept *any* religion, *any* creed it would be the creed of the Romish Church for that is definite and clear. I wish I *did* believe it, it is a grand faith for those who do.' He has always said too that the best people he ever knew were Catholics, it made him like your Aunt Gertrude all the better. So though I do not know exactly what it is to be a Catholic, a hope seemed to spring up in my heart that your coming would be the beginning of something better for Dr. Johnson. Your priest has said he shall visit you and altogether we shall be brought in the way of Catholicism, and if only he could believe something I should be so glad, for it seems terrible that one so good and upright and noble in everything else should have nothing to look for beyond this life."

She paused a moment, and then continued. "For myself, I suppose I can go on in the old way in which I was brought up, yet *even* I know what it is to long for something more real, more substantial—one scarcely understands now what the Church of England *does* teach! I should like to know a little about Catholics, to read some of their books—so will you help me in this Harry? And I know that prayer is something real with such as I—I should like to feel that you pray sometimes for

us, your new friends who want to be as much like father and mother as is at all possible."

Though he answered only with one brief "Yes," Harry was moved by the earnestness of the speaker and roused too from considering solely his great loss, to reflect on what life might yet have in store for him. Should these kind people receive the true faith and by his means (though ever so remotely) it would be a grand thing—the tears welled up into Harry's eyes as he thought how Gertrude would have deemed it a blessing quite worth any suffering to secure, one to gain which the laying down of her own life would have been even more joyful than it was. Not so much as this could the boy feel, but he did realize that there may come good out of the very blackest sorrow; and so the cloud of half-despair was lifted and as the days passed on he returned to his old interest in things and people around him, and would even grow confidential with Mrs. Johnson about his future work.

"When I was quite a little chap" he said one day as they were driving in a homely basket-carriage through the country roads which wound among the hills "I used to say I would be a priest, but now I do not believe it is the thing for me. I wish it was, for there is no life to compare with it; but it is not with us as with Protestants where the Church is a respectable living for those who break down in other lines, or can't scrape up a taste for anything else. To be a priest one must have a real vocation for hard work, self-denial—oh a hundred things! and it is too high, far too high above me. So I suppose I shall have to take to quill-driving in some merchant's stuffy office, but anyway I mean to get on."

"There are other professions, besides the Church" said Mrs. Johnson "the army"——

"Oh no! I've no taste for killing people," and Harry shook his head and urged the grey pony to a swifter pace.

"Would you like to study medicine? to be a surgeon, a physician?"

"*That* is sometimes a good deal in the way of killing people too" said Harry with a grave face of competency "And yet—well one might do a jolly deal of good. It's a noble life too and a self-sacrificing one if one makes it so by taking it the right way. I believe it might suit me very well only—it wants money to carry it through, and I have none."

"Oh Harry do you forget? are you not to be as our very own, and what would please us better if you chose such a career?" and here Mrs. Johnson looked at the boy's face with a mingled satisfaction and regret—regret for the past—but considering it safer not to build castles in the air she added in her usual tone of tranquillity "There is time enough before you though, and we need not settle your future just yet."

In London, things were in nowise changed outwardly because Miss Harding had passed away. The dreary little rooms were tenanted again, the landlady scrupulously refraining from any allusion to the last lodger lest the knowledge of her decease might create an uncomfortable impression. The young Clevelands droned through "That I may sing, that thou may'st sing, that he may sing" in the ears of another teacher not quite so patient yet equally hard-worked and weary; the sitting she had occupied in church was re-let to some-one who had long determined on securing it at the first opportunity, the memorial paper on the door had been covered by one of more recent date, and after the first week or two of "Poor thing! she's dead. How very sad for her nephew" nobody thought much of Gertrude. Unfeeling? oh no! only the inevitable merging of the bygone in the present; only the crowding in of fresh thoughts, fresh interests, fresh associations as each day dawns upon this busy bustling world in which we have so little time to look back that surely it needs no poet's voice to bid us "Let the dead past, bury its dead." Dead friends, dead hopes, dead sorrows, dead joys!—alike we lay them low and shovel the earth over them, perhaps

planting a flower of remembrance here and there; and then we pass on pretty cheerily and if we make our moan it is in the silence and the darkness where it will be unheard un-noticed, except indeed by Heaven. Well for us that we can so quickly grow reconciled to the inevitable, for life is short, all too short for dreaming with folded hands and tearful eyes over the past—even if all our sunshine *has* gone by and only a passing rift in the grey cloud serves to reveal to us how bright it used to be.

As notice had been given for the re-direction to Dr. Johnson's address of any letters which might bear Miss Harding's name, Mrs. Martin found herself also despatched there when—about a fortnight after her death—she called to inquire for the sick lady. It turned her chill with pained surprise when with a half-laugh, the dirty little maid-of-all-work exclaimed “Lor’ bless you mum, why Miss Harding’s dead and buried and Master Harry’s gone along of his fine new friends goodness only knows where;” but as it presently transpired that some means of communicating with the lad was still possible, Mrs. Martin was slightly comforted and betook herself at once to the physician’s house.

A respectable maid came to her and told her all she knew; she even offered to write down the place where Harry was staying in the north but a consciousness of the serious difficulty of letter-writing when neither thoughts nor pen flow rapidly prevented the acceptance of this favour, and Mrs. Martin pronounced herself willing to wait for his return though it seemed rather indefinite as to time.

She had left home anticipating the pleasure of surprising Gertrude with her news; how that she and Rosy were settled within a ten minutes walk of Edgware Road, and how she had called on the priest to whom she had been directed and he—finding her on the eve of removal from his neighbourhood—had mentioned one or two at other churches who would gladly aid or instruct her. Being a

woman of but one idea, Mrs. Martin had felt herself compelled for the time to allow the engrossing subject of moving to supersede her concern for the salvation of her soul, but now she felt renewed desire to fathom the faith which had lately seemed to attract her as to a peaceful rest in the midst of outward cares, and her disappointment was deep because Gertrude was no longer near to advise, and listen, and sympathize with all her mingled hopes and fears.

"To think that she should be gone—before the turn of the leaf too" she soliloquized, for in the fitness of things it seemed only right that the time-worn axioms regarding such cases of disease should have been proved correct, but sincere regret for the governess was in her heart quite apart from any selfish considerations and she was very even on Rosy who received the news but coolly. Poor Rosy! bound already, by this move into Alice Grant's neighbourhood, to an influence which led her to prize a good true friend so lightly; which made her too shrink back from the threshold she had once longed and prayed to cross, with an excuse that she was not ready, that she was too young to commit herself to anything serious.

"There never was your match for contrariness certainly" said the much-harassed mother. "Tell you you *couldn't* be Catholic, and you'd worry one and argue fit to cleave a body's head. But tell you there's no hindrance and it's the best thing you can do, and you won't so much as hear of it! I wonder I do, that the poor dear lady's white face don't come a-haunting of you."

"Oh mother" and Rosy shrank back a little, and congratulated herself that bed-time and darkness were yet some hours distant. "It's too bad to cast up Miss Harding's name against me for I mean to be a Catholic some day. But there's something I want to tell you mother, and it's all settled. I've got a place as out-door maid where they'll teach me the millinery, and I'm to begin next Monday. Alice heard of it for me. And you

know I've been sick' to death this long time of cleaning and working about at home." She looked resolved, defiant, ready to brave a storm if storm were at hand, but Mrs. Martin was too startled and too alarmed for any explosion of anger—for the first time in her life Rosy heard her mother entreating her as if it were a favour, to give this scheme up. "There's no good will come of it, you're too young and unknowing Rosy to be with these London-bred girls. Stay quiet a bit longer child till we hear what your father means to do; or stay at least till you've took hold of something to keep you straight and right if so-be temptations come nigh you, and that's what poor Miss Harding said the Catholic religion would do for you. Don't go off to work at anything Alice Grant has a hand in, and with people that ought to have known better than settle with you without a word from me." Yet it was all in vain—Rosy had been prepared by her friend to encounter some such difficulty and for fear of ridicule she held to her point, hard though it was when she saw the tears it cost her mother who had an even exaggerated horror of danger to her child. "Ah me," she said at last, "Miss Harding told me I'd rue the day when I stood between you and what God asked of you—it's come true enough. But anyway you and me will go and see the priest to-morrow Rosy, so read out to me his name and where he lives, for I've most forgot."

The girl turned to the leaves of the Bible wherein all the valuable memoranda of the family were preserved—two names had been written down, and Mrs. Martin decided on one for no weightier reason than that she had known some person who bore the same appellation in the next market town when she was a girl. "Which he was a tea-grocer and sold tea as you couldn't better in all London and the gentry for miles round dealt with him. It's not to be supposed it's a relation of this good gentleman I'm to call on, but when I get flustered I'm

pt to forget names and maybe this'll stick by me, being familiar."

"I'll wait a bit, I'll not go tomorrow mother" said Rosy, and she did not waver in this decision even on the following afternoon when Mrs. Martin set forth on her errand, nervous indeed yet thoroughly in earnest. It was well that she was so, for there were hindrances before her. On reaching the house where the chosen ecclesiastic resided, it appeared that he was just going into the church and must be sought there. This, after some demur and numerous explanations, Mrs. Martin agreed to. Unfortunately for her, this priest had many satellites—people who used his confessional for lengthy conversational purposes, carrying there every trifling vexation, every imaginary difficulty, difficulties and vexations born only of a self-concentrated existence and lack of something to do *except* talk. A novice in such matters could not imagine the need of insistence on right of priority, so when the Father came down the church and at the first glimpse of him, there was a rustle, a subdued scuffle, many indignant whispers of remonstrance, and then the crisis was over—someone more dexterous than courteous slipped from the rear, and Mrs. Martin was one of the many displaced with that cool absence of conscientiousness and civility so curiously noticeable among the presumably well-bred!

However though the waiting was long, success came at last and the brief interview of that day was the forerunner of others which ended by her reception into the church of Christ. And Rosy—the once longing, loving child of the old Hillingdon days—stood by and saw it all but still excused herself with "Not yet!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

TWO years had gone by since Harry Harding went to his new home ; they had been happy years, years of progress in all desirable things, and full of hope and promise—but never for one day had he forgotten his Aunt Gertrude, never had he ceased to feel as if her memory hovered round him with almost an angel-guardian's care, to hold him back from evil, to spur him forward in good. A stranger would hardly have imagined that so bright and merry a lad, could live so much in the past—with the dead. The physician's house was comfortable to luxury, but on many an evening (in the midst of those shining draperies, and pictured walls, the softened light, the fragrance of flowers) Harry thought that he would be well content to have nothing better all his life long than the cramped-up little lodgings, and the poverty and need, if only the one dear familiar face and figure had been left by his side. But his new friends had abundantly fulfilled all their promises to Gertrude, and lookers-on deemed it a wonderful stroke of fortune which had placed a lonely lad such as Harry Harding in the position of a well-loved and only son. He had learned to have a very deep and grateful affection towards both Dr. Johnson and his wife, but he watched them with almost as much wonder as love, and almost as much pity as wonder—*wonder*, that such high principle, such truth, such goodness could exist apart from religious faith, *pity* because such magnificent natural virtue was not crowned by the grace which would have made it perfect. Yet as he dwelt in that home, he learned many lessons—above all a humble estimation of himself. *He*—a Catholic, the possessor of such an heritage, the recipient of such sacraments—so faulty, so ready to fail and fall ; *they*, who

stood without support, without guidance, without God—yet often preaching to him by their lives, of charity, unselfishness, and upright purpose. And then how he would pray for them both—pray that the one supreme blessing might be given them who had given him so much, that they might not be lost in that day when the fairest edifice which has no safe foundation must be swept away as by a flood.

In these two years he had not forgotten Rosy, his aunt's favourite and pupil; but all his inquiries failed and they seemed to have passed out of his reach for Mrs. Martin had never repeated her visit to Dr. Johnson's house, and thus there was no clue to her dwelling when she could not be heard of in the part of London where her husband had left her.

These two years had transformed Rosy into almost a woman—her father would have been proud to see her now, but he was still in the distant country to which he had betaken himself, still writing home letters of promise, which seemed to bear no fruit. There was always some "stroke of luck" to wait for—then he should send for his wife and child, or—better still—come to old England for them; but weeks went by, and months went by, and years were beginning to reckon up and he neither sent, nor came himself to those he had left behind him. That he was not prospering seemed evident by the diminution of his remittances of money which at first had been regular and sufficient for every need; at the close of the second year the hardest of all trials came upon Mrs. Martin and she had to take to service for her own support. Rosy had just fulfilled her term of apprenticeship, and having developed into a very deft little milliner was taken into the house where she had served her time, as one of Miss Blond's "young ladies"; she was therefore in a sense provided for, yet the separation from her was the mother's chief trouble in connection with the breaking-up of all semblance of a home. She could not very well have put

her many fears into words, for the girl had every one's good opinion—every one who measured her only by her ordinary associates and not by what she had been in her earlier days. Clever, merry, industrious, careful of her good name—she was all this even after two year's self-will, two years of trifling with conscience; but then her mother knew how much better she might and ought to have been, and how the thoughtful gentle child-life had promised something more than a giddy, worldly girlhood which seemed to verge so dangerously near upon the stream of evil flowing by.

So now, with a few good instincts which had never ripened into principles, Rosy was to be parted wholly from her mother, except by occasional Sunday visits and rare holidays. "Oh child if I could only see you a Catholic I'd bear it better" said the poor woman again and again in talking of what must come to pass, but the fulfilment of that wish seemed as far off as ever—nay further, for the little slender thread which seems at first so slight a separation from grace, widens and strengthens insensibly until suddenly our eyes open to perceive a barrier—dark, strong, hard—before us.

At the outset of Mrs. Martin's Catholic life, Rosy had always gone to church with her, but before long she gave it up. Was it because something of the feeling which had possessed her as a child in the humble chapel at Twyford, started into painful, throbbing vitality?—but it was vitality weak enough to be crushed by neglect, and Rosy conquered it. She even grew glad as time went by that she had not assumed what *now* she deemed a bondage; she seemed to do so *very* safely and creditably without God and without religion, that it was matter for self-congratulation never to have been weighted with unnecessary duty.

"Oh don't you fear for me" she would say to her mother's forebodings "I shall always keep myself right and respectable—any one can if only they've a mind!

And as for being a Catholic, I mean to before I die, but **I** want to enjoy myself a bit first like other girls. It's **only** for a while we'll be parted mother; father is sure to **get** on by-and-bye, and it stands to reason it must be **up**-hill work in a new country. And you won't mind **turning** housekeeper when once you've begun, for you **were** always fond of such kind of work and it seems a **good** place where you'll be almost as much your own **mistress** as if you weren't in service. So cheer up mother **do**!—and by-and-bye when I've a business like Miss Blond you shall come and keep house for me; I've no mind myself for Australia now."

"My mind is to be where your father is, though it'd be my death to go aboard ship" said Mrs. Martin shaking her head. "But I'm not grieving for myself about going to place—it's a thing to be respected is decent service; it's for *your* sake I fret about it night and day and all the more because you're so sure of doing well and right. What's to keep you from harm if you've no religion Rosy?"

The girl tossed her head and went on with the trimming of a dainty bonnet she purposed wearing the next Sunday—she did not open her lips until she had fastened in a spray of small flowers and then holding it up to view asked her mother if it was not "lovely."

"I've nought to say against it—as bonnets go. I'd be sorry to have it on *my* head and I'll be most as sorry to see it on your's Rosy, it being fit for someone quite above the like of you and me. And it's all this love of being smart that makes me worry about you; to say the least it's poor work spending every shilling on fine clothes and bonnets you can do without. What is amiss with the bonnet you've got already?"

"It's so old-fashioned," said Rosy crossly "and it would be a very bad thing for Miss Blond if her young ladies were to go shabby."

"I never said anything about *shabby*" persisted Mrs.

Martin. "It's finery I'm talking of—finery that isn't becoming to working-girls and which no rightminded person would like them the better for putting on 'em. There's no one cares to see you look nice better than your mother Rosy, and no one as'd be more ashamed to see you tricked out like a lady. I've heard of many a wrong growing out of such beginnings, there's many a girl been led on to take what wasn't hers, and all out of a love of being finer than she'd a right to be in her station."

It was an oft-argued point and always angered Rosy. "I can't speak for others" she said sharply "I can take care of myself, and as I've told you already mother there's no fear of *me* bringing shame on you—it's not as if I had not been born respectable. One'd think we was well-nigh beggars to hear you talk of what's fit for me."

"Being born respectable isn't everything child" said Mrs. Martin wearily "but there—it's no use talking. You turn everything into an excuse for yourself and I suppose it'll be so to the end of the chapter and till you've learned better. My mind misgives me Rosy but you'll get some hard lesson one of these days to cure you of trusting so in yourself."

"Very well mother, if it is to come it must" said Rosy lightly and a scornful smile crept round her mouth. "But we won't spend our last week in quarrelling and however bad I am I'm always sorry when I've vexed you mother. You know that don't you? And now as it's a fine night, why shouldn't we go out a bit?"

Mrs. Martin looked at the clock—it was an evening on which Rosy had been allowed to go home an hour or so earlier than usual in consideration that it was her last week with her mother. "Will you come with me to church?" she said eagerly. "We'd be too late for the sermon, but if we stepped out sharp we'd be in for Benediction."

"To church? oh mother such a fine night, moonlight too, it seems such a shame to be cooped up in church!

But—yes I'll go to please you, for I'll not be here next **Wednesday** night." So five minutes later, mother and daughter were on their way.

Mrs. Martin's heart was beating fast with pleasure and **with** pain as she knelt by her child. Oh how long since **Rosy** had done this for her, and how long perhaps before **ever** she would be in that Blessed Presence again!—her **head** went down in very tearful prayer to God, but Rosy's **head** was turning from side to side for the purpose of **viewing** the congregation. Not an elegantly-attired class **were** there—it was night, and the hour when the rich were **at** home, so the working people or the very poor, mostly **filled** the benches and in their appearance there was **nothing** to attract or interest one like Rosy Martin. She **began** to feel a little weary even though the music of the **Litany** sounded pleasantly in her ear, until suddenly her **attention** was attracted by the sight of a girl quite near **her**, young and apparently of her own station but in **some** overwhelming sorrow if one might judge by the **smothered** sobs which shook her whole frame as she **crouched** rather than knelt in her place. It made Rosy **wonder**, and then the fancy took possession of her that **this** young creature had found something terribly **disappointing** in life, perhaps it was a dream of happiness **and** advancement which had not come true, perhaps—**Oh** surely *she* should never cry in that heart-broken fashion **as** one who had no hope nor comfort on earth. When the **ear** glanced across her mind she recalled her mother's **acent** pleading and her own replies and she was ready **to** ask herself why not begin *at once* to do the thing she **proposed** at some later day? but the difficulty of pursuing **a** new and self-denying path seemed greater now than a **few** years earlier and Rosy tried to rouse herself from **these** depressing thoughts ready to meet her mother's **as** when the service was over. She must have been **successful** in disguising her uneasiness, for poor Mrs. Martin **was** inwardly troubled because her child seemed to remain

so untouched, so hard in God's presence ; she did not guess that Rosy's gay chatter as they went homeward, was forced and unnatural, and only meant to cover a chill foreboding of coming trouble and disappointment which was creeping into her heart. Once again God's spirit was striving with her, suggesting to her that it would be safer far to face the world armed against evil by a religion which was a shield and strength ; but security and self-trust surged in as a strong, high tide, sweeping away every faint aspiration after better things, and in this state she remained when the day came for her venture into life, the life of which she understood nothing.

An Offering to St. Walburga.

THE CONVENTS AT HEIDENHEIM AND MONHEIM.

ival of the band of workers from England was our to the never-tiring energy of the holy brothers and Wunibald. Plans of extended labour soon l themselves. In spite of the many religious hich had been founded, and the unceasing toils onks, Paganism was still firmly rooted amidst the sts between the Main and the Danube. Idola-s were yet practised, such as sacrificing at rocking olding the oak tree sacred, and worshipping the War and Thunder. The Bishop Willibald, with ission of St. Boniface summoned Wunibald to his bout the year 752, the latter began the foundation ew monasteries at Heidenheim in a valley amidst ntains of this uncultivated region, one for men for women. With the consent of her uncle, a was placed over the latter, while Wunibald the monks, who cut down the forests and tilled which they cleared.

s here that the sanctity of the brother and sister e manifest to the outer world; the severe and ural life of the cloister awed, while they won, the bitants who flocked to them. Both monasteries a refuge for those in distress, where they found consolation and relief for every kind of pain and out counsel and help in difficulty, either spiritual oral; their tears were dried, and their bodily nd thirst were satisfied. None were turned away : door. Poor or rich were alike welcome, the was always open to women of whatever rank, all eive a meal, and doubtless Walburga, like the ba, washed the feet of the guests with her own

hands. The instruction of youth was a main object in both monasteries. Young maidens of the noblest families were received and educated by the nuns, and in their turn became the instructresses and guides of the next generation. As at Wimburn, reading and study alternated with prayer and contemplation, and besides this, the nuns taught spinning and weaving, in both of which Walburga herself was expert.

In this peaceful manner of life, hard and rough as we cannot doubt that it would have been to our nineteenth century ideas, Walburga spent the next nine or ten years, when in the year 761 a great sorrow came upon her, in the death of Wunibald, her tenderly-loved brother, and the guide and director of her soul. As he lay dying, he commended both the monks and nuns to his sister's care. Willibald had hastened from Eichstätt to his cell, in answer to Wunibald's desire to see him, and arrived in time to receive the last breath of the holy Abbot. As the blessed soul left its earthly dwelling, the bells of the monastery began to ring of themselves and the candles on the altar were lit by unseen hands. The next day Willibald laid the holy body in the grave in a stone coffin which Wunibald had himself prepared for his burial, and offered the Holy Sacrifice for his soul in the little church of the monastery, which the departed Saint had built. He also confirmed his sister in the charge which Wunibald had laid upon her, and in obedience to both, Walburga undertook the direction of the monastery in addition to that of the convent, and governed them for eighteen years.

It was to Wunibald's prayers that our Saint looked for aid in taking so heavy a burden of care upon her shoulders, nor was she mistaken in her confidence, as to the power of his intercession. A nun of the convent, who writes of this time, relates that St. Walburga herself as well as other holy persons had related to her the miracles that had taken place through his intercession, both before and after his death. So many were the wonders worked in answer to

the petitions adressed to him, that the faithful flocked in numbers from all parts to his grave, and Willibald the Bishop soon found it necessary to erect a larger church to enable them to satisfy their devotions. The church had been sixteen years in building, when Wunibald's remains were translated in the year 777. His body was found whole and incorrupt, not a hair of his head was gone; the crowds who had assembled to witness the solemn ceremonial drew near, headed by Willibald and Walburga and the assisting priests, and kissed his hands and feet, and the holy body was deposited in its new resting-place with joyful psalms and litanies.

The ancient biography just quoted gives in few words a description of Walburga's manner of life after Wunibald's death. The holy Walburga appeared to all who sought after sanctity most worthy of imitation, especially to the devoted virgins of her convent at Heidenheim. Day and night she remained in prayer, giving herself up to watching and fasting. With fervour she entreated the Lord, that she might ever, in perfect faith and love, preserve both body and soul pure and unstained. In all her undertakings she had God before her eyes; He was her protector, He her companion and guide in all her works, and therefore she always obtained what she besought of Him.

Two simple narratives are given by the same hand showing the power which her prayers had in her lifetime, which illustrate well both her tender-hearted love to her neighbour and her confidence in God, and in the sainted Wunibald's aid, in lesser as well as in greater things. The house of a neighbouring nobleman was filled with sorrow and mourning, for his only daughter was lying in the agonies of death, and he sat lost in grief. The news reached Walburga, and her heart was deeply moved; at the same moment she received a Divine inward intimation that the child should be saved by her prayers. Night was drawing on, but full of confidence she braved the darkness. The fierce wolf-hounds were baying in the court

of the Castle and surrounding the door as she drew near. News of the approach of a stranger was taken by the attendants to their lord, and he sent to fetch in the guest lest the hungry dogs should drag her down; but the Saint replied: "Do not fear, the hounds will not hurt Walburga." Roused by hearing the much-honoured name of the Abbess of Heidenheim, the father and mother rose and went to receive her. "He Who guided me safely here, will lead me back in safety," she replied in answer to their fears at seeing her alone, "and He Who sent me to you without your knowledge will bring healing to your house, if from your heart you believe Him to be the Great Physician." She then entered the chamber of the dying child and remained in fervent prayer by her bedside during the whole night. With the morning light, Walburga presented their daughter, recovered and in health, to her astonished and joyful parents, and took her departure, refusing all the rich presents which in their gratitude they pressed upon her.

In the convent at Heidenheim, it was the duty of the sacristan Gomerandus to provide the religious with lights as soon as night set in; but one evening he refused to fulfil this service, giving the Abbess Walburga insolent words in reply to her admonition. The Saint bore his rudeness with the utmost patience and sweetness, and desired the nuns to go nevertheless to the refectory as usual, assuring them that God would certainly supply for the want of light. Meantime she betook herself to prayer in a solitary part of the cloister; when behold, hardly had she poured forth a few words before God, than a fiery flash of light streamed from above through every room, lighting up everything in the convent with such clearness and brilliancy that all who were witnesses declared the light to be supernatural. The nuns, astonished and full of consolation, hastened to their holy Mother to thank her for this grace and the heavenly light which her prayers had obtained for them. The Saint rejoiced not only for

the unearthly splendour which shone around, but principally that the hearts of her nuns were interiorly touched and consoled, their faith strengthened, and their love kindled into fervour. She gave the honour to God alone, and turning to Him with tears full of joy and consolation, she said: "Thee, O my God, Whom from my childhood, I have vowed to serve, do I thank for this grace, Thee do I praise, Who hast deigned to visit me, Thy unworthy handmaid, and to rejoice the hearts of Thy servants, with the consolations of Thy light, and through the brightness of Thy unfathomable mercy hath enlightened the darkness. Not to my merits, but to the abundant riches of Thy kindness, and to the prayers of my brother Wunibald is all to be attributed." The celestial light continued to illuminate the convent through the whole of the night until the dawn of day.

On another occasion this supernatural light is said to have streamed from Walburga's cell at night, and to have lit up the convent until the hour of Matins.

Of the three saints whose lives and graces were so closely united one with the other, Willibald, the oldest, was the one chosen by God to outlive the others. St. Walburga, as early as the year 760, had thus summed up the history of him: "This, then, is that Willibald, who, though helped by few at first, is now surrounded by many assistant priests, and has won to the Lord much people. So that far and wide throughout Bavaria, the Gospel is preached, churches are built and adorned with relics, Masses are said, psalms and antiphons are singing, holy lessons reading, and Christ's glorious miracles and the praises of the Creator are in the mouths of a multitude of the faithful. And what shall I now say more of him who is your pastor and my master? Why speak of his piety, humility, patience, continence, meekness? Who is more strenuous than he in comforting the sorrowful, feeding the poor, clothing the naked?"

Willibald died at the advanced age of eighty-one, A.D.

781, surviving Walburga, who was ten years younger, two years. It does not appear certain whether he was with Walburga at her last hour, as he was with Wunibald ; but when all was over he laid his sister at Wunibald's side in the church of the monastery at Heidenheim. Her death had been that of a saint. When dying, she had the nuns called together, and exhorted them to persevere in their holy vocation. As she spoke, her countenance was lighted up with a radiance and beauty not of this earth, which remained after her departure, when a sweet fragrance exhaled from her, filling the church and convent as she lay on the bier, around which candles were burning, lighted by other than human hands. She died on the 25th of February, 779, aged sixty-nine.

Countless miracles testified to the sanctity of St. Walburga for ninety years after her death. About the year 870, the church of the monastery at Heidenheim, where she was buried, was being rebuilt by Otkar, the sixth Bishop of Eichstätt after Willibald, when the work-people carelessly treated and profaned the tomb where the holy body was laid. At night the Saint appeared in a vision to the Bishop, and asked him "why her sepulchre was dishonoured, in which her body lay expecting the resurrection?" assuring him that he had not dealt well with her nor with the Church of God. The following day the monks were filled with fear by the fall of the wall of the new building. The Bishop, assembling his clergy, opened the tomb of the two Saints, and carried the stone sarcophagus containing the sacred remains of St. Walburga, together with that of St. Wunibald, in solemn procession to Eichstätt, intending to place them in the Cathedral by the side of St. Willibald, whose intercession had also obtained boundless graces for the faithful who had sought his aid since his death. But the mules who carried the relics of St. Walburga stopped at the Church of the Holy Cross in the town, and would proceed no further. In this convent most of the nuns of the convent

at Heidenheim were already living as canonesses, having been removed there by Bishop Otkar; it was therefore the natural resting-place for the remains of their holy Mother.

Here, then, the sacred relics rested, and were exposed for veneration for three days in the church, together with those of St. Wunibald, after which the latter were carried back to Heidenheim. The Church of the Holy Cross became afterwards the church of the restored convent of St. Walburga, and in it the principal portion of her precious remains have been preserved to the present day. Wolfhard, a canon of Herrieder, who wrote St. Walburga's life in 893, and gives an account of this translation (the one thousandth anniversary of which was kept in 1870), tells us, moreover, of a further translation of a part of her relics to Monheim the same year that he wrote. The Abbess Liobila had begged and obtained this favour for the Benedictine convent which she founded there from Heidenheim. Marvellous miracles attended upon this fresh translation. When the stone coffin was opened to divide the relics, Wolfhard states that they were found covered with drops of pearly dew, which, when touched, adhered to the finger, and which nothing would soil. As the procession approached Mulheim, where St. Boniface had resided, an epileptic boy touched the bier and recovered, and "immediately there gushed forth in that place an odour so strong, and so marvellously sweet, that those that followed and those that bore the bier could scarce endure it." The Abbess Liobila herself received a remarkable grace through her holy Mother St. Walburga on that day. She suffered from gout in the feet, and while asleep, an aged priest in his robes, with snowy hair, appeared to her, saying, "Liobila, do you sleep? Rise, and go to the church." She answered, "The Matin bell has not rung, and moreover, I cannot go except they carry me." "Arise quickly," he said, "and go, for St. Willibald is come to see how you have laid his sister, and with him a host of angels." She

arose immediately, found herself perfectly restored, and went to the church to thank God and St. Walburga.

From this time Monheim became a celebrated place of pilgrimage from all parts, and many were the wonders worked there. The holy relics were exposed for veneration, and carried in joyful procession every year until 1542, when Catholic worship was abolished at Monheim, and every trace of them disappeared, being, like those in so many other places, either hidden or destroyed. A nearly similar fate befel the much honoured relics of the Abbot St. Wunibald. After being placed on the high altar at Heidenheim in 1140, they were carried with great solemnity by the Abbot and monks to Eichstätt, on the two occasions of St. Willibald's translation in 1256, and of the consecration of the new choir to the Cathedral in 1359. They disappeared from Heidenheim when the monastery and church fell into Protestant hands, about the year 1535. The only part of them now known to exist is St. Wunibald's skull, which is preserved in the church of the Castle of Scheer in Swabia.

III. THE HOLY SHRINE AT EICHSTATT, AND ITS WONDERS.

To return to Eichstätt, in 893. No sooner had the procession, with a portion of St. Walburga's relics, departed for Monheim, than a rumour was spread abroad that the whole of them had been carried away, and Eichstätt thus robbed of its Saint, whom the tender compassion, shown in the many answers she had given to their prayers during the last twenty-three years, had rendered so dear to the people. The little town was in an uproar, and the trouble of the inhabitants could not be pacified until the Bishop Erconwald ordered the remaining part of the relics, consisting of the breast bones and others, to be publicly taken from the tomb and exposed for veneration.

One other translation only of the treasured relics do we read of. St. Walburga's canonization, it is believed, took place under Pope Adrian the Second, about the time

of their first translation from Heidenheim. In the year 1042, to honour her still further, they were taken out of the tomb in the Church of the Holy Cross at Eichstätt, and placed in a stone coffin behind and under the high altar of the same church, which with the convent had been rebuilt and placed under the patronage of the Saint herself. No sooner had she received this the highest honour which the Church can give, than we begin to hear of the new wonders with which Almighty God delighted to exalt her before men, and to make her a still further instrument of His glory. We have seen that as Wolfhard testifies, at the translation to Monheim, the holy relics were found covered with soft drops like dew, or fresh oil. At their translation to the high altar, this oil began to penetrate the stone of the coffin or reliquary, the upper part of which formed the slab of the altar itself, distilling in large drops, which were carefully collected from the under side of the coffin. From this date the number of miraculous cures worked by the holy oil, are countless.

Here the blessed relics still repose, and here the same wonder is repeated year after year. The church was again rebuilt and the little chapel and vault at the back of the high altar also, in the year 1631, but the stone coffin and the relics in it were not disturbed in any way. The fearful days of the Swedish war pressed heavily upon the town of Eichstätt a few years after. The foreign soldiers burned it almost to ashes, sacked and plundered the convent and the treasury of the church and of the shrine, destroyed the two parchment certificates of the Saint's translations, but the church and the cathedral which they threatened to burn, after setting the other parts of the convent on fire, were finally spared, and with them St. Walburga's and St. Willibald's resting places remained untouched. So God watches in numberless instances over the bodies of His saints.

Eichstätt bears marks now of the vigorous hand with

which the people endeavoured, at the close of the Swedish war, to reinstate themselves in their former prosperous condition. Its narrow streets are full of large, well built seventeenth century houses, where a touch may still be seen of the taste which prevailed so long in its not far distant neighbour, Nürnberg, as to domestic architecture, and which makes that city so attractive to this day, in the high pitched ornamental roofs, and octagonal or hexagonal turrets projecting from the upper storied rooms, especially at the corners of the streets. Some of these projections rest upon grotesque animals, lions or griffins bearing shields, with a pious motto, such as Bavaria used to love outside her houses, as, *Sit nomen Domini benedictum, ex hoc nunc, et usque in sæculum*, and the like.

Nor was the piety of Eichstätt less apparent in the churches at this date, in which money was spent with unsparing hand upon florid and costly Renaissance restorations, exuberant with gold and marbles. The Capuchin, the forsaken Jesuits' Church, now the church of the Seminary, and others including the ancient Gothic Cathedral dating far back towards the days of St. Willibald himself, contain many an evidence of these pious but unsightly offerings. St. Willibald's remains rest still in the Cathedral which he founded, having never been taken thence, except for solemn processions, since the day of his burial in 781. They lie in what is called St. Willibald's choir. But the pilgrim who worships in the Cathedral finds himself before a sarcophagus altar with twisted grey marble pillars, and is surrounded by angels and saints, their garments blown hither and thither by tempestuous winds, and in restless uncomfortable attitudes, which speak rather of the earth he is wishing to leave behind him outside the door of the sanctuary, than of the heaven he is seeking within.

Such also is the new high altar placed by Bishop Marquard the Second in St. Walburga's Church in 1686, with a large altar-piece in the same style, by Sandrart,

Of St. Walburga's glorification in Heaven. This altar was fixed a little further westward of the chapel behind it, than it was before, so that the stone coffin with the relics ceased to form the altar-slab, and therefore rests partly under the new slab, and partly projects into the chapel at the back. The chapel has no altar, but is connected with the crypt and altar placed in it by the sanctuary having no flooring. Through the aperture thus formed the handsome modern Gothic shrine with its ornamented pinnacles rises up from the back of the altar below, almost to the height of the ceiling of the chapel. By means of this opening, the worshippers in the upper chapel have the advantage of assisting at the Masses in the crypt, and also of kneeling at the rail of the aperture, almost opposite to what appears like a large tabernacle over the altar. The door of it facing them, shuts in what is known by the name of the *Gnadenstein* — miraculous stone, or stone of graces — this being the lower stone of the coffin reliquary, which forms the upper part of the opening which we have called a tabernacle. The high altar in the church is erected over the other end of the coffin which is eleven feet long. Such was the arrangement adopted in 1686, since which date no change has been made.

Let us now survey the shrine for a moment. Above is St. Walburga herself, a large statue standing between the two holy brothers, and on each side of them are the royal saints, St. Henry and St. Cunigunda, so highly venerated in Bavaria, whose relics are at Bamberg. Next is a picture representing the death of the pious young Princess Renata, a niece of the great Maximilian the First of Bavaria, whose part in the Swedish war is well known in history. The devotion of this princess and her holy parents to St. Walburga accounts for this picture being placed here after her death in 1630. Below the *Gnadenstein*, and next the altar, is another picture of the saint receiving the veil of the Benedictine Order from St. Boniface. Our Lord from His Blessed Mother's arms is giving her the crucifix. On

each side are *basso relieves*, representations of two of the wonders of St. Walburga's life, our Lord stretching out His hand to her from a crucifix, and her healing a sick person.

The iron door which shuts in the *Gnadenstein* is overlaid with symbolic raised work in silver, with the inscription,

Non hunc dant lapides sed virginis ossa liquorem,
Et fluit ex nivea virginitate latex.

We are now privileged to have the door opened by the priest who has been saying Mass, and can gaze at will, and even touch the stone of the coffin itself, the *Gnadenstein* through which the holy oil distils. It is of hard, rough, greyish white limestone, and rests upon two pieces of the same stone which form the opening or tabernacle we are describing, making it about a foot and a half high by one foot nine inches wide. These stones extend under the high altar in the church as supports to the coffin. The *Gnadenstein* is perfectly dry now, not a sign of damp even upon its surface, or within the aperture, nor has there been any since February, but on the 12th of October, the day when the relics were placed on the high altar, or a few days before or after, it will be covered with soft drops of the holy oil. The door and sides and bottom of the opening are covered with plates of silver gilt, in which grooves are sunk with small pipes connected with them, leading to one or two golden vessels always kept for collecting the precious liquid. The first sign of its yearly approach is, that the golden plates of the door and sides are dimmed as if by damp; then by degrees the drops appear on the stone, and finally trickle down into the ready-placed vessels. The oil does not cease to drop until the 25th of February following, the anniversary of the saint's death, or a few days beyond. No changes of temperature or weather affect its flow, not even the greatest extreme of winter frost, but it is in Eichstätt a well-known and established belief and experience that the holy oil distils much more abundantly when any either joyful or sorrowful event is

about to happen, as also while Mass is celebrated, and on the saint's festivals.

But besides this remarkable fact, although ordinarily it never exudes during the rest of the year, and also never ceases to drop between October and February, yet before, or in consequence of some great public joy or disaster, it has both flowed suddenly in the driest part of summer, and also has stopped running in the winter. Thus, the church was desecrated by the murder of the sacristan within its walls, and the oil immediately ceased to flow. It ceased in like way on another occasion, when the church was laid under an interdict on account of the aggressions of the nobles, and for many months no sign of the presence of the holy oil was visible on the *Gnadenstein*. The bishop, at the head of the whole of the townspeople, went fasting and barefoot in procession to the convent church to entreat St. Walburga for the restoration of the much-prized gift, and the oil began to flow more abundantly than before.

Again, at the time of the secularization of the religious houses in Germany, in 1806, the Benedictine Convent of St. Walburga was dissolved, but the nuns obtained leave to remain in the house, if they wished it, during their lifetime. Not one among them was found faithless to her vows, all remained, but the greater number died before the year 1835, only a few survived. On the 7th of June, that year, the door which closes in the *Gnadenstein* was opened for a stranger, and behold, the holy oil was flowing so abundantly that the golden vessels were full to the brim, though usually not a trace of it is to be found there at that time of year. Some weeks passed, and the joyful explanation of the mystery came to light. The long-desired decree arrived in Eichstätt, which King Louis the First had signed on that day, granting the re-establishment of the ancient convent, which was quickly refilled with novices. Another of these instances occurred in the autumn of the year 1849, when some events took place

important to the prosperity of the town of Eichstätt, and which were likely to increase the numbers of the pilgrims. During the preceding month, in the dry season of August, the oil began unexpectedly to flow, and continued distilling abundantly for several weeks.

Enemies of the faith and scornful unbelievers have tried in vain to explain away the fact of this miraculous oil; learned men have analyzed it, have examined and probed the rock, and endeavoured to attribute the cures which are wrought to natural causes. But the written testimonies of eight hundred years, the oil itself, and an abundance of living witnesses, form a chain of evidence too strong for them thus to set aside. A learned Protestant Professor of Natural History in the University of Munich, Herr Von Ocken, came to Eichstätt by the desire of one who held the holy oil and its wonderful history in scorn, on purpose to investigate the subject. Every opportunity was afforded him of doing so, and his inquiries were fully answered. He analyzed the oil on his return home, and afterwards gave his written opinion thus: "That the phenomenon was one which could not be explained according to the laws of nature, and that the liquid could neither be called oil nor water." It is in fact as clear as crystal, without taste or odour, and when analyzed, is free from any mixture of either lime or saline particles. It is not volatile, and if reverently and carefully preserved, remains perfectly clear and unsoiled. There is in the convent at Eichstätt an ancient bottle more than half full of the oil, sealed up with the episcopal seal, which bears this inscription in old German, "In the year 1645, St. Walburga's oil was again collected into this bottle. In the Swedish war it was all lost, during the seven days' pillage in the year 1634."

The greyish limestone of the coffin whence the oil exudes is exactly the same in kind as that of the blocks which support it, and that also of the large slab on which they stand, and all are of the same rock as the quarries

behind the convent and in the neighbourhood. To cavillers it may be said, if liquid distils from natural causes from one of these pieces of stone, why does it not distil from the others also? In the same manner the answer may be given to the idea that water is within the coffin. The blocks composing it are so thick as to preclude the possibility of water oozing through; besides, if so, why is it dried up sometimes quite inexplicably, and why does it always cease dropping in spring, the damp time of the year? How also could the supply have lasted for eight hundred years?

The fame of the shrine at Eichstätt, and the numerous graces obtained there, make it one of the principal places of pilgrimage of Bavaria. Immense crowds of pilgrims worship there, especially on the four chief festivals of the saint, when large indulgences have been granted to those who visit the shrine, as well as on other days. These festivals are—August the 4th, the day of her arrival in Germany; October the 12th, that of the translation of her relics to the high altar; February the 25th, the day of her death; and May the 1st, that of her canonization. The Benedictine nuns of the convent of St. Walburga have the care of the holy oil, and distribute it to the applicants; and another instance of the large tender-heartedness of the saint may well be found in the fact that there is always enough for those in need. None ever apply in vain, for the fountain never fails to supply yearly what suffices for the coming demands. The nuns have also the privilege of possessing the arm-bone of St. Walburga which is kept in a silver, arm-shaped reliquary. Their grilled parlour contains several ancient paintings both of the saint and of Benedictine nuns of the convent of far later generations. But in the calm gentle demeanour and conventual habit of their successors of the present day we may, perhaps still better depicted, see something of the charm by which St. Walburga and her companions won the wild heathens of the eighth century to the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ.

The Nuns are now forty in number, and by the conditions exacted of them after the secularization, are employed in teaching the schools of the children of the town.

And now, as to the happy recipients of St. Walburga's bounty. Their number, as has already been stated, is countless. The cures which she has obtained date back as we have seen as far even as to her lifetime, becoming numerous after her death, and increasing manifoldly after her translations. All the authors, and they are many and of good repute, who write of St. Walburga and of the places connected with her memory in after times, mention miraculous cures through her intervention, and these not in scanty measure, but in abundance, and many of them known to the writers. Some who have written of her had themselves experienced her healing power, as Philip, the thirty-eighth Bishop of Eichstätt, who lived previous to the seventeenth century, and who was cured by the holy oil from her relics when at the point of death.

Nor are her miracles confined to cases of sickness : the compassionate Saint seems to have a grace ready for her suppliants, in every ill and sorrow of life. We have only to look at the votive offerings with which the walls of her shrine are completely covered, in the shape of pictures and inscriptions, to become aware of her power. Here have been recoveries from every kind of disease, and especially, we may note, at the point of death, when all hope was gone. She has evidently a particular tenderness for the blind, and here the deaf and the lame also obtain relief. Here we find preservation has been granted in all sorts of dangers, in accidents on land and on water, from floods and from storms, from machinery, from fire, by night and by day, in war and in peace. Widowed mothers receive their sons safe from the battlefield, childless mothers are made joyful by the birth of an heir ; here a wild scapegrace has been changed into a dutiful son, there a daughter has been happily settled in life. Here, too, are manifold deliverances from spiritual temptations and evils. Nor,

saint-like, do the little miseries of life, either spiritual or temporal, escape the care of our kind-hearted patroness, and many a lesser favour is thankfully acknowledged in the grateful words, *Die Heilige Walburga hat geholfen*—"St. Walburga has helped"—which abound as tablets among the larger offerings. Among these, too, we may reckon the corrective interventions of the Saint towards her clients, related in older days, when we read of one who prayed in her church at Mass with his gauntlets on, and suddenly they were gone, but some days afterwards he found them lying at his side. And of a woman who spun on holidays, when the ball of wool clung to her hand, until she was freed by the intercession of St. Walburga; and again, of a child whose too great love of play was cured by the Saint in like manner by means of her ball.

At the present day the Saint is not slow in manifesting her power to those who ask it. Several cases are known personally to the writer. A priest about to be ordained owes his life and power to enter the priesthood, when past recovery from a fatal disease, to St. Walburga's oil. A religious, bedridden, and assured by the physicians that she could never walk again, from her spine being paralyzed, has been entirely cured. Another person was restored from paralysis which threatened death. A family, where the birth of a child was much desired, after many years had their prayers granted on a pilgrimage to the shrine. Others, in a pressing and hopeless need of a considerable sum of money, had no sooner left the shrine than it was offered to them. In another case, a person lay at the point of death, after a tedious and suffering illness. It was night; the last sacraments had been administered long before; the last hope was gone. Even her grave was dug, and she had the blessed candle in her hand. She can now remember feebly seeing the assembled friends who were saying the Novena around her bed for the last time, before St. Walburga's oil was administered, while the icy cold and shades of death were creeping over her. She remembers

no more until she woke up at morning dawn—recovered; and she still is living, leading a life of devotion, not far from the shrine.

In conclusion, may we not believe that the multitude and largeness of the gifts bestowed by St. Walburga from Heaven, tell us something of the spiritual wonders of grace which Almighty God worked in her own soul in her life—time, and of the faithfulness with which she corresponded to them? The conditions upon which when on earth she received such grace, and her own fidelity, may also perhaps be typified, as a lesson to us, in the circumstances necessary for the reception of the holy oil when it flows from her relics at the present day. They are thus accurately described by her ancient biographer, Bishop Philip Eichstätt: "You may see the drops, sometimes large—sometimes less, dropping into the silver bowl from beneath the stone slab on which they hang. If the holy oil, when carried away, is handled irreverently, or in any way treated disrespectfully, it disappears. It must be kept with reverence and stored in a holy place. If the vessel is not placed under to receive it, the oil hangs clustering like honey in a comb, refusing to fall, nor will it run unless the phial to receive it be clean." We leave the moral for our reader to draw out.

NOVENA IN HONOUR OF ST. WALBURGA.

Pray for us, holy St. Walburga.

That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

O God, Who through the blessed Walburga cease not to impart to us the gifts of Thy grace and to discover to us Thy omnipotence and love, grant that through her prayers we may both imitate her shining example of virtue and rejoice in the miraculous power of her intercessions in our behalf at the throne of Thy mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Our Lady of Light.

As the dawning primeval roused chaos from sleep,
And flushed with its splendour the face of the deep,
So o'er this world's waters and through its dark night
Comes a vision of glory—our Lady of Light !

When Egypt lay wrapt in thick darkness and gloom,
Bright day did the homes of God's chosen illumine :
So now where proud worldlings grope on, lacking sight,
There is day for thy children, dear Lady of Light.

When Israel traversed the wilderness wide,
God gave them, to lead them, one heavenly guide—
Fiery pillar by night, cloud by day clear and white ;
And the form it assumed was *thine*, Lady of Light.

Of light everlasting the splendour art thou ;
God's glory illumines thy virginal brow ;
Like a mirror reflecting His justice, so bright,
So spotless art thou, dear Lady of Light.

And nought shall extinguish in Heaven or earth,
The light never-failing to which thou gav'st birth :
For thy light is the God uncreate, infinite,
Who made thee His Mother, dear Lady of Light.

O fair stands thy one chosen shrine in this land,
Encompassed with hills, on the lone Cornish strand !
Like the beacon 'mid ocean, so shine on the height
Thy name and thy sanctuary, Lady of Light.

O blessed, thrice blessed, the modest abode
Where dwelleth the Light of the City of God ;
Where angels, untiring, are winging their flight
Round the home of thy children, dear Lady of Light.

Make the knowledge of Jesus—that office is thine—
In the souls that are blinded like sunlight to shine
Dispel the thick mists and their errors' chill blight,
And teach them to love thee, dear Lady of Light.

Shine on, gentle Light, cast thy beams soft and clear,
That "as sons of the light," in our pilgrimage here,
We may walk with our garments unspotted and white,
Till we see thee in Heaven, dear Lady of Light !

The Vatican to-day and eighteen hundred years ago

Translated from the German.

II.

ADJOINING St. Peter's, on the right side, is the Vatican Palace, the residence of the Holy Father, which is alleged to contain eleven thousand rooms. Although there is doubtless considerable exaggeration in this statement, it yet serves to convey some idea of the immense extent of this structure. The greater portion of it is, indeed, appropriated to the library, to museums, picture galleries, and collections of the most varied nature; for, whilst the Supreme Pontiffs have always contented themselves with a modest suite of apartments for their own special use the remaining portions of the Palace have been devoted to science and art. In regard to this, he whom two hundred millions of mankind acknowledged as their Supreme Rule and Head stands unrivalled among the potentates of the world, for no other, be he King or Kaiser, can boast a habitation of such princely proportions. The rooms appropriated to the private use of the Holy Father are only four in number, and consist of a study, in which the private audiences are held, a dining-room, a sleeping-room and a chapel. The arrangements of these apartments are throughout simple and plain in the extreme; during the thirty years' Pontificate of the late Pope Pius the Ninth a carpet was never laid down in his sitting-room; the floor was of tiles, left uncovered in summer-time, and covered only by rugs in the winter. The reception rooms are, as a matter of course, fitted up on a very different scale, but even here no unnecessary display of luxury is apparent

the walls are hung with pictures, woven tapestries, or adorned with valuable fresco paintings. Behind the Palace extend the gardens and grounds of the Vatican, including a small wood on the slope of the hill behind St. Peter's; to this limited space the Pope is at present obliged to confine himself when he desires to take walking exercise, or to breathe the fresh air after the exertions of the day.

Adjacent to this massive pile of building, like a swallow's nest attached to the walls of a palace, in the very shadow of the Vatican and St. Peter's, on the south side of the Cathedral, stands a modest foreign foundation, the German Hospice of Campo Santo, with its church and cemetery, founded by Charlemagne. The burial-ground is rich in fine monuments, which, shaded by dark cypresses, alternate with the fourteen Stations of the Cross. In what was formerly a Hospice for Pilgrims, Pius the Ninth lately established a clergy-house for the accommodation of clever young priests of the German nation, to afford them facilities for the pursuit of theological studies and enable them to devote themselves to researches connected with ecclesiastical history for which access to the Vatican library and the Catacombs was necessary.

The entire district surrounding the Vatican, beginning at the Bridge of St. Angelo, was formed into a separate town in the commencement of the ninth century, by Pope Leo the Fourth, after the terrible invasion and sack of St. Peter's by the Saracens; a wall was erected around it and it received the name of Leonina, in memory of its founder. The inhabitants number at present about five thousand, and belong for the most part to the lower orders, persons of this class having been led to take up their abode in the numerous houses belonging to the Chapter of St. Peter's by the lowness of the rents.

We have briefly depicted the Vatican and its immediate surroundings as they are in modern times; let us now go back eighteen hundred years and glance at them as

they appeared in the middle of the first century, in the time, that is, of the Apostles.

Neither the Bridge nor the Castle of St. Angelo were then in existence; they were built half a century later, about 125 A.D. by the Emperor Hadrian. The mausoleum of the Emperors, erected by Augustus, wherein the rulers of the Roman Empire and members of their families had hitherto found a resting-place, being so full as to admit of no fresh interments, Hadrian gave orders for the construction of a new vault on the banks of the Tiber, to be connected with the city by a stone bridge; this mausoleum, in which he himself was the first to be interred, was named after him the Mausoleum Hadriani. Until that period between the domain of the Vatican and Rome itself the only communication was by means of a bridge further up the river, called the Bridge of Victories; this was subsequently destroyed, the piles are still discernible in the bed of the river when the water is low. From this bridge two roads running parallel with each other, the Triumphal Way and the Aurelian Way, connected by a cross road, led to the Vatican quarter, which then did not form part of the city of Rome, and was uninhabited except by the workmen and slaves, and some few of the lowest class of the population who were employed in the manufacture of tiles, and whose miserable hovels were scattered amongst the kilns which covered almost the whole area, the clay soil being specially adapted for the manufacture of tiles. On these two roads, as on all those which lead out of the city, many monuments were erected, although perhaps at wider intervals than on some others. Oliveyards clothed the slopes of the Vatican hills, the plains were covered with rank grass, the whole district was considered as unhealthy and productive of fever; notwithstanding this, in the beginning of the first century the Empress Agrippina caused pleasure gardens to be laid out both in the plain and on the heights immediately overlooking the river. When these grounds became the property of the Emperor

Caligula, he, in union with Nero, who afterwards succeeded to the purple, caused a vast circus, intended for a race-course, to be constructed there, and in the centre he set up the obelisk of red granite brought from Egypt. In the neighbourhood of the Campo Santo a stone bearing an inscription may still be seen let into the pavement to mark the spot where the obelisk stood until Sixtus the Fifth transferred it to its present site in the Square of St. Peter's. Nero certainly little thought that the lofty granite needle which was the ornament of his circus would one day bear aloft on its slender apex the sign of our redemption, and proclaim the triumph of that religion which he persecuted with such relentless fury.

It is a well-known fact that Nero caused Rome to be set on fire in order to rebuild the whole city according to his fancy, and that only a small portion of it was spared by the devouring element. When the catastrophe was accomplished, the tyrant wished to appear in the light of a generous father of his people, and had huts erected in the gardens of the Vatican for some of the many thousands who were left homeless, whilst others found shelter in the arches around the circus, over which the ascending tiers of seats for spectators had been built. But neither all these manœuvres, nor the zeal which the Emperor displayed in rebuilding the city, sufficed to quell the discontent of a deeply-injured people, and Nero was openly branded as an incendiary. The tyrant devised a diabolical plan in order to divert these accusations from himself. During a period of thirty years Christianity had taken firm root in Rome, and was spreading amongst the people; the hatred and aversion, however, wherewith the inhabitants had always regarded the Jews, had been extended in two-fold intensity to the members of the new religious community, who were not only still considered as Jews, but were also held to constitute a peculiarly dangerous sect of the Israelites. Their sharply-defined antagonism to the entire Pantheon of ancient Rome, their rapid spread

among all classes of the population, the unnatural crimes of which both Jews and Pagans combined to accuse them, and which were depicted in the most glowing colours, all these had stirred up the people of Rome against the Christians, and brought about the speedy accomplishment of our Lord's prophetic words: "You shall be hated of all men for My Name's sake." Nero turned this state of feeling to his own advantage, and by means of it contrived first to cast upon our forefathers in the faith the suspicion, and then bring against them the open accusation of having set the city on fire. Nothing more was needed to warrant the condemnation of thousands to terrible tortures and death as a means of atonement for their supposed crime. Some were, as we learn from heathen writers, sewn up in the skins of stags or wild animals by their tormentors, who then set bloodhounds on them to tear them in pieces; others were nailed to a cross with refinements of cruelty. But nothing exceeded the agonies inflicted on some unfortunate victims, whose bodies after being fixed to a stake so that they could not move, were covered with pitch or some other inflammable matter, that, this having been ignited, they might serve by night to light up the circus. Nero had given up his Vatican gardens and the circus which stood there to be the scene of these wholesale executions; moreover he carried his barbarity so far as himself to take part, disguised as a charioteer, in the races held by the light of these ghastly nocturnal illuminations. After the first victims had been sacrificed, judicial proceedings of a more regular nature were instituted against the Christians. The crime with which they were charged could, of course, not be proved against them; however, the confessions of the accused showed that they knew nothing of, and would pay no homage to the gods of Rome, and they were therefore condemned to death, not indeed as incendiaries, but as despisers of the State religion and enemies of the Empire. In consequence of this an immense number of the early Christians suffered mar-

tyrdom; but Nero, in his ingenuity in devising new tortures, at last went too far even for the Romans, accustomed as they were to bloodshed, and he was compelled to put a stop to the massacres, for fear of exciting the populace against himself.

The two Princes of the Apostles were the last victims of Nero's persecution. With unwearied zeal they had consoled and strengthened the martyrs and confessors; as faithful shepherds of the flock amongst which the wolf was making bloody havoc, they had stood by their sheep with unflinching courage, and incited the martyrs to make fearless profession of their faith, so that they could not fail to fall at last themselves into the hands of the infuriated tyrant. Tradition informs us that they were both thrown into the Mamertine Prison, and there left to languish for nine months before the sentence of death passed on them was carried into effect. At so great an interval of time, it is impossible to ascertain the reason of this delay; whether it was owing to the influence of some officials holding a high position at Court who were Christians, and contrived to suspend the execution of the sentence, or to the fact that the monster festivities which engrossed Nero in the year 65 may have rendered him forgetful of his prisoners, especially as the persecution of the Christians was then virtually at an end. Perhaps both these causes, and some others in addition, had the effect of procuring for those Christians who had escaped the consolation of retaining in their midst their Fathers in the faith, although the Apostles were never released from imprisonment, and both, moreover, felt that their end could not be far distant, as we gather plainly from their epistles. "I have fought a good fight," writes St. Paul, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. There is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the Just Judge, will render to me." And St. Peter says: "I am assured that the laying away of this my tabernacle is at hand, according as our Lord Jesus Christ also hath signified to me. And I will

do my endeavour that after my decease you may also often have whereby you may keep a memory of these things." The Apostle of the Gentiles was beheaded on the Ostian Way, about an hour's journey from Rome, and was interred in the immediate vicinity by the pious matron Lucina on her estate. St. Peter was first scourged, because he had not the right of Roman citizenship, and then crucified, like his Divine Master, but head downwards. He was buried in the grounds of the Vatican, on the Aurelian Way, close to Nero's circus. We have no definite information as to the pious individual or Christian family to whose lot fell the honour of providing in their own grave a resting-place for the Chief of the Apostles, but we are told that a few years later Pope Anacletus erected a new monument in the form of a chapel (*triclinium*), over the grave of St. Peter, destined to serve as a place of interment for his successors also. Such was the humble origin of the present Church of St. Peter, the largest cathedral in the world.

Eighteen hundred years have passed away since these two chiefs of the Apostles suffered a martyr's death; centuries of persecution, of struggle, of oppression of every kind; Goths, Lombards, Saracens, and other barbarians in ancient times—the hordes of the German Emperors, Spaniards, and mercenaries in the middle ages—each in turn made the precincts of the Vatican the theatre of their atrocities; so that for whole ages the streets and churches lay in ruins, and the sun shone through the shattered roof of St. Peter's. But the Vatican has ever risen again from its ruins, in this respect an emblem of the Church herself, who, however she may be persecuted and oppressed, can never be destroyed, but comes forth ever and again brighter and more glorious out of each succeeding tribulation.

Convent of English Augustinians at Louvain.

AMONG the good English Sisters who were serving God in the new cloister at St. Monica's there were others in whose guidance the finger of God was, if possible, even still more clearly shown than in the case of Elizabeth Shirley. The secret history of every genuine religious vocation would perhaps be worth telling to those who think the affairs of God's spiritual kingdom more interesting as well as more important than the infinitesimal concerns upon which our newspapers live and thrive, but in stirring times of persecution and confessorship the Holy Ghost seems to work more visibly for the consolation of the Church, and carries to chosen souls, apparently far removed from Catholic influences, a compelling grace which enables them to trample on the world and to turn with loathing from its seductive promises.

"Unto this conversion and calling to religion of our first Subprioress we will adjoin another of the elders—to wit, Sister Anne Bromfield, because it sheweth evidently with what a powerful hand Almighty God calleth some unto Him amidst all the pleasures of the world, and how the Divine Wisdom, having in the fore-mentioned disposed things sweetly, in this disposed them strongly. She was daughter to Edward Bromfield, Esquire, in the county of Surrey, who living long a schismatic, yet some two years before his death was reconciled and died a good Catholic. After whose decease his widow, named Catharine Formans before her marriage, being a gentlewoman of very fine favour, and having good friends, was called to the

Court of Queen Elizabeth, and made Mother of the Maids of Honour, not being a Catholic as her deceased husband, but only well-minded. She then took this her daughter Anne to the Court at the age of sixteen, where for four years she gave herself wholly to the pleasures and delights of the world, yet so that being of a high mind and aiming at greater matches than her degree, she never was enthralled in the love of any man amidst the occasions of such a Court as that was; for Almighty God, Who intended to satisfy her aspiring mind with no less than Himself, and to bring her unto a higher estate than of any worldly nobility, permitted not his future spouse to be defiled with sensual love. But behold, against the time of a great marriage in the Court, when she supposed to have abundant pleasure and solace, suddenly all is turned quite contrary, for so great a cloud of affliction invadeth her mind, and so deep a melancholy, accompanied with horrible and desperate temptations, that all the pleasures of the Court were turned now into sorrows, her feasting into mourning, her tears poured forth amain, whenever she could get out of company; and being once gotten alone, which was very hard to do in that place, and lamenting according to custom her great misfortune that she could take comfort in nothing, and knew not what would help her, it came suddenly to her mind that she must leave the world and become a nun, having heard some speech in her infancy of religious houses and nuns in old time, as also had been taught her *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, Creed, and Jesus Psalter, all which prayers worldly pleasures had now brought to oblivion. She finding this notion in her mind, and not knowing how to compass the same, being as yet no Catholic, neither had notice of religious houses, notwithstanding one day she disclosed it unto a person who put her quite out of thinking upon religion. Thereupon her mother, desirous to help her, seeing (her) to spend the night in tears as she would lay by her, would give her to read a book of Catholic prayers, so that now affliction

made her call to mind her old prayers, but nothing availed to comfort her, the Court was loathsome, all things disgusting, and she knew not what ailed her. Her mother hereupon sends her into the country to a sister of hers married, to see if that would help her, but all recreation made her worse and worse, so that at length she thought by main violence to get her pleasure again in the world, therefore desires her mother to send for her to the Court, which she did. But our Lord would have the mastery, and therefore coming back to Court again her afflictions are renewed, no contentment can enter into her mind, inso-much that looking out at window, she thought a dog more happy than herself, because it had not trouble of mind. Almighty God forgot her not in this case, but one day a gentleman that was a Catholic, though unknown, coming to the Court, and seeing her so sad and melancholy, asked what she wanted, whereunto she answered, she knew not what to do, nor what would help her, she was in such affliction of mind. He answered that he would bring her to one who should help her. She regarded not then his words, being overwhelmed with affliction; but some days after he coming there again, she desired him for God's sake to bring her to one, as he had said the other day, who hereupon brought her unto Father Gerard, who instructed her in Catholic religion, and reconciled her, whereupon her mind was so quieted that she became contented, but yet she could take no pleasure in the world, therefore left the Court, and lived as the said Father appointed order for her. At length she discovered to him how she was moved to undertake a religious state, and he very much applauded her mind and animated her therein, but then considering what order to choose, she had most mind to the Clarisses' Order, until one day she felt it sensibly as it were said in her mind that she must go to St. Ursula's, for she had long before heard one speak of such a cloister in Louvain. Whereupon Father Gerard sought for means to help her over, but being taken and clapped up in the Tower, he left

order with Father Garnet, his Provincial, to help her, which he did, and sent her over with another, to wit, Sister Mary Welch, so that the day twelvemonth that she was reconciled to the Church she was on the sea for religion, and coming to Brussels they would fain have had them both for St. Benedict's, which was then a beginning, but their calling (they said) was to Louvain, therefore entered into St. Ursula's, and courageously went forward there in religion amidst all difficulties of the hard fare. So doth Almighty God prevail with His grace as to make the strictness of hard poverty of more contentment than all the delights of Prince's Court, even in the most flourishing youth.

"But notwithstanding according to nature difficulty sometimes happened herein, as once upon a Christmas Day having been tired out with much singing in the choir all the long Matins in the night and the solemn service in the morning, coming to dinner she expected that at least upon such a day they should have a little better diet than ordinary, having fasted all the Advent with great strictness, seeing nothing then but a poor little piece of boiled beef, about two fingers' breadth, she felt it hard to undergo. But yet God's grace prevailed above this and other things, so that she was professed, and willingly undertook the hardness for God's sake upon the Holy Cross day, May 3, 1599, together with Sister Mary Welch and Sister Susan Labourn; and now was one of the second company that came hither from St. Ursula's, as hath been declared at large.

"This year (1610) entered into the monastery upon the 4th day of July two sisters, Mary and Helen Copley, nieces to the old Mother, daughters of William Copley, of Galton, in the county of Surrey, son and heir of the Lord Thomas Copley, Baron of Welles, which said Thomas in his youth fell into heresy, although he had been brought up a Catholic by the old Lady Copley, his mother, daughter of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and con-

inued a hot heretic in the time of Queen Mary, when all were Catholics ; yet afterwards, by reading of controversy, for he was a great scholar, and finding it evidently proved how the Protestants did falsify the Word of God in their translations, he was so moved thereat through God's grace, that he turned again into the right way, even then when most part of the realm went into error, to wit, in the time of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Then did he become a most constant Catholic, and suffered much for the faith, going into voluntary banishment to enjoy the freedom of his conscience."

He had incurred the enmity of Lord Howard of Effingham, the Queen's uncle, who was Lord Chamberlain, and the confiscation of all his goods on his departure to the Low Countries was in great part an act of personal revenge.

"The said Thomas Copley, bearing all this like another Job, exercised the virtue of patience in suffering for so good a cause, and at length after some years died in these parts, leaving his second son, William, heir of his land ; for the eldest son, being so brave a gentleman that the King of France had already made him a Knight, died at nineteen years of age of a pleurisy at Paris.

"William Copley then after his father's decease, coming into England to enjoy his inheritance, being not twenty-one years of age, and finding that to pass the Court of Wards he must take the oath of supremacy, not having as yet experience how to escape that danger as others do, determined rather than to commit such offence against Almighty God to venture the loss of all his land for his lifetime, so that he might enjoy freedom of his conscience. Wherefore, behold in this resolution this constant youth, most loyal to God, letteth forth all his leases for small rents, taking fines in the place, so maketh a good sum of money, and over sea he comes with one trusty servant and goeth into Spain, where God ordained that he got a pension in respect that his father's worthiness had been well known to strangers.

“Here also he married with the daughter of Thomas Prideaux, an Esquire of Devonshire, and of Helen Clement, sister unto the old Mother, who all lived there in voluntary banishment for the safety of their conscience. This daughter of theirs, Magdalen Prideaux, whom he married, had in her childhood been brought up for some time in the Cloisters of St. Ursula, under her aunt’s govenment, as her mother before had also lived there with her sister Margaret, learning virtue, although both the mother and daughter had no calling to religion. Which said Magdalen, being her parents’ only daughter, had education to many rare qualities, for she was a fine musician, both in song and instruments, had the Latin tongue perfect, also poetry, and was skilful in the art of painting ; a woman, indeed, wise, of good judgment, and pious in godly matters.

“In the meantime the Queen seizeth upon his living and gave it away to a cousin German of his that lived in her Court, named Sir William Lane, so that for the space of seventeen years the said William Copley enjoyed not one penny of his estate, but having four children by this his marriage, two daughters and two sons, he maintained them only by his pension. At the coming of the Infanta with Albertus, the Archduke of Austria, to be Princes of these Low Countries, he got his pension transferred into these quarters, for to be nearer home, and so came to live in these Low Countries ; at which time his wife made a voyage into England to see if she could, by some composition, get again his estate.

“She left her eldest daughter in that space at St. Ursula’s with her aunt Prioress to be brought up, taking the second daughter with her. The child stayed about two years in the monastery, from the age of seven till nine, and there got a great desire to religion, for Almighty God bestowed a calling upon her in that tender age, which He had not given either to her mother or grandmother. After this, notwithstanding, she was taken forth against her will, for she would gladly have stayed there still : but her father

said he would have her see the world, and when she came to years, if her desire to religion continued, he would not hinder her, as indeed he did not.

"Her mother, after three years labour in the said business, returned out of England again without doing any good, for so long as the Queen lived nothing was to be gotten. Wherefore about two years after her return the Queen died, and then they both, with all their children, went into England, seeing that by the general pardon at the new King's coming, his fault of fugacy was pardoned, and now the land was by law his own. Nevertheless, so did his kind cousin stand against him, and prevailed so much with the law, the other being a Catholic, that he could by no means get into his own right until he had compounded with the said cousin of his for the living, and assured him £2,000 before he would part with it, and to pay this sum he was enforced to sell a manor, that which alone had made him ward. So having obtained his estate, he suffered, notwithstanding the troubles and afflictions incident to Catholics, and at this present payeth the statute of £20 a month.

"When, therefore, his daughters were now of years to take any state, the eldest being eighteen, her mind to religion continued still, for although, through the vanities of the world, she was allowed to leave her intention, yet the continual counsels and advice of her virtuous parents helped her much, as also the reading of good books made her at length fully resolve to become a religious. And her sister Helen, hearing her mother and sister to commend monastical life, determined also to come over to see the same and try if she liked it. Being both of this mind they thought to have gone to St. Benedict's Order at Brussels, where some of their kindred were, rather than to go to St. Ursula's, which was in such want and poverty, but hereupon they understood how the English were come forth thence, and had set up this monastery of St. Monica; whereupon they resolved to come hither to their old acquaintance.

“But one thing must not be omitted, to wit, that before their coming over our Lord would have them make public confession of their faith. For lying in the inn at Southwark, expecting to depart with a widow that went under the Spanish Ambassador's charge, in the meantime there was much ado in London in searching of houses, upon news that the King of France was killed. Whereupon the inn-keeper's wife, having one night disputed with the eldest of these two sisters, and finding that she was too hard for her in matters of religion, confounding her even by the Bible, upon which she still harped; whether she had given notice or no, God knoweth, but one night, when they were abed there comes a Justice of the Peace with many men, and in they would come. They refused to open the door, being about midnight, they threatened to break it open; wherefore the two sisters, not knowing what might happen, took such Catholic books as they had into the bed with them, as also the money for their voyage, and it was wisely done, for leaving only one vain book of Virgil's, that was taken away, and they saw it no more. So lying themselves still, they desired their old nurse, which had come out of Spain for their sakes, and was now to come over with them, to open the door. Then came into the room many men, and drew open the curtains. They lay still. The Justice of the Peace sat him down by the bedside, and asked of them what religion they were, and whether they went to church. The eldest answered that they were well known in Southwark to be recusants, for their father hath one manor and many houses there. Then he asked whether they would go to church? She answered, No. He asked again, Why? She answered, Because she would not be a dissembler; to be in her mind of one religion, and make a show of another. He, hearing this, could not tell what to say, but having demanded the cause of their coming to London, finding nothing to make against her but her constant resolution not to go to church, asked of the younger sister

if she was also of the same mind, who answered, Yes. Then he willed them to stay in that inn till they heard further from him; and their man, who lay in another chamber, he took and sent to prison; but in respect of their father being well known there, he did not send them to prison, and so departed.

"After this they sent their mother word, who lived but fourteen miles off, of what had happened, who came speedily up, and speaking with the Justice, got them freed. So that within a few days they came away with the foresaid widow, and the good mother had a new grief at the parting with her children, for having no more daughters but them, according to nature, she felt it most heavy to part from both; but for the love of God, and their greater good, she overcame herself, and went with them even to the Thames side, though before she wished them to depart without her knowledge, for she could not find in her heart to take leave of them, yet now she saw them take boat with a heavy heart.

"Their man was still detained in prison, until that, by means of the Dutch Ambassador, they got him released, being a stranger born of the Dutch nation, who came after and overtook them here at Louvain. But they, after this brunt, had a prosperous journey, and were kindly received first at St. Omers by Dr. Redmond, their cousin, a canon there of that church, and great friend of this house; as also at Brussels by Dr. (Cæsar) Clement (Vicar General and Dean of St. Gudule's), their cousin, who came with them himself to Louvain; and at their arrival the eldest Sister knew and remembered her old acquaintances, so they were received into the monastery with much joy, especially of the old Mother, their great-aunt, who felt them, though she could not see them."

They were clothed the next year, their brother Thomas, who was studying in Louvain and who after their profession joined the Society of Jesus, being present.

"We now removed from our fore-mentioned little choir,

and made the next place unto the gallery to serve both for a choir and church, taking all that room which is over our refectory for it, so that now our choir was of some reasonable greatness, and the little chapel served besides for some priest or other to say Mass during the service, when they came ; moreover, we bought a great bell, for before we had only that which we now ring to the refectory withal (costing about £10), so that upon the Dedication of our Saviour's Church in Rome, the 9th of November, we sang the first Mass in this our little church, and the Abbot who had sold us the house would needs sing this Mass himself, but the accommodating of the place to make it a convenient choir with lessonaries and the altar, as also removing of doors and breaking walls for it, did cost us about £80 in all, and God of His goodness assisted us still with means.

“ Upon the day of our Blessed Lady's Presentation in November the same year, entered into our monastery Jane Hatton, daughter of Ralph Hatton, dwelling in Buckinghamshire. Her mother was a Justice of Peace's daughter, which couple having ten children, this was the youngest, and both her parents and all their children being Protestants, it pleased the Divine Goodness to call the youngest of all unto Him, being brought up so ignorantly that she knew not of our Lord's Passion, until one day hearing an Irish beggar woman say something thereof, and showing a picture of Christ which she carried about her, this said Jane would fain have bought the image of the beggar woman, for she felt her heart in love with Him that had suffered for her, but the poor woman would not part from it by any means. After this, hearing one of their servants to speak in the praise of our Blessed Lady, she asked who that woman was that was both a Virgin and a Mother, and understanding that she was the Mother of Christ, took thereupon devotion unto her. After this, although many years passed before she became a Catholic, yet she would do all her works in the honour of Him that died for her, and also desired our Blessed Lady with all her heart that

she would be her Mother, for she never knew her own mother by reason that she died when this her youngest child was at nurse, and so she lived in hope that she should one day come to be our Lady's child indeed, but as yet knew not of the Catholic religion more than that sometimes she heard the parson and her father talk together of recusants, how they lost their goods because they would not go to church ; whereupon she thought surely they had some great reason for it, or else they would not lose so much, and in the end determined herself to become a Catholic if she could get from her father ; but he did still urge her to marry, and set her brothers and sisters to persuade her, as desiring to see her bestowed in his lifetime ; but she had no mind at all thereto, and would answer them that she hoped to be provided for as well as they, and that God would bestow her better than they. No other answer could they get of her. Her father at length began to fear she would be a recusant, and set Mr. Parson upon her, as also himself fell a weeping, being an aged man of almost a hundred years old ; but our Lord assisted her so, that all their persuasions could not divert her mind, for she was quite out with love of their religion, and could not tell what to do with herself ; but that Sovereign Goodness Who presideth everywhere, and ordaineth fit means for those to come to Him whom He hath chosen, disposed matters so, that one day a young gentlewoman, who after was our Sister Mary Skidmore, coming to her father's house and seeing her pensive and sad, suspected it was about religion ; wherefore she would have gotten her away from her father, to come and keep Christmas at a house where she knew she could help her to be reconciled ; but he fearing she would make his daughter a Papist, would by no means let her depart, notwithstanding a while after he let her go to another place, which was but one mile off from this her dearest friend ; and so being come there, she got means to have access unto the forenamed young gentlewoman, who examined her why she was so

sad. She answered because she knew not how to serve God. Hereupon the other began to teach her *Ave Maria* and also the Ten Commandments, and how to examine her conscience, and told her if she would be a Catholic, she must confess all her sins unto a priest. She was content so to do, desiring her to teach her how, which the other did, and also brought her unto a priest, who reconciled her to the Catholic Church ; but after this, having no quiet with her father about going to church, at length he died, and then she was her own woman, and had her portion in hands. Whereupon, knowing that her forenamed friend was come over to be religious, desiring much to imitate and follow her steps, she got means to come over with Mrs. Brooksby, our Reverend Mother's niece, as her waiting gentlewoman, and so was received into our monastery.

“This year also about Christmas died the old gentlewoman that lived in this house, and thereupon we had all the rooms wholly to ourselves, as also the out-houses, which she had let out unto two women, which hire was then void, and so they departed, and we enjoyed the house freely, and accommodated it after another manner, as was more convenient for us.

Recent Publications.

St. Francis of Assisi. By Rev. F. Léopold de Chérancé, translated by R. F. O'Connor (Burns and Oates, 1880).—We can scarcely have too many Lives of a saint so wonderful as St. Francis. The thought of him never seems to lose its freshness. There are some stories which will bear repeating many times, and the story of his pilgrimage on earth is one of these. Still this particular Life of St. Francis has something more to recommend it than its subject, for it is not a mere repetition of former narratives, with some slight change of arrangement or colouring, but it contains information derived from a recently discovered chronicle composed by one who knew St. Francis personally—Bernard of Besse. It is a pleasure to find that many of the pretty stories which have so legendary an appearance are given by this well-informed biographer as simple facts. Brother Giles and Brother Juniper are real persons, though they certainly do look very like poetic impersonations of holy simplicity. It almost seemed as if St. Francis had been deputed to restore to a world grown old in sin the long-lost ideal of primeval innocence, along with its right of friendly converse with birds and beasts.

A Way of Assisting at Holy Mass according to the Four Ends of Sacrifice. By Father Kingdon, S.J., Beaumont College (Burns and Oates, 1880).—Some of our readers may be glad to have in its new prayer-book size a method of hearing Mass which has already been offered to their acceptance in these pages. It will be sufficient to say here that Father Kingdon wishes to suggest a certain train of thought, not to provide a set form of words. "After following these devotions for a time," he says, "the course of ideas will become familiar, and we shall be able to express them in our own words, a plan which is always, when possible, more satisfactory than to use the words of another."

Intention of the Apostolate of Prayer for October.

BOYS IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

AFTER praying during the past month for the chief sufferers by the late acts of violence in France—that is to say, for the unhappy men who are responsible before God for the crime committed, it is fitting that we should appeal to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in behalf of their principal victims. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the principal victims are those upon whom they have first laid their hand. Expelled Jesuits, or threatened Dominicans could afford to smile at the impotent efforts of their enemies if the mischief ended with the forcible closing of convent doors and the dismissal of religious men to scenes of more fruitful labours in less ungrateful lands. But that is unfortunately only the first act in the tragedy. The misery instead of ending with the exile of Christian teachers begins from that, and the victims most to be pitied are not those whose valuable and disinterested services are rejected, but those whom they are no longer permitted to serve—that is to say, the ill-fated boys whom it is the deliberate intention of an irreligious faction to condemn, with or without the consent of their parents, to a course of training designed expressly to destroy their faith. About the ulterior intentions of the Government which is kind to convicted Communists, guilty of the gravest offences against Society, and reserves its hostility for men and women whose crime is that they try to promote virtue, honest ignorance is no longer possible.

No one need suppose now that the members of the offending religious orders are so fiercely attacked merely

because they wear eccentric dresses, or even merely because they make profession of aiming at high virtue. All this is undoubtedly gall and wormwood to unbelievers, but there is a deeper motive than sentimental dislike working and seething in busy brains and discontented hearts, and this deeper motive is not difficult to discover. The master-spirit who directs the movements of the anti-Christian host knows admirably well that there can be no alliance between light and darkness. The more the light spreads the more the darkness recedes. As this elementary truth comes to be more widely recognized, it is only natural that they whose plans for the future of mankind can only be developed in the darkness should be forced by the very instinct of self-defence to deal severely with men whose lives are consecrated to the work of enlightenment. The destroyers and preservers of human society cannot live in harmony together. Just as far as the one party gains ground the other party is driven back. This is the simple explanation of the outbreak of wrath against the religious orders. They will not consent to hide themselves, and hold their tongues, but they preach on the house-tops that there is a God Who rewards and punishes, and that men shall render an account of the use which they have made of reason and free-will; and what is still more unpardonable, they impress these doctrines, as experience has shown, upon tender minds and plastic hearts almost ineffaceably. If the Reverend Fathers are to be permitted to teach boys at college to love the Blessed Virgin, what is to become of the new philosophy? This argument is unanswerable. Their fears are well-founded. If the Society of Jesus would give up its work of indocinating young men with the principles of Christian morality it would meet with a larger measure of mercy; but since it neither will nor can renounce its essential duties, it is by its own nature outside the sphere of toleration. The souls of the young are in fact the prizes coveted by both the contending parties. Jesus Christ desires to

save them, the present Government desires to destroy them ; and the sooner this very simple fact is recognized by Catholic parents in France the more chance will there be of a victory for the Church. "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," said Jesus Christ. "We will not suffer them to go to You, we are making laws to prevent that," says the Government. The difference of opinion is very simple, but it entails an irreconcilable conflict. It remains to be seen whether the great body of Catholics in France will permit the State to rob their children of first their faith and then their virtue, or whether they will show a determination to defend their inalienable parental rights against illegal invasion. Violent resistance is not necessary. The saddest part of the programme is that French Catholics are so divided among themselves by strong political antipathies that only a very lively apprehension of some danger common to them all would have power, and then probably only for the moment, to make them act in concert. This unfortunate proclivity, which is part of the national character, is thoroughly well known to those who govern them, and the motto, *Divide et impera*, describes the policy which will be employed against them. Brute force would be less formidable under the circumstances than the very clever game which is being played.

If the interests of the Society of Jesus were really separable in this matter from the interests of the Church in France it might be well content to offer itself a victim to appease the storm, or it might say with the Divine Master, "If then ye seek Me, let these go their way ;" but only wilful blindness can fail to see that the Government, in its endeavour to divide the Catholic forces, is not actuated by any sincere friendship for those whom it invites to accept a *modus vivendi*. It finds both difficulty and danger in advancing too quickly, and wishes to make one forward step secure before venturing to take another, and that is the sole and sufficient explanation. It is

possible not to admire the worldly wisdom of the scheme. By making broad decrees, and then carrying out a portion and holding the other portion suspended *in reserve*, hope is kept alive of a possible escape from later evils on condition of accepting an accomplished fact. This is an invention of Italian genius in the first instance—to begin with decrees of extermination, and then win the gratitude of the oppressed by offering them immunity from further vexation. But it is not wise on our part to forget that the original enactments which they generously offer to mitigate are a piece of the present agony, and instead of being thankful when they offer pause in a course of injustice, we ought to insist upon reparation for the injury done and complete rehabilitation, we have the power to do so. Now the Catholics of France have that power if they choose to stand shoulder to shoulder to demand their rights. Firmness and unanimity in an organized legal resistance are wanted, not any *coup d'état* or spasmodic insurrection. This must be thoroughly understood. It is the time for action. *Tempus faciendi* *mine*. Prayer is indispensable, prayer ardent and continual, but it must be prayer of the right kind, the prayer of those who ask for strength for themselves and others to do their duty in a conjuncture which may be the crisis of the fate of their children to many generations. Men who stand and by tamely without daring to raise their voices in protest against a great iniquity may say many prayers, but such prayers will never pierce the clouds. There are very few Catholics in France at this moment who are not under the plain duty of doing something more than praying to their Father in secret. They are bound to carry their religion on their foreheads, and to show by word and example that they do not contemplate timid compliance, senseless compromise. They are more than ever bound to practise their religion in its fulness, to show their earnestness by frequenting the sacraments, by hearing Mass, even on week days, and by showing on every occa-

sion how they hold in abhorrence the profanation of Sunday and that detestable habit of blasphemy which marks out France among the nations, and makes it impossible for the Archangel Michael to sheathe his sword of vengeance. France as a nation has outraged the majesty of Heaven, and France as a nation must announce her repentance, or as a nation must pay the heavy debt of punishment incurred. Her only hope is in her Catholic population.

If French Catholics are in earnest, true to themselves, solicitous for their children, careful of the honour of their country, good for anything, they will at such a moment work and pray, and pray the harder that they may work the more energetically, and they will not consent to make a compact with Belial, or to pass their sons through fire to Moloch. They have their destiny within their own competence. If they show courage, all will yet be well, if they are childish or faint-hearted, it will be woe to them and theirs—*væ victis!* Why must a noble country be the sport of wretched little selfish demagogues, mere elocutionists and rhetoricians and chatterboxes, like M. Gambetta, endowed with fluency of speech and not one grace beyond? The reason is that men who abandon God are delivered up to foolishness: "*thinking themselves wise they become fools.*" And the reason is that men who have lost all reverence for sacred things and persons are ever ready to fall down and worship each foul idol which stands on a pedestal to meet their gaze. But, if this is the folly of infidel France, it is for Catholic France to rise and reassert the majesty of truth, and to demolish "*the gods of silver, and of gold, and of brass, and of iron, and of wood, and of stone, that neither see, nor hear, nor feel,*" that France may glorify again "*the God Who has her breath in His hand and all her ways.*"

If the parents of the boys in the Catholic colleges of France can realize the gravity of the danger, and can show the "courage of their convictions," the evil day will

as by, but if they wait for the storm to blow over, and be willing to fold their arms, and hold their tongues, and keep in their houses to save themselves trouble, then there is reason to fear they may meet with the chastisement of Heli in the evil death of their sons and the ruin of their country. There are times and moments when it is a fatal weakness to yield to drowsiness, and an unpardonable sin to sit down and let things take their course. *And the Lord said to Samuel: Behold I do a thing in Israel: and whosoever shall hear it, both his ears shall tingle. . . . And he asked him: What is the word that the Lord hath spoken to thee? . . . So Samuel told him all the words, and did not hide them from him. And he answered: It is the Lord: let Him do what is good in His sight. . . . Now Heli was ninety and eight years old, and his eyes were dim and he could not see. And he said to Eli: I am he that come from the battle, and have fled out of the field this day. And he said to him: What is there done, my son? And he that brought the news answered, and said: Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there has been a great slaughter of the people: moreover thy two sons, Ophni and Phinees, are dead: and the ark of God is taken. And when he had named the ark of God, he fell from his seat backwards by the door and broke his neck and died.**

The sin of Heli was a sin of omission. He did not prevent evil which it was his duty to prevent. He accepted with words of pious resignation the judgment of Heaven which he could have averted if he had chosen to bestir himself. Piety worthy of the name ever leads to strenuous exertion, and if it does not, it is not true piety. Prayer must help work, and work must be the result of prayer. This is so true, that even the life of pure contemplation affords no exception to the rule, and the value of the prayers of a hermit in his desert must be gauged by his efforts to conquer self. "Be this the first rule of your

* 1 Kings iii. iv.

conduct," says St. Ignatius; "so trust in God, as if success in the affairs before you depended entirely on yourself and not at all on God ; so, nevertheless, bestow all your labour upon them, as if you looked for nothing from yourself and everything from God alone." * We must direct our prayer to something practical instead of beating the air, and we must do our work in the consciousness of the strength procured by prayer.

At the present moment France claims the first place in our prayers, because she is in the crucible ; but as the intention proposed to our associates is in its terms not particular but universal, we may add one word for Catholic colleges in other lands, and notably in England. Hitherto we have been left free to manage our higher education as we think best according to the painfully narrow opportunities which fall to the lot of a small Catholic minority in a Protestant country. But the pressure from without tends more and more to change mental training into the mere acquirement of varied information, and to launch boys into busy professional life, or more dangerous idleness, before their characters are formed to stand the shock of being their own masters. Those who have been confronted with the perplexity, and subjected to the responsibility of discovering the best occupation for some young gentleman in the awkward years when he is no longer a boy, and not yet a man, may have felt not only mental doubts but conscientious scruples about the settlement of a matter which narrowly concerns salvation. There is much room for earnest prayer even while yet all is peaceful at home. For the boys of our own colleges we may pray, first, that our legislators may not take it into their heads to imitate the arbitrary interference of French despotism ;

* Hæc prima sit agendorum regula : sic Deo fide, quasi rerum successus omnis a te, nihil a Deo penderet ; ita tamen iis operam omnem admove, quasi tu nihil, Deus omnia solus sit facturus (*Selectæ S. Ignatii Sententiæ*, n. 2). St. Ignatius is generally made to say nearly the opposite : "Work as if everything, pray as if nothing, depended on yourself."

secondly, that there may be a wholesale reaction against the cramming system before it has destroyed irrevocably all serious thought and deeper purpose, and consequently all that is best worth having in Catholic education. For the boys in French colleges we may pray, and we must, for the need is urgent, and all tardiness is a sensible misfortune, first, that their parents and French Catholics universally may appreciate "the gravity of the situation" while there is yet time to mend the state of things, and, secondly, that they may work as one man to defeat the machinations of those who have pledged themselves to snatch the souls of the young from the good influences of Christian teaching. Prayer must be made at all hours to the Mother of fair love and of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope that she may save from the hands of godless men the souls of her little ones, and keep them in the faith of the Son of God and the love of His Sacred Heart.

PRAYER.

Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer to Thee the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in expiation of our offences, and for all Thy other intentions.

I offer them to Thee in particular for young souls which impiety is striving to keep from being formed to Thy image by a Christian education. Protect, dear Lord, those who devote themselves to this great work, and defend them against the attacks of Thy enemies. Amen.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic
regeneration of nations.*

OCTOBER, 1880.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: Boys in Catholic Colleges.

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Fri. *S. Remigius, B.C.*—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Confidence; 11,562 various intentions
2. Sat. *The Guardian Angels.*—(S. J., S.S. *Januarius, &c.*, M.M. Sept. 19.)—Dplicity; 35,585 children.
3. SUN. *Twentieth after Pentecost.*—THE HOLY ROSARY B.V.M.—Constancy; 10,916 graces of perseverance.
4. Mon. *S. Francis of Assisi, C.*—Care of salvation; 1,042 missions and retreats.
5. Tues. *S. Thomas of Hereford, B.C.*—Remembrance of the Holy Souls; 15,398 dead.
6. Wed. *S. Bruno, C.*—Fervour; 4,152 communities.
7. Thurs. *Of the Blessed Sacrament.*—(S. J., S. *Bernardine of Siena, C.* May 20.)—Fear of offending God; 9,919 young women.
8. Fri. *S. Bridget, W.*—Firm faith; 4,439 heretics and schismatics.
9. Sat. S.S. *Denis, &c.*, M.M.—Zeal for the glory of God; 929 foreign missions.
10. SUN. *Twenty-first after Pentecost.*—THE MATERNITY OF B.V.M.—(S. J., S. *Francis Borgia, S. J., C.*)—Confidence in God; 6,752 parents.
11. Mon. *S. Francis Borgia, C.*—(S. J., S. *Paulinus, B.C.*)—Devotedness in parochial duty; 2,694 parishes.
12. Tues. *S. Wilfrid, B.C.*—(S. J., S. *Camillus S. J. and Comp., M.M.*)—Christian courage; 6,888 young men.
13. Wed. *S. Edward, C.*—Contempt of vanities; 4,039 temporal affairs.
14. Thurs. *S. Callistus, P.M.*—Activity in good; 2,561 pious works.
15. Fri. *S. Teresa, V.*—Love of God's service; 5,264 vocations.
16. Sat. *S. Paulinus, B.C.* Oct. 10.—(S. J., S. *Wilfrid, B.C.* Oct. 12.)—Obedience; 8,182 religious men.
17. SUN. *Twenty-second after Pentecost.*—THE PURITY B.V.M.—(S. J., *Octave of S. Francis Borgia, C.*)—Purity; 14,631 religious women.
18. Mon. *S. Luke, Evang.*—Spirit of faith; 9,074 interior graces.
19. Tues. *S. Peter of Alcantara, C.*—Self-denial; 1,317 Church students and novices.
20. Wed. *Octave of S. Edward, C.*—Regularity; 5,631 ecclesiastics.
21. Thurs. S.S. *Ursula and Comp., V.V., M.M.*—Love of peace; 5,064 graces of concord.
22. Fri. *S. John Cantius, C.*—Resignation; 4,354 sick.
23. Sat. THE MOST HOLY REDREMER.—Zeal for souls; 14,000 sinners.
24. SUN. *Twenty-third after Pentecost.*—S. *Raphael, Archang.*—Confidence in Mary; 4,594 First Communions.
25. Mon. *S. John of Beverley, B.C.*—Christian spirit; 5,966 families.
26. Tues. *The Patronage B.V.M.* From Sunday.—(S. J., *The Holy Relics.*)—Gratitude; 6,987 acts of thanksgiving.
27. Wed. *Vigil.*—S. *Hedwige, W.* Oct. 17.—Love of our neighbour; 2,172 superiors.
28. Thurs. S.S. *Simon and Jude, App.*—Submission to the will of God; 3,835 afflicted persons.
29. Fri. *Ven. Bede, C.*—Christian love of children; 3,160 houses of education.
30. Sat. *Vigil.*—Fast.—(S. J., S. *Alphonsus Rodriguez, C.*)—Spirit of devotedness; 1,856 promoters.
31. SUN. *Twenty-fourth after Pentecost.*—(S. J., *Maternity B.V.M.* Second Sunday of October.)—Earnestness of good works; 1,856 promoters.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

*An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works
offered up for these Intentions.*

The Intentions of the *Archconfraternity of St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Applications for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. Edward Murphy, S.J., St. Ignatius' Church, Galway. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, Tickets of Admission, Intention Sheets, large and small, may be had from F. Gordon, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Grandfather's Darling.

CHAPTER XIX.

NOT WANTED.

MRS. MARTIN gave eminent satisfaction to her employers, but after so many years in her own home, she found it impossible to take kindly to service however excellent, and she fretted sadly after Rosy, her husband, her whole peaceful past. There were children in the family who now and then invaded the housekeeper's premises, and grew bold when they found themselves welcome visitors.

"Have you any little girls of your own?" said one of them, on a day when she had been specially contrasting the new reign with the old when a certain Mrs. Sharpe, had waged war against the intrusion of any of the school-room or nursery party. "I think you *must* have a little girl, or you wouldn't be so fond of me."

The tears began to run down Mrs. Martin's cheeks at this, and she was obliged to wipe them away before she could answer—an operation in which Agatha assisted with her own tiny square of cambric.

"I'd a little girl something like you, missy," she said, "but that was years ago. She's grown tall like a woman now."

NOVEMBER, 1880.

R

"And what was she called?" asked Agatha with an eager interest.

"We always called her Rosy, my dear, for her christened name was Rose. But the neighbours called her *Grandfather's darling* as often as not, by reason of my husband's father being so fond of her as he couldn't bear her out of his sight. We lived away in the country when my Rosy was a little girl, Miss Agatha; a pretty cottage it were too as any one might wish to see, and we'd pigs and a cow, and fowls as give such eggs the like of which I've never seen since. Ah! I was never so well off as when my Rosy was no bigger than you miss, nor so happy—except indeed there's one thing I've got now, I hadn't then."

"What is that?" asked the child wonderingly.

"Why I've got to love God as I never did away at Hillingdon in the old days—but for that, I don't know how I'd bear to lose my Rosy."

"Is Rosy dead?" said Agatha softly.

"Oh no, Miss Agatha, she's not dead—for all I know she's well and hearty. But now she's grown so big and don't want me doing for her and looking after her, there's times when I feel as if I'd lost her—it's nigh on three years ago since she seemed *my* Rosy."

"She can come here" replied the little girl "I am sure mother would let Rosy come here to see you, so you mustn't cry any more."

"Bless you my pretty! there's no getting her to find time to see her mother. She's at work a many hours, and on Sundays she wants to enjoy herself she says—she only came nigh me one day since here I have been, yet so sure as the week comes round and I hear the church bells a ringing of an afternoon, I think to myself "Maybe Rosy will be in directly."

"And she never comes?" said Agatha with great pity in her little face.

"Never comes—except once when I'd been here a

fortnight. She writes me letters to say she's quite well and happy, but there's nothing more in 'em; perhaps because she knows I'm but a poor hand at reading, and maybe couldn't rightly make out the words if there was too many of 'em."

"She'll come next Sunday," cried the little girl encouragingly. "Your Rosy will *sure* to come next Sunday Mrs. Martin.

"God bless and love you missie," cried the woman in a sudden glow of hope from the utterance of the baby words of comfort. "I'll try to believe it I will; I'll try and think as if you were a little messenger come from God to put me in better heart about Rosy."

The conversation was stopped by the voice of the nurse recalling the truant to her own apartments, but Mrs. Martin felt happier all the week even while she knew it to be a very groundless happiness. She wished particularly to see her child just then because a letter had come from Martin to say that he was starting for home; not rich, not even hopeful of making money, only a sorely disappointed man with a little wisdom gained by sharp experience of want. So the dream was over, and there would be no life in the new country for the Martins; they had only to struggle back to their former condition which had been lost by a foolish ambition, and this would not be done without many a difficulty and much care. It was about the future that Mrs. Martin wanted to talk to Rosy, a future in which she pictured them as all together in some quiet country village where work was to be found and where if gain was small their needs would be small also—she was too impatient to wait even till the Sunday on which little Miss Agatha had bidden her build her hope, and on the Thursday evening she found time to pay a visit to Miss Blonde's house, and converse with her child for a few minutes in the dark passage into which the work-room opened.

Notwithstanding her husband's ill-fortune, she was

herself so pleased at the prospect of his return that she felt Rosy's cool reception of the news very keenly. "Father *said* he'd make a fortune, he *said* he'd keep us like ladies" cried the girl fretfully "and now to come back with not a penny! Oh it's too bad! he'd better far have kept to his work in the docks."

"That's true," said Mrs. Martin, "and more than that it would have been a good thing for us if he'd never given up a decent living and a decent home away at Hillingdon. But it's no use crying over spilt milk child, and besides it's not for you and me to cast his ill-luck in his teeth, but to show that, come back when he may and come back *as* he may, he's welcome."

Rosy was silent—she was in no mood to echo such a sentiment.

"And as I came round here I couldn't but think it was a fortunate thing that you and me have been to work of late" continued Mrs. Martin. "To be sure it's fell hard, and I'm afraid as I've not put a good face on it sometimes; so that I'm fairly ashamed now I see as plain as plain, that things turn out for the best however one may dislike the look of 'em. I'll have a good bit of wages, for my pay is high and it'll come in handy till your father has time to turn himself round; and I'm thinking you'll have a few shillings laid by too Rosy."

"Oh but I haven't" said Rosy flushing up and looking startled. "It isn't much I get you know mother."

"Yes I know, but then you had enough clothes to last you a good twelvemonth when you came to live here, and I've let you be at no cost for anything such as your boots and your washing and the like. I'd the hope you'd save a little Rosy, if it was only by way of getting in the habit of it."

The girl looked still more uneasy, nor could she find words of self-excuse as readily as usual. "I haven't a sixpence mother" she said *at* last "indeed I was coming

round to see you on Sunday to get you to lend me two or three shillings."

It went to the mother's heart that when she had a purpose of her own, Rosy could find time to come to her—not otherwise; but she passed this over with that new patience and forbearance born within her since she had been looking at the One perfect Life as a model for her own. "It's poor work talking of *lending* between you and me Rosy" she said slowly and sadly. "There's nothing of mine that's not free to you, except that now I'll have your father rightfully looking to me till he's had the chance of getting to work again in England. There'll be need for every penny you and me can save, I see that quite clear before me, and I've made up my mind to face being poorer nor ever I was in all my life. But if you want a shilling or two in your pocket Rosy, here it is; only don't throw it away on trumpery," and Mrs. Martin glanced at a pair of unmistakeably glass ear-rings which her child wore in humble imitation of the gems she saw sometimes twinkling on each side of some aristocratic beauty's head.

"No, it's only to feel I'm not without a penny if anything should happen" answered Rosy. "But I must get back to the work-room, and mother—as it's Thursday now and we've seen each other, I think you'd better not look for me on Sunday; I'll come Sunday week."

"It isn't the sight of me you'd have been content with a while back child" said the mother, mournfully enough. "Just ten minutes' talking to each other in a place where one can't speak above a whisper for thinking there's one or other of those work-girls listening! You *might* come and see me Rosy of a Sunday—it isn't such a deal to expect, and you know I've a tidy room to ask you to, and leave to make you comfortable as long and as often as ever I choose."

"I've been coming each week, I really have" said Rosy hurriedly, "only——"

"Only there's some giddy, empty-headed girl that's

better company than your mother—you may as well say out the truth child, for it can't hurt me no more to hear it than to feel it."

"Not better company" pleaded Rosy growing increasingly confused "but one and another asks me to go out and I can't refuse. It would make it very disagreeable for me if I did—you *must* know that mother."

"I know that things are right or wrong, and the proper way is to do the right without thinking over and above if it's disagreeable or not. So you spend your Sundays running about the streets with one girl or another, and dressed out as smart as possible of course! I suppose you never so much as go inside a church Rosy; *you* that once was all for being good."

The girl was silent, fidgeting with the handle of the work-room door as if longing for the moment when she might escape any inconvenient remarks or questions. Mrs. Martin was slow of perception but even she saw quite plainly that she was not wanted there, not wanted by her own Rosy!

"Well, I'll be getting back for it's a long step—only I couldn't wait on the chance of seeing you Sunday, to tell you about your father," and with a good-night—spoken on one side sadly, on the other carelessly—the poor woman went out into the street, out among the crowd of passers-by not one of whom surely was carrying a heavier heart than her own. Was it because hot tears came into her eyes again and again that she seemed to be walking in a mist, seeing none of the forms and faces which surrounded her? or was it because she was looking so far away from the present—as far away as to the old time in the cottage, behind which the fertile level land stretched for miles into the blue distance of the hills and where, within doors and without, a sweet child's voice would ring so clearly "Mother, mother! Rosy wants you."

In this moment of wretched pain it seemed as if it would have been a hundred times easier had God taken

Rosy from her as a baby—a hundred times easier had she wept over a little coffin with tears sorrowful truly but in which there would have been no bitterness, than to see her child separated from her by something harder, colder than death. She felt that though there had never been between herself and Rosy the close love and sympathy which binds some mothers to their girls, yet there was within herself all the mother's instinct which would make sacrifice not only possible but easy, and surely there ought to be something corresponding to this feeling in the heart of a child towards both parents.

But there was not—Mrs. Martin asked herself why, and clearly and distinctly her conscience made answer. Oh if only the past could be brought back, if only the days and weeks and months could be recalled, never more should the early longing after God be checked or ridiculed, never should Rosy appeal in vain to learn how she might save her soul! But the awakening had come late, were it not for the power of prayer almost *too late* for the saving of the poor foolish child who fancied she wanted nothing from her mother, nothing from God. Mrs. Martin was one of those women who would find even temporary idleness worse than any suffering, but this evening for almost the first time in her life, her hands lay idly and helplessly in her lap as her thoughts travelled out into the gloomy future. She had gone up to her small sleeping-room as soon as she entered the house and remained there because she could not rally herself to join in the conversation which went on below every evening. There was no other outlook than the mews where horses were it seemed always going out or coming in, and from which ascended the voices of the grooms and the uninspiring sound of the washing of carriage-wheels; yet she had drawn up the blind and placed herself close by the window with her eyes fixed on chimney-pots and the rear of houses, yet seeing nothing but a vision of misery for herself and for Rosy. But presently she knelt down and her stony wretchedness

gave place to tears and she prayed—the strong earnest prayer which grows out of much suffering—the Virgin Mother to do great things for her child. Meanwhile Rosy who had felt a little conscience-stricken as she reflected upon that evening's interview, was consoling herself by imagining a day when she might perhaps drive up to Miss Blonde's door in her own carriage, and order exquisitely tasteful dresses from her sometime employer. One plan, one hope came however which partly redeemed the selfish vanity of all the rest—she would surround both father and mother with every comfort she could devise, and so repay them for their care in her own childhood. It was a castle in the air, and she knew it to be such yet decided that things quite as surprising had happened before now by the turning of fortune's wheel—she was roused and waked to the present by the sharp voice of the forewoman with whom the dreamy girl found scant favour.

CHAPTER XX.

COMING HOME.

MRS. MARTIN had discovered that her husband's ship might be expected in during the first few days of November; so a week before that time, she relinquished her situation and once more established herself in the very heart of London with a view to what might be useful to him. She began to make a daily expedition down to the docks, and listened to the clank of iron cables and the voices of the sailors with the feeling that familiarity with such things was due and right in a woman whose husband had journeyed to Australia and back. She could even smile a little now at her own dreary forebodings that they should not meet again, for though she had lost her healthy country colour, and was not so strong by a good deal since her troubles came upon her, she had no special ailment,

and might reasonably look forward to some years of life. Had Martin been coming back boastful and triumphant in his success, she would not have felt half so tenderly towards him as now; the knowledge that he needed her, that he would be downcast and despairing seemed to brace her up to contemplate with cheerfulness any amount of hardship or difficulty. It also drew out the best qualities of her heart, for though to the prosperous Mrs. Martin was sharp, cynical, and possessed by a spirit of irritating contradiction, she could not (even in her heart) judge severely any one who was brought down, however unmistakeably the trouble might bear the signs of just retribution for folly and presumption. She had resolved not to let Rosy see her father directly, lest with the unsparing judgment of a girl she might utter some word which should pain him or make him surmise that he was not heartily welcomed; and all the while she meditated and arranged these things in her own mind, she was bestirring herself to make her two gloomy rooms look as inviting and cheery as loving hands and willing heart might accomplish. Since the evening she had called at the house of the dressmaker, she had seen Rosy only once. "Let me know when you've settled and I'll come up to the city some Sunday" the girl had said, but the first Sunday did not bring her nor had any excuse been sent.

Upon the next morning, Mrs. Martin was up early (earlier than ever) and set about cleaning and scrubbing as heartily as if it had not been done sufficiently already. There was only a small piece taken out of the day when she came to the conclusion that all was ready, and nothing remained but to dress in her Sunday clothes and go down to inquire once more about the traveller—probably to meet him. Planting herself in the way of the most good-natured-looking man she could see about the dockyard, she made her nervous, trembling appeal. "Please sir, can you tell me if my husband's ship is in this morning?" He laughed, but then seeming to observe her hurried air

and quiet countryfied manner said "What's the name of the ship my good woman?"

"The *Victoria*" she answered, watching his face eagerly.

"It's in the river all right, but you're a bit too soon missis. It can't be in dock afore late to-night, towards morning maybe. He'll be home to-morrow about noon."

"Ah but I must be here to meet him" she answered. "I suppose if I'm down as soon as its light, it'll be time enough sir."

"Aye, aye—surely. It takes them a good while before they can leave ship; you're safe to be in time."

"Thank you kindly sir," and the woman's voice faltered, but not wholly with joy that the expected meeting would be so soon, not wholly with disappointment that there were twenty-four long hours to wait still—it was a mixture of both feelings with a slight ingredient of something Mrs. Martin could not have expressed, a species of thrilling realization that from joy to sorrow, from hope to despair, from life to death there is but a step; a very short step sometimes!

It was opening out into a brilliant day though the 6th of November. A fresh breeze came from the river, the air was sweet, and in spite of the rush of conveyances and the crowd of foot-passengers in the streets, it seemed more inviting to stay out awhile than to return to the rooms, with their aspect of preparation making disappointment all the more acute. Growing weary she presently made her way to the Catholic church in which she had heard Mass on the previous day and finding the door open went in.

Only a few women were there—perhaps offering up petitions for strength, peace, help, perhaps thanksgiving; in one dim corner Mrs. Martin discerned the form of a person with whom, since her Catholic life began, she had a slight acquaintance—a woman whose little girl was known to be at the point of death and whose whole attitude told of passionate appeal to Heaven. It made

her think of her own Rosy whose danger was so much greater (for what is death of body contrasted with the death of the soul?) and she also prayed, telling to Him Who was so near though hidden, all her fear, her misery her pain of heart. After a while she rose up to go home feeling as if some answering voice had bidden her have faith, hope, courage though all might seem lost; had told her that an Almighty power was moving over even the most troubled waters of life.

Before she put her hand to her room door it opened, and a tall slight form stood within it, silently and without motion—the one person in the whole world whom Mrs. Martin least thought but was most rejoiced to see there, her child Rosy. Yet there was an expression in the large uplifted eyes which made the mother shiver, and hang back; they seemed telling a story of some trouble, perhaps some shame, and of a hard and angry rather than a repentant, sorrowing, heart.

"Rosy, Rosy" and the woman opened her arms as if the girl had been still a little tottering creature who would run there as to a shelter from some strange fear, but there was no movement of the tall young figure except a gesture of refusal as she turned her head slightly aside.

"You are come home to stay Rosy?" faltered Mrs. Martin laying her hand on a chair as if for a support, and her eyes blinded by sudden tears.

"Yes—I've come home," and the voice was stifled, sullen, until next moment some swift revulsion of feeling cast Rosy at her mother's feet with face hidden against her dress. "Oh God bless you, God in Heaven bless you mother for you're good—good to Him and good to me" she cried. "But He'll curse me, He will, for I'm wicked, I've brought disgrace on you enough to turn you against me for ever.

Horrified, stunned though she was, it was with a tender, beautiful patience that Mrs. Martin tried to gather fragments of meaning from the half-spoken words which came at inter-

vals, mingled with sobs and exclamations of despair—could only make out that something wrong, something dishonest had come to light and Rosy had fled in terror of her indignant employers.

“Tell it out child” whispered the mother gently. “Rosy, there’ve been times when you were a little one I not been gentle enough with you; but I’m changed since then, and you’ll not find me hard on you now, no matter what you’ve done.”

“I can’t, I can’t” was the answer. “I never meant to come, I thought I’d run away no matter *where*, so long as no one should ever know what I’d done, but I got frightened for I didn’t know where to go and so”—— then a fresh burst of tears came.

“It was God Who sent you home! I was praying in church before the Blessed Sacrament just now Rosy, and I seemed full of fear and trouble about you until—all at sudden—a feeling came that God was over all and no kindness is ever so hard but He can undo it. And then when I came in, I find you here!”

The girl shivered as a coal dropped from the grate. Every sound startled her as if it might be some pursuing footsteps and her hands were so feverishly hot and she was so evidently ill that Mrs. Martin ceased urging her to a distinct disclosure of what had happened, and became solicitous only to get her into bed and asleep. “Father will be here to-morrow” she said as the young head was at last settled on the pillow, but at that Rosy began crying afresh that her father would give her up, she was sure of it, he would never, never own her more. When she had at last, after a long while, dropped into a restless sleep, Mrs. Martin, as if her power of endurance had nearly gone. She had risen early in the day—the day which was outwardly bright and yet in which such heavy clouds had stretched over her own horizon, and had scarcely taken food, and now to keep her up, in readiness for whatever might happen on the morrow, she essayed to eat. But it seen

impossible, so having drunk off some tea with thirsty eagerness, she went back to Rosy's bed-side and there sat down to think through the long night; when another bright dawn came with a glow into the room, it found her watching still, for her child had passed into the world of delirious fancies, starting up with a cry to her mother for help and hiding, or uttering wailing moans of despair because she must never see her more, must never *never* go home!

It was only as the sunbeams came in, and rested on the print of a ship cut from an illustrated paper and pinned against the wall as a suitable ornament for the room of a sea-faring man, that Mrs. Martin remembered it was the morning she was to meet her husband. Small wonder she had forgotten it! yesterday seemed so long ago, the *Victoria* a creation of her own brain, and Martin's return only a dream from which she had awakened.

There was a respectable old woman living in the house who had exchanged civil greetings on the stairs several times since they had been fellow-lodgers; Mrs. Martin got her now to remain with poor unconscious Rosy while she hurried down to the ship which—if her informant spoke truly—must have come into dock hours before.

She tried to feel glad, yet the pleasure of expecting the traveller was all gone; instead of a quiet home which would be welcome after his wanderings, there was the fever-stricken girl raving in shrill passionate voice about some guilt, some shame which clung to her, or sinking back with feverish fitful strength so exhausted that she could utter only moans which were as terrible to the listener as her cries.

Even when she had got down to the house-door, Mrs. Martin could hear the strange hard sound—and Rosy's voice was always so soft, so sweet—what a home-coming this for a man who needed comfort and help and kindly welcome from both wife and daughter! The first person she encountered at the docks was her friend of the previous

day. "*Victoria* come in all right and tight as I told you," he said, without waiting to be asked. "You'll find your master maybe if you go aboard," and he jerked his thumb by way of indicating the position of the vessel. But when Mrs. Martin had succeeded in discovering the *Victoria* and further had succeeded in finding some one to give her tidings of her husband, she found that he had not come by it—he must have been left behind at starting, a sailor said, or perhaps was nearing home in some other ship.

It gave her a sense of relief for the first moment ; in a week or two, in a month perhaps, Rosy might be well and all the mystery and trouble cleared up and ended. But when she reflected that now she had no clue to the time or way of his return, that—happen what might—there was no means of communicating with her husband, her heart sank very low and she took her place by her child with a listless despondency quite foreign to her cheerful, practical disposition. The climax of her suffering came a few hours later when the forewoman of Miss Blonde's establishment appeared at the house asking for Mrs. Martin and loudly proclaiming her visit as made for the purpose of informing her that her daughter was a thief ; the poor tried woman got her into the tidy little sitting-room at last, and there heard that the material for a dress being missing, the boxes of the "young ladies" had been searched, that discovery of it was made in Rosy's belongings, and that she had confessed to her guilt. Also that though in the surprise and confusion of the moment, she had put a hat on her head and escaped, Miss Blonde intended to take proceedings and commit her as a common thief, feeling it necessary to make such a case a warning to those she employed. "Where is the wicked, hardened girl?" demanded the visitor when she had detailed particulars. "If you are harbouring her here, let me tell you it is useless, for she will not escape what she so richly deserves."

For answer, Mrs. Martin motioned her to come into the next room, the room where Rosy was hovering between

life and death—it could not hurt her, for no human voice had power now to reach her understanding. At sight of the stricken girl, the dislike, the pent-up jealousy, the vengeance which had been in the workwoman's heart towards her, gave place to a species of pity. "I did not think, I never supposed she'd take it to heart like this—she looked so hard when we found the silk in her box, and stood out so boldly that she meant to wear it, "why shouldn't she be dressed well as much as ladies, and she *couldn't* dress on a wretched pittance such as was to be had out of work." She seemed half wild, and desperate by the things she said, but perhaps she wasn't herself, or this might be coming on her. I'll tell Miss Blonde exactly how she is Mrs. Martin and perhaps she may look over it; I can't say I am sure, but if you were to call and ask her not to be hard on the girl it might be as well."

To that humiliation, this woman—to whom integrity and honesty of life and a stainless character had been dearer than anything—bowed her head, and sought an interview with the much-exasperated dressmaker; the result of it was a free pardon for Rosy on condition that she was never seen more in those regions of fashion. "The best thing you can do is to emigrate, if the girl recovers" said Miss Blonde coldly. But the word suggested no meaning to the simple countrywoman whose vocabulary had not been much extended by her residence in London, and she only answered "Please God my Rosy will recover, and live long enough to get back her good name," departing then with a heart greatly relieved, to resume her anxious watch, for as yet her hope for her child had only a trembling foundation.

The Ursulines in Canada.

I.

MARY OF THE INCARNATION AND MADAME DE LA PELTRIE.

IN the monastery of the Ursulines at Quebec there is a picture, painted by a Canadian artist from various little sketches supplied to him, that have been handed down from many generations, since its foundation. The centre of the picture represents the first convent of the Ursulines founded at Quebec by Madame de la Peltrie in 1641. It stands in pleasant fields, with a fir-clad background—the primeval forest of the promontory. In the foreground, some little distance from the monastery, is seen the small house built by Madame de la Peltrie for her own use. A few steps from the house stands the mistress of it, talking to a native chief, who is listening with profound respect to every word she says, as she tells him, in the simplest words, the Gospel story. Close by a savage warrior is disdainfully giving orders to his wife, who is crouching terrified before him, in the attitude of a slave—an apt illustration of the contrast between the teaching of Christianity and paganism. Near these groups a missionary is seen passing quietly from hut to hut, all clustered round the monastery, as if they could never be near enough to the centre of life, the monastery. Two gentlemen, in the costume of Louis the Fourteenth, are riding down a broad avenue. These are two of the first governors of the colony. A prettier touch still is that on the right hand, where a number of children are depicted eagerly drinking in every word that falls from the lips of a nun sitting under a shady ash-tree,* teaching

* This tree was standing in 1850, and was then three hundred years old.

them the catechism and instructing them in the sacred truths. Well may they listen, for that motherly-looking nun, with a face beaming with tenderness, is the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, the joint Foundress, with Madame de la Peltrie, of the first Ursuline convent in Canada—the “Teresa of New France.”

It is her history, and that of her companion, that we are going to sketch lightly, taking for our guides the accounts of them lately published in France in the second volume of *The History of St. Angela Mérici, and the Ursuline Order*. By M. l'Abbé V. Postel. Also an English *Life of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation*, by a religious of the Ursuline Community.*

“I should like to see the clause in Adam’s will which authorizes these, my royal cousins, to divide the New World between them,” said Francis the First of France, as accounts reached him, one after another, of the wonderful discoveries lately made in the western hemisphere, by Christopher Columbus for the sovereigns of Spain in 1492; by Alvarez de Cabral for the King of Portugal in 1500; and our Englishman, John Cabot and his sons, sent out by Henry the Seventh of England in 1497. “The most Christian King” not only desired to extend the Kingdom of France, he had a real zeal for the conversion of the pagans, a longing desire that France should not be behind other nations in spreading the faith and lifting up the Cross in virgin soil. The land was known indeed to exist, but as yet was untrodden, save by the red man. The first expedition started in 1523, under the command of a Florentine, Verrazani, who took possession of *La Nouvelle France* in the name of Francis.

This was all the progress made for a time, for on Verrazani’s return to France at the end of two years he found the King a prisoner in Madrid, the result of his defeat at the Battle of Pavia, and for ten years more France was too much absorbed in her own troubles to give

* Blackrock, Cork.

any heed to the peaceful conquest of Canada, "the newly found lands" as the French called it.

When better times came Francis did not forget his desire. In April, 1534, he sent out a noble Christian sailor, Jacques Cartier, a native of St. Malo, to follow up the previous discovery. No better appointment could have been made. Cartier's own words tell us best the kind of man he was. After speaking of the goodness of God to all His creatures, he adds: "The sun comes to us from the East, as did our holy faith; may we not conclude, then, as he passes thence to the west, the beams of the Gospel are meant to follow in his track, and pour their brightness in that direction too."

In this spirit Cartier set out, landing at Newfoundland on the 10th of May. At the entrance of the Bay Gaspé he erected a tall cross. On the stem was fastened a shield bearing the lilies of France, with an inscription recording the event. He also discovered a great river, and held some sort of communication with a few natives. The cold season prevented any further exploring. The next year he returned, and as he sailed up the noble river on the 10th of August, he could think of no better name to give it than that of the holy Roman Martyr, St. Lawrence, whose feast it was. Shortly after he named the island at its mouth, now called Anticosti, "the Assumption." It was on the Nativity of our Blessed Lady that he anchored off the spot where Quebec now stands, and there the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was first offered in "New France."

Four times Cartier made the voyage between France and Canada. On the third occasion, in 1540, he was no longer at the head of the expedition, and it proved a failure. His fourth and last voyage was to bring back the remnants of the little band he had left there, who could no longer struggle with the hardships of their life, and Canada fell back again into the possession of the natives. Still it must always be remembered that Cartier first paved the way to the conversion of the country. For sixty years from

that time no steps were taken to colonize Canada, till 1608, when Henry the Fourth authorized a Calvinist nobleman of great wealth to form a company of merchants to explore it. In return for their outlay they were to have the monopoly of the fur trade for a year. The command of the expedition was placed in the hands of Samuel Champlain. He undertook it and carried it out with the devotion of a Christian hero. He might have been one of the bravest ornaments of King Arthur's Court, judging of him by his heroic deeds.

They landed at Quebec, July 3, 1608. All sorts of troubles befell the band of colonists. Poverty, sickness, and death, alarms from the invasions of the fiercest of the savage tribes, the Iroquois, warlike inroads of the English, and there was a great domestic trouble that wounded the heart of Champlain deepest of all ; this was that he saw Calvinists always put before Catholics in important posts, the natural result of the Calvinist patron in France, but none the less galling to him. It seemed as if all temporal good was of little avail if heresy was to be imported with civilization. He made his trouble known to some good friends in France, and at the end of seven years, four Franciscans came to his aid, and the first Mass since the days of Cartier was celebrated in Quebec. This was on June 25, 1615.

A few years later Canada was solemnly placed under the patronage of St. Joseph. To this day there is a great devotion to him, also to St. Anne.

Shortly after a little company of Jesuits offered themselves for the mission, to the great joy of the Governor.

After a short time of peace the country was invaded by the English. The colonists made an heroic resistance, only yielding when every hope was over, and Champlain was taken prisoner and carried off to England. On their arrival at Plymouth it was found that peace had been signed between France and England, and by a solemn treaty Canada was restored to France, and the Governor was

reinstated. On his return to Quebec he set about his task with fresh vigour. The Calvinist element had almost wholly disappeared, Catholics could now be left to rule in their own way. Champlain's first act was to build a church dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. He regulated all the affairs of the colony so that the law of God was made the first consideration in everything he undertook. A missionary writing about this time to France says: "Murder, robbery, úsury, injustice, and similar crimes are heard of here only once a year, when on the arrival of the ships from France a newspaper account of them accidentally finds its way among us."

The Governor's own residence, the Fort, was like a religious house. The sacraments were frequented regularly - by all, night prayers were said daily in the chapel, and it was by the Governor's order that the Angelus Bell should be rung three times a day. This custom is still observed in the colony.

His fidelity and noble devotion lasted to the very end. After thirty-two years of the government of Canada he died, leaving the country in mourning as for a beloved father. His wife had helped him all through the time. She learned the Algonquin language so as to teach the little children. At her girdle she wore a tiny mirror, according to a French fashion of the time, and the savages, as they looked into it, said, "See how she carries us all in her heart!" After her husband's death she returned to France, and founded an Ursuline convent at Meaux, in which she died a professed nun. The new Governor carried on the work of Champlain, and in just the same noble, God-fearing spirit.

In 1634, four Jesuit Fathers established themselves amongst the Huron tribe. At first conversion made little progress. The natives were suspicious and unfriendly, and the lives of the missionaries were in daily danger. One of their number, Père Jogues, was seized on one occasion in a raid by the savage Iroquois into the Huron possessions; he

barely escaped with his life after enduring fearful tortures. A short time afterwards this very Father, in 1646, was sent to found a mission amongst these ultra-barbarous natives, the Iroquois. "I shall go," he said, when he received the order, "but I shall not return." His blood was to be the seed of the Church. From the hour of his martyrdom the conversion of the Hurons may be dated. All at once they yielded. Missions flourished, the Fathers spent their days and a great part of their nights in teaching the savages, as eager now as they were backward before. Père Brébœuf, walking through the villages ringing his bell, became as familiar a figure in Canada as the Blessed Father Francis Xavier in India about a hundred years before. All this was within two years after the martyrdom of Père Jogues.

It was too fair to last. In 1648 the Iroquois determined to exterminate the Huron tribe and seize upon their territory. As they were much more powerful, the Hurons could only offer a feeble resistance; the enemy bore down upon them in such numbers that a general massacre was the result, of men, women, and children. It was not likely that the shepherds of the flock would escape when the sheep were slain. Rather the Fathers were reserved for the more refined and prolonged tortures, too fearful to describe, before their blessed souls escaped from their bodies. Father Brébœuf and Father Lalemant both suffered on this occasion, only a few terrified Hurons managed to escape and fly for refuge to Quebec. The vacant places among the missionaries were soon filled up by fresh volunteers. Bancroft, the historian, says of them: "The history of their labours is connected with the origin of every celebrated town within the limits of French Canada. Not a cape was turned," he says, "not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way." What was death to those who bore the saving Name on their hearts, and whose one burning desire it was to make it known far and wide?

This is the barest possible account of the state of the infant Church in Canada when in the mother-country of France our Lord was preparing two chosen souls to give themselves especially to the work of the conversion of the savages, and particularly to the education of the young girls and children of the converts so lately added to the Catholic Church. One, a nun, heard the voice speaking her in the silence of her cell. For her to hear was obéy. The other was a rich young widow, living in the world. Both answered, like Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

II.

MADAME DE LA PELTRIE.

MARIE MADELEINE DE CHAUVIGNY was born at Alençon in 1603. Her parents were of good birth and fortune; her education was carefully attended to; she was accomplished and attractive in every way, and, from her earliest years, she showed peculiar piety and intense love for the poor. As she grew up, it never occurred to her that a choice of life in her own case was in question. She felt as if she had been claimed by God ever since she could remember anything. But her parents had other desires for their only child, and on her seventeenth birthday she was told by her father that he had accepted a suitor for her hand.

Poor Marie was overwhelmed with dismay. At first she hardly credited the misfortune, and actually ran off to the nearest convent, thinking that, once there, her father would relent, especially as he had never thwarted her before. She soon found out her mistake. He was very angry, and the poor girl was forced to submit to accept the suitor her father had chosen for her—Monsieur de la Peltrie. He was a kind and indulgent husband, and they were not unhappy in their married life. Still it was not the life our Lord intended for her. After five years, it

ne to an end by the sudden illness and death of Mon-ur de la Peltrie, while he was still young. At twenty-
o years of age she was a rich, childless widow.

Her old desire for religious life was not extinct, only
e felt a certain perplexity about her vocation, which
ntinued for some years. Her one prayer was, "Do with
e, O Lord, as it shall please Thee ; my heart, my life,
r riches, all are Thine !" Still the darkness continued,
to the will of God for her, till one day she accidentally
et with an account of the Canadian Mission. These
ssions had much interested pious people in France.
ie news, indeed, was scanty ; to some the accounts
med almost fabulous ; but there is a chord in the hearts
all good French men and women, that vibrates to the
ch when missionary deeds are spoken of.

That chord was struck in Madame de la Peltrie's heart
she read this report. It was a copy of the same number
that sent by Father Poncet (a Father much mixed up
th the affairs of the Canadian missions) to the Mother
ary of the Incarnation, bearing the date 1635. The long
ked for answer had come to her prayer. How could
e make a better use of her life, her strength, and her
alth, than to spend it all for the conversion of the
athen ? Our Lord was pleased to make known to her
at He accepted the offering, and He distinctly pointed
Canada as the scene of her labours. Madame de la
ltrie was far too humble to decide the question without
erring it to an enlightened Director. He only confirmed
r as to the truth of her vocation, and advised that she
ould carry it out without delay. If more confirmation
s needed, it came in the form of a dangerous illness.
hen she appeared to be on the point of death, she
ldely roused herself to make a vow that, if God spared
life, she would build a church in Canada in honour of
Joseph ; she also renewed the offering of herself and
wealth for the education of the convert women and
ldren of that mission. She then fell into a sound sleep,

from which she woke quite well. "What has become of your illness, madame?" said the doctor, who had given all hope for her life; "it seems to have gone to Canada." "Yes, sir, as you say, it is gone to Canada," she answered smiling.

Now that all was settled as to her vocation, the devil began to torment her by raising up one difficulty after the other, to try to frustrate her in carrying it out. The first storm came from the opposition of her father. Just as he had forced her into a marriage against her will when she was a girl, he now wanted to make her marry again; and as he found her less pliant about this than formerly, he tried to persuade her that she ought to spend her life in France and live there according to her station. She only escaped from this persecution by the death of her father.

Then her other relations took up the same line, and actually instituted law proceedings against her, saying that she was incapable of managing her own business—that she was reducing herself to beggary by her reckless almsgiving, and such like accusations. They at length succeeded in obtaining their case.

Happily for her, she had a faithful friend and adviser, Monsieur de Bernières, a layman. (He seems to have been the same type of man as the good Monsieur Du Pont, who died lately at Tours.) He recommended her to appeal to the Parliament of Rouen. This she did, and she obtained the reversal of the verdict. This triumph she always attributed to St. Joseph.

Soon after this she went to Paris to settle her affairs, previous to her departure for Canada, and was much strengthened and consoled by the talks she had with St. Vincent of Paul and Père Condren, General of the Oratorians. They both assured her that her vocation was a true one. Even in Paris her relations did not leave her in peace. She had to go about disguised in her maid's clothes, for fear of being captured by them. Her last disappointment came when, in November, 1638, she applied

at the proper office for a passage to Canada in the following spring, she was told that every vessel was full, that she must wait another year.

It was at this crisis of her life that she first heard of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Madame de la Peltrie had always felt that to go to Canada single-handed would be of little avail. Still she could never make up her mind as to which religious order she could apply for help. She wrote to Father Poncet to ask his advice. His answer came without delay—brief, but satisfactory. “The Mother of the Incarnation had a marked vocation for New France; she possessed all needful qualifications; would fly to the ends of the earth at the call of God; was to be found at the Ursuline Convent at Tours.”

Madame de la Peltrie wrote at once to the Superior of the convent, enclosing Father Poncet's letter. When Mother Mary of the Incarnation was shown these letters, she meekly bowed her head, saying, “Lord, here I am; send me.” She wrote herself to Madame de la Peltrie, accepting the offer, humbly begging for an interview.

Accompanied by Monsieur de Bernières, Madame de la Peltrie arrived at the convent at Tours, February 19, 1639. At the entrance she was met by the whole community, and conducted to the choir, where the *Te Deum* and the *Veni Creator* were sung. Then she was presented to Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Instantly the Mother recognized in Madame de la Peltrie the lady she had seen in the vision accorded to her, as her companion to the far off land, of which as yet she knew little more than the name.

From this time the lives of these two holy women were mingled together in the closest union, so that when we arrive at this point in the Life of Mother Mary of the Incarnation, we shall pick up the thread of the Life of Madame de la Peltrie, from the time of her first meeting with the holy nun at the Ursuline Convent at Tours.

Knock.

MORE than a year has now passed since the apparitions at Knock, a poor Irish village near the town of Claremorris, county Mayo, began to be spoken of generally. As the reader may not be acquainted with the exact circumstances of the alleged apparitions, it may be well to give a brief record of them. We shall then give details of the present state of this devotion.

The first apparition was seen on the night, or evening, of August 21, 1879, the eve of the octave of the Assumption, by two women, both "Marys," and so little were they prepared to see anything supernatural, and so "real" did the vision appear, that both thought at first they were looking at some statues which they supposed had been brought down from Dublin by the good priest for his church.

Mary M'Loughlin is an elderly woman, and housekeeper to Archdeacon Cavanagh, the parish priest. On this evening, Thursday, the 21st of August, she passed from the priest's house to the house of Mrs. Byrne, a widow, who lives in the little village of Knock. As Mary M'Loughlin passed the gable of the chapel, she observed some figures, and a white light about them. She thought this strange, but appears to have had so little idea of anything extraordinary, that she went on at once to Mrs. Byrne's house, and concluded that these figures were statues which the priest had got for his church. Mary Byrne returned with Mary M'Loughlin, and as they passed the gable of the chapel, the two women saw the apparition. It was still

Bright daylight, but a light brighter than that of any earthly sun shone on the wall of that humble sanctuary.

At first Mary Byrne also thought she was looking at statues which had been got for the church. But in a few moments both women were undeceived, and they knew God had granted them the amazing favour of being the first to behold a heavenly vision. Both of these women saw the same vision, and both gave the same description of what they saw. St. Joseph was at the end of the gable near the west, and he appeared to incline towards our Blessed Lady so that his side face was towards the awe-struck women. They remarked even, so plain was the vision, that he appeared aged, and that his hair and beard were grey. The Mother of God stood next, her hands were raised, and her eyes, and the whole figure, as described by the women, is strikingly like the representation of the Mother of God as seen in the catacombs, and as drawn by the early Christian artists. This we think is not a little noteworthy, as these poor women could never have seen or heard of such representations. The next figure was St. John—some doubt has been expressed, or rather it has been suggested as possible that this might have been St. Patrick. But while it is quite evident that had it been the national apostle some distinctive characteristic would have appeared, we may also take it for granted that God would by a special providence give those who saw this vision first, light to know what it meant. The devotion of the early Irish Church to St. John is well known to those who have studied early Irish annals, and in the beautiful language of a people at once spiritual and poetical, he was styled "John of the Bosom"—John who first lay upon that adorable Heart, and drank of its fountains of love and consolation.

It is also remarkable that several of those who saw the vision, when describing it, remarked that the mitre was small, and not like the large, high mitres now worn by bishops. An altar also formed part of this remarkable

vision, and above it there was a lamb about the size of "what is three weeks old," and this lamb was surrounded with "gold-like stars" in the form of a halo. A crucifix was behind and above the altar.

By this time it was quite dark, and the sun had set, though it must be added that it had been raining nearly the whole day, and there had not been even one gleam of sunshine. It was remarked by all that saw this vision, that though it was raining heavily all the evening, the wall remained quite dry where the vision appeared, and that the bright light illuminated the whole gable when the darkness had set in. It was remarked also that the vision appeared to recede according as people approached to it. It should be said, also, that the feet of the figures appeared to rest on the tall grass which then grew close up to the church gable. Mary M'Loughlin returned to the priest's house in about an hour, and told him what she had seen ; but Arch-deacon Cavanagh did not pay much attention to her words, and it would seem also that he was under the impression that the vision had disappeared. He has left on record how deeply he deplored not having gone at once to witness the heavenly wonder, but he adds that God's Providence may have permitted that it should be so.

In an age of scepticism and incredulity, when the cry of "priestcraft" is not yet dead, it was better that the people, the poor and lowly, should be the ones to testify to this marvel rather than the pastor ; that the sheep should tell of the visit of her who, in the early ages of the Church, was so often pictured as the good shepherdess gathering in the lambs to God's fold, than that the shepherd should be the first to proclaim the wondrous story. Mary Byrne, who, it will be remembered, had accompanied Mary M'Loughlin to the church, has also made a deposition before the authorized ecclesiastical authorities. She described the vision almost in the same words as her companion, but she adds that Miss M'Loughlin had not mentioned the subject to her before she saw the apparition.

We have, therefore, two perfectly independent witnesses of the same occurrence. She described the low mitre on the head of St. John, and how he appeared to be reading from a book, and, as it were, impressing a lesson on an audience, or preaching to them. She did not see the crucifix, but described the altar, and the lamb, and the brilliant light around the lamb.

Mary Byrne now ran to call her brother Dominick. He was lying down weary from a day's work at mowing, and at first was disinclined to believe his sister, or to move; but seeing how thoroughly she was in earnest, he soon followed her. About twelve others were soon assembled, and all saw the marvellous light and vision. Mrs. Byrne, her daughter Margaret, and a little girl named Catherine Manning, and others, are witnesses to what they beheld while they gazed with awe and wonder.

The second of these marvellous apparitions took place on Friday, January 2, 1880, and was witnessed by the Venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh and two other persons.

The third was on the night of Monday, January 5, the eve of the Epiphany, and, like the first, was seen by a number of people, amongst whom were two members of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Archdeacon Cavanagh thus describes the second apparition. "On the 2nd of January, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the day, as I was going up towards the church, I saw lights upon the gable, and on the outer side of it a pillar—pedestal, column, cap, and all parts perfect. The pillar supported a figure. What the figure represented I was not able to distinguish. Other pillars, decreasing in size, stood along towards the centre of the gable. The smallest was next the centre. On the inner side of the gable wall I saw exquisite luminous scrolls extended."

The third apparition was seen by a considerable number of persons and by two policemen, who, as they declared afterwards, gave little credit to the accounts they had heard until they themselves were eye-witnesses of the

marvel. As they passed the church on their round of duty, near midnight, they saw the brightness and light shining upon the gable of the church, and they gave their testimony boldly when questioned by an English correspondent. It is said also that lights are seen frequently at this place, both inside and outside the church, and that a star of great magnitude and surpassing brightness and beauty has been seen many times, and that lights which are not of earth glance around the humble chapel.

Father Cavanagh also has thus described the apparition of February 13th. "Last night, about half-past nine o'clock, I and several others saw a most brilliant star outside the gable. It lit up the whole place. It came and struck against the spot where the apparition of the Blessed Virgin was seen, and flashed with the quickness of lightning. I have frequently of late, about eight or nine at night, seen a golden light floating about the gable, with stars and brilliant lights flashing through it, but I never saw anything so dazzling as that one star last night. Inside the church also appearances have been seen. I have seen them myself, both last night and the night before. I saw stars above the altar, on both sides of the little stained glass window representing the Crucifixion of our Lord. Three of them were very plainly visible; one, large, on the right hand side of the window, and two, of a smaller size, on the left. I thought I also saw a number of small stars shining much more faintly than those three principal ones scattered about the space on either side of the window. The altar lamp was lighting at the time, and also a small lamp before the Blessed Virgin's altar, and there were a few candles lighting through the church. The stars were also visible to a number of people who were in the church at the time."

Public apparitions appear to have ceased, but I have heard from several priests of visions seen in the lowly chapel at Knock which we must hope will one day be published with such authority as can be given to private

revelations. One case I may mention, as it was told to me by a priest and as it happened to a priest. This good Father was spending the night with a few devout seculars in the church at Knock. At midnight a light of such extraordinary brilliancy came from the picture of the Sacred Heart, and as it seemed from the very Heart of our Divine Lord, that he was able to say his Lauds by the light, thinking this the best prayer he could offer. All the lights in the church had been previously extinguished except the sanctuary lamp.

An ecclesiastical commission was appointed by the Archbishop of Tuam last year, with authority to inquire into and report upon all cases of alleged miracles. But here a difficulty arose which, while it has proved a stumbling-block to some, may be a cause of faith to others. It is undeniable that a very large number of reported cures turned out altogether false. This I know on authority that cannot be questioned; but it has also been proved that, put the figures at the very lowest estimation, some hundreds of cures have taken place, which, while they can only be denied to be such by those who deny miracles altogether, yet fail to satisfy the ecclesiastical commission. Hence it is certain that persons who are anxious to throw discredit on the alleged apparitions at Knock, have, with more plausibility than truth, tried to make it appear as if nothing had occurred which could in any way be attributed to a Divine interposition. We do not envy such persons; the step from discrediting to disbelief is not far.

That cures have been reported which have not taken place is only what might be expected. Let it be remembered that thousands have visited Knock, and are still visiting it daily. Amongst those thousands there must be some who come from interested motives. To say there are some who would like to excite sympathy, or to obtain pecuniary help by reporting themselves cured when such is not the case, is only to say that we are all human. It may be too, in some cases, that a temporary excitement

may procure a momentary relief from pain. But all this only makes the true miracle the more evident. Nor can we doubt at such a time and under such circumstances that the devil would be especially active. All sacred history shows us that whenever God works in His Church by great manifestations of the Divine power, the enemy is ready with his counterfoil and counterpart. The magicians of Pharaoh worked miracles to discredit the miracles of Moses. In some rare cases such effects of diabolic power have been permitted in the case of those who have refused obedience to the Catholic Church, to which they belonged by Baptism. For students of ecclesiastical history, it is sufficient to refer to the case of Port Royal and the Jansenists. So we might expect when there is an extraordinary manifestation of the power of God, as would appear to be the case at Knock, that the powers of evil would do their best to work evil and throw discredit on good.

Again the singular faith of the Irish people has, strange as it may seem, proved an obstacle to verifying cures, to the degree actually, and if we may say so most justly, required by the Church.

One who is cured at Knock goes away rejoicing. It does not concern him the very least what people say. He is cured—"Glory be to God and the Blessed Mother," and he troubles himself very little with public opinion. He has no anxiety to convince any one, or to proclaim his cure, while he is perfectly willing to tell all the particulars if any one asks him. If I may use such an expression, I can only say that the supernatural is so natural in Ireland, that there is no surprise at a cure. I have seen a number of persons who have returned from Knock cured. I have seen several who have returned not cured, and I know not which to admire or envy most. The thankfulness of the one, the contentment of the others, for it could scarcely be called resignation, and the Glory be to God and His Blessed Mother—are both a joy to think of for ever.

Again, if a devotion like that of Knock is to be judged by its effects, there is cause for no little thankfulness. This view of the subject appears very important. I have not visited Knock, but I have conversed with a considerable number of persons of all classes, priests and laymen, who have been there, and from one and all I have received the same account.

The people have gone there to pray, and they have no other thought or purpose. The whole demeanour of the people has inspired all with whom I have conversed with their singular piety, and the whole effect is most edifying. I have even heard it compared favourably with the crowd at Lourdes by those who have visited both places, and who have noticed the earnestness, and an *ecstasie* in the devotion of the pilgrims at Knock which they failed to see at the more favoured shrine in France.

The number of cures there are undeniably very great, though they fall short of the exact character of those required by the Church before the devotion can be publicly approved.

The case of Mr. Fitzgerald,* which I have published in

* John Fitzgerald lives in the parish of Sneem, near Kenmare. At a very early age he was afflicted with hip disease, and his leg was completely turned backward and up for ten years. It was so completely turned back that the foot and leg were *out level* with the knee, and he could only move on two stumps. The doctor, whose certificate of his cure I have, has known him from a boy, and he told me that the only human way in which a cure could have been effected was by cutting the tendon, and then a long and weary process of stretching the leg. Even then, the leg could not have had the ordinary power. This gentleman also told me that as he said himself, "he did not believe one word of the Knock miracles" till Fitzgerald came home cured, and as to not believing *that* you might as well not believe you saw your friend before you. Fitzgerald went to his parish priest, the Rev. Father Davis, and asked what he thought about his going to Knock. The priest did not say, "Don't go," but he said, in telling me the circumstance, that he thought a man without a leg might as well have gone and expected to come home with one. But, happily, Fitzgerald went to Knock, and on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul he walked in to his much-amazed parish priest, and stamping the lame helpless foot on the ground, he exclaimed, "See, Father, what the other of God has done for me!" His cure is perfect. He left his crutches at Knock, having no further use for them, and he works in the fields now, and can walk to-day as well as any man. Not the least wonderful part of the

the *Tablet*, and which has been copied into many papers, is one of the most striking of all the Knock miracles. It is one indeed which can scarcely be questioned, as I have had the happiness of obtaining a medical certificate that it could not have happened by natural means. The certificate was given here to two of the priests appointed by the Archbishop of Tuam to inquire into the case, and who came to me for the purpose.

Since then I have heard from a priest in another parish near Kenmare of a very remarkable cure. Mrs. R——, the wife of a respectable farmer here, was seized almost suddenly with a rheumatic attack of so severe a character as to completely deprive her of the use of her right side. She lay for three weeks in a deplorable state, and as the good doctor who attended her family was dying,

miracle is that the leg, which had been quite wasted as well as useless, filled up just like the other; and the knee cap, which had been distorted, is now in the right place. It is indeed a miracle which cannot be gainsaid. Mr. Fitzgerald was cured at Knock. It seems there is a spout from the church where the rain is carried off, and he placed his leg under the spout, so that the water could flow on it. His companion then put him up against a wall, as he could not stand without support or his two crutches, and he endured an awful agony of pain. In some cases the miraculous cures are strangely like some of those recorded in the Gospels, for before some cures it would appear as if the foul spirit of evil tried his best to prevent the grace or to terrify the persons. In these cases there is often fearful distortion of the whole body, and violence, but it has been found better not to hold or restrain the poor sufferers in any way. Sometimes they are perfectly conscious all through this paroxysm, which, nevertheless, they cannot control; therefore they are in no way accountable for any violence they may use. This generally terminates in a long swoon, from which the person recovers cured. Fitzgerald's swoon lasted for several hours, and when he fell in it he was then quiet and carried to bed. His cure after this was immediate and complete. His parish priest had been for some time suffering from his eyes—in fact, he had been painfully near-sighted, and I never saw him without glasses till after his cure. He told me he had tried the water of Knock several times without effect. He felt his sight getting worse and worse. At last he could only see even with glasses by holding his book a few inches from his eyes. Fitzgerald came to him cured on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and the priest was so amazed and rejoiced that he thought he would try the water again himself. He went upstairs, bathed his eyes, and at once, as he expressed it, everything round him seemed to get quite bright. His sight was now quite restored, and I saw him without his glasses and heard from his own lips how many Masses of thanksgiving he had said for his cure.

she had no medical attendance except such advice as the priest could give her. She was at last anointed, the priest came to say Mass for her in her house two days after, but she was still to all appearance dying, and could not make even the least movement without assistance. By a happy inspiration the priest came to her bedside when he had finished Mass, and told her to make an offering to the Blessed Mother of God, that she would go to Knock if she would cure her.

It was from Mrs. R—— herself I heard the deeply touching details of this interview, which I shall not easily forget. "Sure, how could I go, Father," she said, "when I cannot move hand or foot?" But still the priest urged her, and told her, as she said, to look up at the picture of the Blessed Mother of God at the foot of her bed, and she would have pity on her.

Mrs. R—— at once complied, and at once felt better. She was able to move, and in a few days she was able to set out for Knock. But still her right leg was terribly swollen, and the pain most severe. In fact, she seems just to have recovered enough to get to her destination. She arrived at Knock very late, but in time to make a visit to the church, though quite worn out. Next morning she woke *perfectly cured*. This I have heard from her own lips. The pain was gone, the terrible swelling was gone—in fact, she was quite well. She remained a few days, and her account of the piety and devotion of the people was just what I had heard from so many others.

Mrs. R—— told me she saw two cures while there. I do not give them here, fearing to occupy too much space, and because I have no personal knowledge of the cases. But if all she said was correct, and she is a woman of superior intelligence, those cures were even more remarkable than her own.

I had an opportunity since of speaking to a medical man, a Protestant, about this case, and he seemed to consider it remarkable. I asked him could the change of

air have caused the sudden relief from pain and the disappearance of such serious swelling in the limb. He said no doubt change of air was good for rheumatism, but with singular candour he added, "I do not think change of air to Knock would do it, where she probably even had no proper sleeping accommodation."

In concluding this little notice of Knock, I would venture to ask the reader to pray much that, if this place is indeed a favoured shrine of the Mother of God, if she has indeed come here to heal and comfort, we may receive her visit worthily, and that such decided manifestation of miraculous cures may be made as will enable the Holy See to approve the devotion.*

SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE.

Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, co. Kerry.

* I shall be very much obliged for any accounts of cures at Knock, or by use of the cement, above all if a medical certificate can be obtained. I would not presume to make this request had I not been asked to inquire for such cases by the ecclesiastical authorities.

“Dies Irae.”

O DAY of wrath, the last great dreadful Day
When Heaven and earth in fire shall pass away !
As heathen Sibyl and God's Prophets say.

What fear and anguish will men's bosoms rend
When the Great Judge from Heaven shall descend,
To sift and purify and make an end !

When through the hollow vaults the trump's command,
Re-echoing, wakes the dead in every land,
That all perforce before the Throne may stand.

Nature and death with terror stupefied
Behold all mortals rise on every side,
At that dread bar most justly to be tried.

Then will the Judge the written book unfold,
Where, in the unerring record, all is told
Which doth of weal or woe the sentence hold.

And He to Whom all secrets open lie
Will every hidden thing unsparing try :
Nought shall escape His searching scrutiny.

How shall a wretch like me then plead with Thee ?
What patron kind implore to speak for me ?
When sure of Heaven scarcely saints will be.

Great God of majesty and glory, Who
Dost Thy predestined ones save freely, do
Thou, O sweet Fount of Mercy, save *me* too !

Be mindful, Jesu, dearest Lord, I pray,
That Thou for me didst tread this life's rough way ;
O let me not be lost in that great Day !

In weariness Thou satst awaiting *me* :
The bitter cross didst bear to ransom *me* :
O let not all that labour fruitless be !

Most righteous Judge of vengeance, grant, I pray,
Of all the debt I owe and cannot pay
A full discharge before the reckoning day !

A criminal I stand before Thy throne :
My God, my guilt with shame and tears I own :
That Thou wilt spare me is my prayer alone.

As Mary pardon won by contrite tear,
As Thou the thief upon the cross didst hear,
Like hope have I for grace when death is near.

Not that my prayers with Thee like power may claim,
But that Thy love and pity are the same
To save us from the everlasting flame.

Among Thy sheep a place assign to me :
Not with the goats, kind Shepherd, far from Thee,
But safe at Thy right hand, eternally.

When to their awful doom the wicked go,
Condemned by Thee to never-ending woe,
On me a welcome with Thy saints bestow.

Crushed to the earth in heartfelt sorrow I
Before Thee as in dust and ashes lie :
Have Thou a care that in Thy grace I die.

O day of tears and lamentation ! when
To judgment rise the guilty sons of men,

To torment doomed, or endless bliss to share !
O gentle Jesus let Thy mercy spare :

And to Thy faithful grant eternal rest,
And light perpetual in Thy Kingdom blest ! Amen.

A Sermon on the Apostleship of Prayer.

THE Rev. Father Ramière, S.J., preached a sermon at Farm Street on Sunday, the 17th of October, inviting attention to that great apostolic work with which the readers of the MESSENGER are so familiarly acquainted. He took his very apposite text from the last chapter of the Second Book of Machabees.

So Nicanor being puffed up with exceeding great pride, thought to set up a public monument of his victory over Judas. But Machabeus ever trusted with all hope that God would help them. And he exhorted his people not to fear the coming of the nations, but to remember the help they had before received from Heaven, and now to hope for victory from the Almighty. And speaking to them out of the law, and the prophets, and withal putting them in mind of the battles they had fought before, he made them more cheerful. Then after he had encouraged them, he showed withal the falsehood of the Gentiles and their breach of oaths. So he armed every one of them, not with defence of shield and spear, but with very good speeches and exhortations, and told them a dream worthy to be believed, whereby he rejoiced them all. Now the vision was in this manner: Onias who had been high priest, a good and virtuous man, modest in his looks, gentle in his manner, and graceful in his speech, and who from a child was exercised in virtues, holding up his hands, prayed for all the people of the Jews. After this there appeared also another man, admirable for age and glory, and environed with great beauty and majesty. Then Onias answering said: This is a lover of his brethren and of the people of Israel: this is he

that prayeth much for the people, and for all the holy city, Jeremias the Prophet of God. Whereupon Jeremias stretched forth his right hand, and gave to Judas a sword of gold, saying: Take this holy sword a gift from God, wherewith thou shalt overthrow the adversaries of my people Israel. Thus being exhorted with the words of Judas, which were very good and proper to stir up the courage and strengthen the hearts of the young men, they resolved to fight, and set upon them manfully, that valour might decide the matter because the holy city and the temple were in danger.

There we find, my dear brethren, an instance of the general truth which St. Paul expressed when he said *Omnia in figura contingebant illis*. The history of the ancient people is a symbol of the destinies of the true people of God, of the new Israel. Who does not see in the present situation of the Church of God the realization of that which we have been reading just now—of the abandonment to which the Synagogue was reduced in the time of the Machabees? All the earthly glories with which the Church of God was once surrounded have faded away: the holy city is in the hands of her fiercest enemies, her streets are profaned with all kinds of abominations, her treasures are dispersed, her most devoted ministers expelled, her children torn violently from her bosom and delivered up to the worst of all captivities, to the impious education which enslaves the minds and souls of men under the shameful yoke of error and of vice.

And who in this extremity comes to the help of the Church of God? We look to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, and nowhere appears any human hope of salvation. All the earthly powers that once supported the Church have now turned against her, all, all! Those which are not openly hostile, at least deny her Divine rights. An immense league, embracing all the civilized nations of the world, was formed more than a century ago, to distress the Kingdom of God upon earth, and after having expelled Jesus Christ from public insti-

tutions by the so-called Liberal system, they are preparing to expel Him from families and even from the conscience of individual men by godless education.

What remains to the Church? A handful of pious Christians who in all nations form a small minority, and who compared with the numbers of their enemies, and the multitude much greater still of the indifferent and the cowardly, are less capable of fighting successfully than the Machabees were to resist the armies of Demetrius.

Shall we then despair of the victory? No, my dear brethren, we shall not despair. And why not? Because Almighty God shows to us as a living and certain reality a spectacle much more consoling than that which was shown to Judas Machabeus in a dream. Do you not see those thousands of pious souls who like Onias hold up their hands and pray for the people of Israel? And above them, do you not see that other intercessor infinitely more powerful than Jeremias, the Very Son of the Almighty, Who, continually present in the midst of us at the same time that He is sitting at the right hand of His Father, is occupied in making intercession for us: *Semper vivens ad interpellandum pro nobis?* This is He that prayeth much for the people and for all the holy city, and by His prayer, to which He invites us to join our prayers, He renders us invincible and assures our triumph.

I have, therefore, a right to present to you the Apostleship of Prayer, exercised first by our Saviour and practised by Christians in union with the Heart of Jesus, as the last but all-powerful resource of the Church in the extreme danger with which she is threatened.

The Apostleship of Prayer thus understood is not a special association. We must distinguish two aspects of one and the same idea. The Apostleship of Prayer as a power and a duty is as old as Christianity itself, a power conferred and a duty imposed on all Christians to contribute by their prayers and good works to the edification of the Body of Christ. Under this point of view it is as old

as the Church. What is new in it is a peculiarity of organization belonging to these later times by which the faithful are induced to unite together in order to exercise that power and to fulfil that duty. In order to organize this Holy League in England, and enable it to produce there the great fruits which it has produced in the other parts of the world, we need the assistance of your pious pastors.

It is not precisely under that respect that I wish to present the Apostleship of Prayer to your consideration to-day. I propose to set before you the idea of the work, to prove the immensity of the power which it puts into your hands and the stringent nature of the duty which it imposes upon you. To attain this end we must examine the Apostleship, first as it is in the Heart of Jesus, and secondly as it is in the heart of Christians.

I. Considered as it is in the Heart of Jesus, the Apostleship of Prayer appears to us as the proper apostolate of the Sacred Heart, the first apostolate which our Saviour exercised, the one which He exercised without interruption, the one which He kept for Himself when He was obliged to divest Himself of all other apostolates. Before briefly developing these three considerations, it is well to determine what is meant by the words Apostleship of Prayer. Preaching and administering the sacraments are not the only apostolate. If they were, you would not be able to give to our Blessed Lady in her own right the title of Queen of Apostles. Mary never preached : she remained silent in the assemblies of the primitive Church, although she could have spoken with more eloquence and efficacy than St. Paul or any other preacher of the Word. And nevertheless she was an apostle, nay, the Queen of Apostles, because by her prayers, her actions, her sufferings, united with those of her Divine Son, she contributed more efficaciously than all the Apostles together to the work of the apostleship, the conversion of souls, the propagation of the Kingdom of Christ. The apostleship includes every work

which tends efficaciously to promote the salvation of souls, to convert the sinner, to sanctify the just, to assist the triumph of the Church. Preaching and the administration of sacraments contribute to these results, but the only indispensable means is the grace of God. Every work, therefore, which helps to impart grace to souls is included in the idea of an apostolate.

This explains the mystery of the Life of our Saviour Himself. He had come down from Heaven for one purpose—the salvation of mankind, to enlighten minds immersed in darkness, and bring back into the path of justice souls which had been led astray into the tortuous ways of sin. Having thirty-three years to spend among men, how is it that He waited till the age of thirty to show Himself and to speak? Were those long years of His Hidden Life lost? No, they were as usefully spent as the years of His Public Life. From the very beginning of His Life He had begun to suffer and to pray. He had not yet exercised the apostolate of His preaching, but He had already exercised the apostolate of His Heart, the apostolate of prayer. The first palpitation of His Heart, the first aspiration of His Soul, was the first act of that apostolate, and by that first act He had already done enough for our salvation. Why so? Because He had already obtained the grace necessary and sufficient to save the souls of all men.

I am, therefore, right in saying that the Apostolate of Prayer is the proper apostolate of the Heart of Jesus. For all other apostolates the Heart of Jesus needs cooperation. The apostolate of the word will require the movement of His sacred lips, the apostolate of charity will employ His sacred feet to run after the lost sheep, His sacred hands to bind their wounds; but before the Sacred Heart can have this cooperation of lips and feet and hands, It has already undertaken Its own proper apostolate of prayer.

That apostolate was the first which our Saviour exercised. It is true that long before He began to teach men

by word of mouth He had taught them by His example: *cæpit Jesus facere et docere*. At Bethlehem He had preached, by the mute eloquence of His poverty, the same lesson which was to be the first subject of His public exhortation; but even that apostolate of example which began with His visible Life had been forestalled by the invisible apostolate of prayer.

And that apostolate begun at the first moment will thenceforward be continued without interruption. The apostolate of the Word, even when it is undertaken after thirty years, is not exercised without intermission. However ever indefatigable Jesus may be in announcing the doctrine of salvation, He will only be able to speak according as men shall be disposed to listen to Him. However assiduous He may be in hunting after souls, the night will necessarily interrupt that work of mercy. But the night itself will not interrupt His prayer. When He can no longer proclaim to men the merciful designs of His Heavenly Father, He will continue to treat with that Heavenly Father about the eternal interests of men: *Erat pernoctans in oratione Dei*.

There is only one other apostolate which shares with the Apostolate of Prayer the privilege of being uninterrupted. It is the apostolate of suffering. As the Heart of Jesus never ceased to pray for our salvation during His whole earthly Life, so He never ceased to suffer physically or morally for the expiation of our sins: *Tota vita Christi crux fuit et martyrium*. But a moment will come when it will be necessary to interrupt that apostolate of suffering as well as the others. The work of Christ is consummated, His earthly Life comes to an end, His Father recalls Him to Heaven, in order to reward Him by unmixed joy for all His bitter trials. He must therefore divest Himself of His apostolic functions, and bequeath them to His ministers. He will henceforward preach by their lips, administer the sacraments, and perform works of mercy by their hands; He will fulfil in the sufferings of His devoted servants what is wanting to His own.

But there is an apostolate which He will keep to Himself—the Apostolate of Prayer: *semper vivens ad interpellandum pro nobis*. In order to exert it more suitably He will create to Himself a second existence upon earth parallel to His existence in Heaven, as humble and obscure as His heavenly Life is glorious—a life of sacrifice and prayer. We see the Lamb Whom in Heaven the angels and the saints adore, “standing as it were slain,” in a state of perpetual immolation, and perpetually praying for us.

And how long will that intercession last? As long as the duration of the world. As long as the Bride of Christ is exposed to the attack of her enemies and apparently suffering defeat at their hands, so long will her Divine Spouse help her by His prayers to bear those assaults and to change, as He Himself did before, apparent defeat into glorious victory. As long as one soul on the road to Heaven is exposed to the danger of falling into Hell, so long He Who gave His life for all men without exception will strive by His prayers to apply to that soul the merits of His death. The Apostolate of Prayer is therefore the last apostolate of our Redeemer as it was the first: it is the last mystery of His Life on earth, the one which crowns and makes perfect all the rest, the one by which are applied to our souls the fruits which come from all His actions and sufferings.

Is it not becoming then that there should be an association specially dedicated to the manifestation, the meditation, the glorification of that mystery? Is it not just that sanctuaries should be erected to honour that last and permanent proof of the love of our Saviour, as there are so many dedicated to the transient mysteries of His earthly Life? There is as yet only one sanctuary erected for that purpose, close to the Seminary of Vals, where the Association of the Apostleship of Prayer had its birth. There forty lamps, burning night and day, symbolize the union of our prayer with that perpetual intercession of the Heart of Jesus. But now that sanctuary is closed by those who

have undertaken to destroy Christianity in France. They have put their seals upon it as the murderers of Christ once put their seals upon His sepulchre. Let us hope the heirs of the Pharisees will not succeed better than their less guilty forefathers. In the meantime we will only honour the more diligently that mystery of the love of our Saviour the more it is outraged by His enemies.

We do not meditate sufficiently upon His life of prayer. What comfort we should find in our sorrows, what light in our anxieties, what strength in our struggles, what confidence after our falls, if we did but realize that truth? There is now One Who prays for me, Who interests Himself in my difficulties, Who ardently desires my happiness, Who is ready to give me His help; and He is not only the holiest man that ever lived upon earth, He is not only more powerful in His intercession than Moses and Elias, but He is the Almighty Himself, the Son of God, Who has atoned already long ago for the sins which discourage me, and Who has no other desire than to apply to me the immense merits of His atonement.

And again, what confidence should we feel in the destinies of the Church, how easy would it be to despise her enemies and to laugh at the dangers which surround her, if we kept ever present to our minds the thought of the protection which is given to her by the uninterrupted intercession of the Son of God? Should we not say with St. John: *Fortior est qui in nobis est quam qui in mundo est*. Our enemies are strong. They have at their disposal the powers of hell and of earth. But there is in the midst of us One, of Whom it has been said that every knee shall bend at the very sound of His Name, on earth and in hell as well as in Heaven. He is here offering for us those prayers which cannot but be heard by His Father: *Ego autem sciebam quia semper me audis*. He is here fulfilling the only condition put by His Father for gaining the triumph over all the world: *Postula a me et dabo tibi gentes hæreditatem tuam*; ask of Me and I will give Thee the

nations for thy inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Not only will the meditation of this great mystery produce in us fruits of consolation and confidence, but it must moreover lead us to unite our prayers to the perpetual intercession of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the salvation of souls in the exercise of that power imparted to us, of which I shall now briefly demonstrate the reality.

II. Few words are needed to place in the clearest light the second aspect of the Apostleship of Prayer, and when I have convinced your understanding I may leave it to your piety to feed your hearts with the practical consequences which follow from the principles explained.

I am not afraid of being accused of exaggeration when I say that by exercising the Apostleship of Prayer in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus we acquire an unlimited power in cooperating with Him to the success of His great work of saving and sanctifying souls and leading His Church to a triumphant victory:—yes an unlimited power, and unlimited in every way.

That power is unlimited, first as regards the graces which we may obtain for souls. Whatever limit there may be to the results obtained is put by us and not by the promise or the action of Christ, for He says: *Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My Name, that will I do.* The same expression is repeated with the same universality in several passages, and as we cannot accuse our Lord of exaggeration or inaccuracy, we must believe that He has really set no bounds to the efficacy of prayer. The promise, therefore, does not apply to those prayers alone which are inspired by the legitimate desire of our own advantage. That is a kind of spiritual selfishness which, although it is not wrong, is less conformable to the example set before us. The promise of Christ applies still more, I will venture to say, to the prayers which are prompted by fraternal charity, for the prayer which most resembles the prayer of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is necessarily most

acceptable to His Father. The prayers offered for our neighbour's good are more than any others made in the Name of Jesus. An evident proof that the promise of infallible efficacy applies by preference to them, is that our Lord, wishing to give us the pattern to which we must conform all our prayers that they may deserve to be heard, teaches us a form of words, according to which we are to put the interests of God and of all mankind before our own: *Thus shall you pray: Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done.* We must first think of His Divine interests, and after that we are allowed to think also of our own interests, but even then no one can be permitted to think of himself alone. What we ask for ourselves we must ask for others also. It is true that we can never be absolutely certain to obtain the conversion of the sinners for whom we pray, because the cooperation of each soul is free; but what is certain is that we shall obtain a grace proportioned to the fervour and confidence of our prayer, and as it depends upon us to enlarge more and more that measure, it depends upon us also to increase indefinitely the chances of salvation of those for whom we pray.

That power is unlimited also as regards the persons to whom it is imparted. The other apostolates require a special vocation and faculties of some particular kind. Not all men have a vocation to the priesthood, and among those who have received the vocation not all are fitted in mental acquirements and physical strength for the active ministry. But the Apostolate of Prayer can be exercised by every Christian. We all in fact have exercised it from the day in which our mother taught us to bend our knees, and join our hands, and say our prayers under the unconscious impulse of the Holy Spirit. And who is he who can exercise that apostolate with most success? Is it the most learned, the most exalted in society, the most influential, the most esteemed? No, it is the most humble, the most pious, the most united with our Lord, the most

generous in fulfilling His commandments, and accepting with love all the dispositions of His Providence. A poor beggar like Benedict Joseph Labré, who says his beads at the door of the church, while an eloquent preacher enraptures from the pulpit a distinguished audience, may contribute more efficaciously than the preacher himself to the serious results of the preaching.

That power is unlimited as to the persons in whose behalf it may be exercised. To convert a sinner by preaching, you must be heard by him ; to sanctify souls by your good example, you must be seen ; to extend by the press the influence of your spoken word, you must be read ; but to contribute by your prayers to the conversion of sinners and to the sanctification of souls it is not necessary to be heard or seen, to know the persons whom you lead into the way of salvation, or to be known by them. By a prayer made here in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the conversion of heathens, you may cause a grace to fall upon a dying Chinese or American savage, and open the gates of Heaven to him.

That power is unlimited finally as to the time and manner in which it may be exercised. We must not imagine that it belongs only to formal prayers, to particular words recited at stated times, or to lonely meditations made in the church or in some domestic sanctuary. No, we may exercise it as Jesus, Mary, and Joseph did at Nazareth, by intentions which change all our works into prayers. It is in that sense that our Lord has ordered us to pray always, and not to faint. The intention is the soul of our works, and whatever be their body, their outward shape, provided they are conformable to the law of God, the intention which animates them gives them merit according to its purity. But of all intentions the purest, the most perfect, the most meritorious, is certainly the intention of Divine charity which animates the Heart of Jesus. If therefore at the beginning of each day, and, if possible, sometimes during the day, we unite our inten-

tions with the intentions of the Heart of Jesus, if we offer our prayers, our actions, our sufferings for the conversion of sinners, for the sanctification of the clergy and of pious souls, for the defence and triumph of the Church, that is enough to render all those actions apostolic, and to give them, together with a much greater merit for ourselves, a much greater efficacy in assisting the work of God.

Such is in its nature and in its essential practice the Apostleship of Prayer. There still remains much to be said about its necessity, its advantages, and the method of its practice, but time does not permit. I will conclude with the words of Jeremias to Judas Machabeus which I quoted at the beginning of my discourse. It is our Divine Lord Who addresses these words to every one of you, while He offers you that all-powerful weapon of prayer by which He Himself has wrought our salvation. "Take this holy sword a gift from God, wherewith thou shalt overthrow the adversaries of my people, Israel."

Yes, my dear brethren, it is my firm persuasion that by divesting His Church of all earthly advantages and depriving her of all human help our Lord wishes to show that He alone is her Saviour. And what He requires from us is to unite in an immense effort of prayer to obtain from Heaven the assistance which earth refuses. We must not remain idle. Every one of us must fight as did the Machabees, even though there is no human hope. But while we do on our part all that is in our power to move our fellow-men, we must display our energy in procuring help from on high. More than ever we must cry from the bottom of our hearts, *Adveniat regnum tuum*—"Thy Kingdom come!" That is the war-cry which we must oppose to the cry of rebellion of the anti-Christian sect which has sworn to destroy the Kingdom of Christ upon earth. That is in fact the device of the Association of the Apostleship of Prayer; and in order to encourage us to repeat that motto, and to make it the rule of all our desires and ambitions, the Holy Father has granted an

indulgence of one hundred days to all the Associates of the Apostleship who, wearing an image of the Sacred Heart upon their breasts make that aspiration either orally or mentally. Let us therefore repeat it often by the movement of our lips, and oftener still and more continually by the wishes of our heart, that the reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus may be fully established in our hearts and in the hearts of all men. Nothing more is wanted to change earth into a paradise and the vestibule of the Heavenly Paradise. Amen.

Month of November.

MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

IT was once granted to St. Bridget to hear the groanings of the souls in Purgatory, their cries of pain and entreaties for relief continually ascending to Heaven and to earth. From that time forth the servant of God devoted herself entirely to the deliverance and relief of those souls who are detained in prison by the justice of God. We should do the same, could we hear what she heard. Let us at least listen to an echo of their groans in the following prayer, which a pious writer of former days entitles

PRAYER OF THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

“Have pity on us, you who while we were on earth professed yourselves our friends ; prove the reality of your friendship in this the hour of our greatest need, lest, if it so soon grow cold, your short-lived friendship should justly incur the reproach of having been no true friendship at all !

“Have pity on us, you who are united to us by the ties of blood ; let not those whom nature linked to you by indissoluble bonds feel themselves forgotten and treated by you as strangers.

“Have pity on us, you who are enjoying the fruit of our labours, while we suffer torments for having procured you a competence ; do not, while you reap what you never sowed, be so heartless as to increase our sufferings by your ingratitude !

“Have pity on us, all Christian people, united to us by Baptism in a bond closer than that formed by ties of friendship, of interest, of kindred ! Refuse not your help

to those who are your own members, since they are fellow-members with you of Jesus Christ and of His Church !

“ Have pity on us, all ye just, whose holy life entitles you to entertain a reasonable hope that you may never enter our abode of pain, or that, at any rate, your sojourn there may be a short one ; add fresh lustre to your future glory by procuring our deliverance !

“ Have pity on us, ye sinners, whose wicked life should make you fear lest you be banished to a place more terrible by far than that in which we suffer. Obtain prayers for us, cause the Holy Sacrifice to be offered on our behalf ; and your charity, while it procures our liberation, will raise up for you intercessors who will plead your cause, however hopeless it may appear, before the tribunal of God’s mercy and justice !

“ Have pity on us, all you who, still living on earth, have reason to dread lest a fate like ours befall you. If you refuse us assistance, you may well fear that, when your hour of need comes, you will in your turn be forsaken by those who survive you !

“ We entreat you, friends and relatives, just men and sinners, all faithful Christians, take pity on yourselves by taking pity on us ; for your prayers and good works will have the effect of quenching the fires of Purgatory for yourselves as well as for us !

“ One advantage indeed we possess over you : it is no longer possible for us to fall from the state of grace in which we are, while your salvation yet remains uncertain. By showing mercy to us, you may establish a claim to the mercy of God, and obtain admission to His glory, as a reward for having, by your good works, shortened the period of our exclusion from it !”

Who does not feel himself bound at all times to listen to this voice of appeal and entreaty from the dead ? And how much more so during the month of November, specially dedicated by the Church to the memory of the faithful departed ?

Convent of English Augustinians at Louvain.

"THIS year (1611) upon St. Anne's day came from St. Ursula's one nun more, to wit, Sister Mary Best, who having long desired to be here, had now gotten of Mr. Porrege, a kinsman of hers in England, £100 for to help her to come unto this cloister, and thereupon was admitted by our convent with leave and leisure of the Archbishop. She was elder in religion than any here, and upon St. Anne's feast, being her profession day, she came to her great joy; as also an English lay-sister, named Margaret Ofspring, came some two or three days after for in respect that there was but one lay-sister there of our nation, we were content to have her here to help us in the household work. They both vowed obedience to our Reverend Mother at their coming, as the manner is, being freed by the Bishop from their obedience in St. Ursula's Monastery. So now there remained of our English nuns only four, to wit, Sister Frances Felton, Sister Eleanor Garnet, Sister Anne Rookwood, and Sister Anne Cletherow, daughter to Mrs. Cletherow, the martyr, that was pressed to death in Queen Elizabeth's reign at York; of which four none ever came hither, but died all there very blessedly, leaving behind them in that cloister much edification of virtue and also note of sanctity.

"In the year 1612, upon the 8th of May, being the feast of St. Michael's Apparition, were professed the old Mother's nieces, Mary and Helen Copley, having passed some few months above their year of noviceship because their cousin, Dr. Clement, would needs have them to stay till the winter was past, that their cousin, Redwood, might

also come from St. Omer's to their profession, which delay grieved the good old Mother, for she feared lest she might die before their profession; but our Lord prolonged her life to give her her heart's desire before her happy departure hence. Wherefore after the feast of their profession was past, and her nephew, Redmond, departed, she desired of our Reverend Mother upon the Thursday sennight after her nieces' profession, that they might have at night recreation in the refectory for the last of the feast, which was willingly granted her; at which time she desired of our Superior, sitting at table, that she would give her leave now to sing like a swan before her death, which she freely gave her licence to do, and then the worthy old Mother, from the exceeding joy and jubilation of her heart, sang a devout song of Jesus, which made one of the elders to weep that sat near her, and she also said that now she left unto us these her two pledges in her place. As also had before said to one of her nieces that she felt exceeding joy to think when she was above enjoying the sight of the Blessed Trinity, she should leave them here on earth to praise our Lord God. She asked them after their profession whether they were well contented, and they answered they were, especially one of them told her that she enjoyed great peace of mind; which made the worthy old Mother exceeding glad. So that now Almighty God having given her this last comfort after her faithful service, would no longer detain her in this life, but bring her to a better. Wherefore upon the very next Friday, being in the choir with the rest at a Dirge, she was taken extreme sick, yet she made a hard shift to stay out the Dirge, showing her love to the Divine Service even to the last; after which it was time to have her in bed, for she had a sore ague with a pleurisy which although she was let blood, yet it brought her unto a blessed end, of whose memorable life and virtues we omit to speak more here, because it is written at large in a book by itself.

"After this her nephew, Doctor Clement was sent for hither again from Brussels, who came to her burial, which was performed with due solemnity, and a Father of the Society, a worthy man, made her funeral sermon, showing therein her excellent virtues to the glory of God and edification of all.

"This year also upon the 30th of September, St. Jerome's day, was professed Sister Monica Hatton at the age of thirty-two years. Upon the 17th of November, one of our first Sisters followed the old Mother, to wit, Sister Catharine Allen, who died with great pain of the stone, which she had been many years troubled with, being a good and virtuous religious, and imitated the example of her worthy mother who lost all her goods and living in England for conscience, being widow coming into such trouble for her brother's sake who after was Cardinal, that all what she had being confiscated, there was also commandment given none should harbour or relieve her, insomuch that she was forced to come over this side the seas with her children, and suffered for a while great want and penury. But the goodness of God, which setteth a limit unto the tribulation of the just, provided so well for her that the Catholic King of Spain, having notice of her losses for the faith, allowed her a good pension whereby she lived very well, and all her children were provided for by her uncle the Cardinal, the two eldest daughters becoming religious in St. Ursula's Monastery, and the youngest was well married to Mr. Worthington, her son dying in these parts, she herself lived to her death a most godly and virtuous life, communicating every Thursday besides Sundays and holy-days, and fasting every Wednesday, except when St. Elizabeth's day fell thereon, whose name she had, as also she rose daily at four in the morning, and from five till nine continued in the church at her prayers, and upon holy-days passed almost all the time in her devotions, she afflicted her body with sharp hair-cloth and other penances, and would give some alms to all that asked it of her,

wherefore when she went to church the beggars attended about her, but the boys or children she would not give an alms unto till they had heard Mass in her sight, which they for to get money were contented to do, she also spun hard upon workdays and kept silence at her work saying some prayers, and all the linen which made of her spinning she distributed either unto religious or needy persons, and at length by a painful sickness she happily rested in our Lord. She lyeth buried in our monastery according to her desire among the nuns.

"In the year 1613 upon Midsummer Day was professed Martha Holman, lay-sister, daughter of William Holman, dwelling at Winchester in Hampshire.

"In this said year was professed Sister Magdalen Throckmorton at the age of twenty-two years, and to her profession came a reverend priest, Mr. John Bolt, *alias* Johnson, who having known her in the world, was glad to see her so happily made a nun. This good priest, being a skilful musician, was content to stay and remain with us ever after, and did here set up all our music to the honour of God, teaching our Sisters to sing and play on the organs. And to say somewhat of him, he was one who truly contemned the world and desired to live poor all his life. For he had refused those preferments which he might have had in England, living two or three years in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, being in great request for his voice and skill in music; but the Court was most tedious unto him, being drawn by God to better things, for he had a great desire to become a Catholic, and therefore once seeing a fit time he stole away from the Court, and came to live among Catholics, where after some time he was reconciled, to his great joy. Although he had many allurements to seek after places of preferment, he would not accept of them, but desired much to come over the seas, which as yet he could not compass in some years.

"The Queen having heard of his departure, fell out with the master of music, and would have flung her

pantofle at his head for looking no better unto him ; but he lived secretly in gentlemen's houses, being welcome everywhere for his good parts. At length he fell into great trouble at the time that Topcliffe persecuted Catholics, who apprehended him for a priest, but the wicked fellow was mistaken. Notwithstanding he made him be kept a prisoner, and caused also irons to be put on him. He confessed that he was a Catholic, which alone was felony, for having been reconciled, but he cared not, and told simply the truth ; and our Lord took care of him and made his brother, who now is a Knight, to take his defence in hand. When the cruel Topcliffe sought to bring him to torments that he might compel him to confess what he knew of priests and Catholics, then did his friends so work for him that the Lady Rich wrote in his behalf a letter, having known him in the Court, so that at length, after much ado, he got free out of danger. He presently sought means to come over, although it was even then offered him to live in the Court at his pleasure without molestation of his conscience ; but he liked better to live in the Court of Christ, and therefore coming to St. Omer's, studied there in the College, and afterwards was made priest ; and coming here to the profession, as is said, we requested him to stay with us, which he was content to do, we taking him to keep as one of our Sisters without any pay, maintaining our music to the honour and glory of God."

Recent Publications.

On Preparation before and Thanksgiving after Communion. Taken from . . . the Venerable Father Nicholas Lancicius, of the Society of Jesus (Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, 1880).—The name of Father Lancicius is enough to guarantee the good doctrine and solid piety of this instruction, which consists of two short chapters. We are reminded by that great servant of God (who quotes St. Teresa to prove his point) that the first moments after receiving Holy Communion are not the most appropriate time for helping our devotion by fixing our eyes upon crucifix or sacred picture. In those golden moments we ought to address ourselves directly to our Lord present within us. Yet we may be quite sure that both St. Teresa and Father Lancicius would much desire that the richly indulgenced prayer, *O bone et dulcissime Jesu!* should be said at that time, if otherwise it would not be said at all, even although one of the conditions annexed to it is recitation before an image of Christ Crucified.

The Endowments of Man. A Course of Lectures by Bishop Ullathorne (Burns and Oates, 1880).—The Bishop of Birmingham holds out the hope of a future volume, to which this is proposed as a kind of preface. It is his first care to establish the condition of human nature considered in itself, and he gives us many useful lessons about free will and moral responsibility. Those who reject revelation very commonly proceed to reject also many of the natural truths known by the light of reason and conscience. Where the hopes of Heaven have no admission, it is

usual for self-love in its own defence to try to arrive at the persuasion that there is no such thing as having to render an account of what they do. With nearly all the philosophers who deny free will, the wish is father to the thought. Fatalism is the refuge of those only who have renounced all intention of seeking first the Kingdom of God, and who wander about in the darkness which they have chosen for their portion, asking one another wearily whether life is worth living or not, instead of taking a little trouble to make it well worth living.

Amongst the Flowers, &c. By Annie Allen. Thomas Richardson and Son.—Stories for children form a very useful branch of Catholic literature. These particular three stories deserve commendation, although the second has a little smattering of the “law of fear,” which should be left out of sight when there is question of First Communion. The practice of keeping children unabsolved till their First Communion, is a relic of the *bad* French school.

Abridged Course of Religious Instruction. . . . By the Rev. Father F. X. Schouppe, S.J. New edition (Burns and Oates).—This admirable compendium has reached a third edition already in the original French, and it is now translated a second time. Under the three divisions, Apologetic, Dogmatic, and Moral, may be found nearly all the information that is necessary for ordinary use either to Catholics defending the truth or to sincere inquirers from without.

Intention of the Apostolate of Prayer for November.

THE PRESERVATION OF CHRISTIAN TEACHING IN BELGIUM.

IN the Kingdom of God on earth the good and the bad, as in the field the wheat and the cockle, are to be found side by side growing till the time comes for eternal separation. There are in the Church in every age and in every country Catholics and Catholics, the true and the false, the loyal and the recreant, parents who prize above all the things of time the salvation of the souls of their children, and other parents who can calmly contemplate as a danger that does not concern them very deeply, a scheme expressly devised to destroy the faith and virtue of their children. We have already in strong terms, but not with more vehemence than the occasion called for, made our comments on the conduct of those Belgian Catholics who, knowing beforehand the sworn purpose of their present governors to make war upon children, have with their eyes open deliberately and nefariously helped them into office. Now we turn to a more pleasant subject. If too many Catholics in Belgium are answerable to God for the part which they took in the last elections as for a crime which He will not easily forgive, there are no doubt many more who sinned in ignorance, and there are, we know, very many noble-hearted Belgian Catholics, who have proved by the best of proofs, that of self-sacrifice, that they do not mean to surrender their children to the enemies of Jesus Christ. The law of Primary Education passed in June, 1879, ought to have been impossible in a Catholic country; the interruption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican ought to have been for Belgium an unrealizable absurdity; but now that by the culpable connivance of nominal Catholics—

without whose aid the infidel party would have been nerveless and powerless—and by the ignorance or supineness of many who now, when it is too late, regret their want of public spirit, impossible and absurd measures are “accomplished facts,” the efforts made by the true Catholics of Belgium to counteract the mischief wrought by false brethren are beyond all praise. They have declared in language which no Government can mistake, that Moloch shall not have their children, and, overtaxed as their resources are by the iniquitous laws which oblige them to support a system of education which they hate, they have yet found in rigid economy and Christian self-denial the means to furnish forth a second set of schools throughout the country. In this manner the victory gained by “the Infidel” is exceedingly like a defeat.

“They shall not have the white souls of our children, while in Flanders one Fleming remains,” so runs a popular song: “let them come: we will fight.”

Elle n'est pas a vendre,
L'âme de nos enfants ;
Nous saurons la defendre
Contre les mécréants.

An admirable organization has been established, consisting of local committees of Catholic education under the presidency of the curé or the archdeacon, which act in unison with the greater provincial committees formed of all the most influential Catholics in Belgium under the presidency of the Bishops. The work before them was appalling in its magnitude, but they grappled with it valiantly, and complete success will, it is hoped, soon crown their efforts. Already almost every parish has a Catholic school, supported by voluntary contributions, and these schools have drawn numbers of children from the establishments set up with the public money. The unholy law of Primary Education at once diminished the attendance in the public schools by 43 per cent. A few months later two-thirds of the children were under Catholic teachers.

It was agreed at starting that each parish must charge itself with providing the funds needed to save its own children from perversion. The burthen was cheerfully accepted, and the work progressed with astonishing rapidity. The rich gave generously of their abundance, and those who could not spare much gave in full proportion to the means at their disposal. The clergy have set the example of self-abnegation. Nor has the offering been in money only. Not the least admirable part of the tribute is the ill-paid service of the three thousand teachers who have abandoned comparatively good salaries for conscience' sake, preferring to do their duty on fasting fare rather than help in "the dirty work" of destroying the faith of children. It is computed that the amount subscribed to the Catholic education fund has reached the value of £800,000 sterling in money, and about half as much again in material—a magnificent protest, if we count the population. Vainly do the rulers of Belgium pretend that they act according to the wishes of the people. The pence of the poor subscribed in such amount to defeat legislation by constitutional means, give them the *lie direct*. The good success of the Belgian sacred war for the souls of children will certainly have the fervent prayers of all our Associates during the forthcoming month. Jesus, mercy! Mary, help!

PRAYER.

Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer to Thee the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in expiation of our offences, and for all Thy other intentions.

I offer them to Thee in particular for the preservation of Christian teaching in Belgium. Dear Lord, do not permit the children of this Catholic country to be torn from Thee by a conspiracy leagued with the powers of Hell, but crown with success the efforts of Thy servants who desire to save these souls. Amen.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic
regeneration of nations.*

NOVEMBER, 1880.

I. GENERAL INTENTION: *The Preservation of Christian Teaching in Belgium.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

1. Mon. ALL SAINTS.—Desire of Heaven; 3,715 various intentions.
2. Tues. ALL SOULS.—Charity towards the Souls in Purgatory; 8,087 dead.
3. Wed. *S. Winefrid, V.M.*—Mutual assistance; 2,116 graces of reconciliation.
4. Thurs. *S. Charles, B.C.*—Spirit of regular observance; 2,451 ecclesiastics.
5. Fri. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J., Patronage B.V.M.* Fourth Sunday of October.)—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Detachment; 1,605 temporal affairs.
6. Sat. *Of the Octave.*—(*S. J., B. Margaret Mary, V.* Oct. 31.)—Recollection; 2,303 interior graces.
7. SUN. *Twenty-fifth after Pentecost.*—(*S. J., Purity B.V.M.* Third Sunday of October.)—Attachment to the faith; 1,066 heretics and schismatics.
8. Mon. *Octave of all Saints.*—Perseverance; 5,314 graces of perseverance.
9. Tues. *Dedication of the Basilica of the Saviour.*—Good works; 2,847 spiritual enterprises.
10. Wed. *S. Andrew Avellino, C.*—Docility to Divine inspirations; 1,750 vocations.
11. Thurs. *S. Martin, B.C.*—Christian love of children; 1,574 houses of education.
12. Fri. *S. Martin, P.M.*—Resignation; 1,785 persons in affliction.
13. Sat. *S. Didacus, C.*—(*S. J., S. STANISLAUS KOSTKA, C.*)—Love of purity; 505 Church students and novices.
14. SUN. *Twenty-sixth after Pentecost.*—*S. Erconwald, B.C.*—Zeal of the house of God; 1,308 parishes.

15. Mon. *S. Gertrude, V.*—Ardent love of God; 8,197 nuns.
16. Tues. *S. Edmund, B.C.*—Spirit of wisdom; 1,108 superiors.
17. Wed. *S. Hugh, B.C.*—Simplicity of faith; 8,962 children.
18. Thurs. *Dedication of Basilica of the Apostles.*—Love of the Word of God; 592 missions and retreats.
19. Fri. *S. Elizabeth of Hungary.*—Trust in Providence; 3,349 parents.
20. Sat. *S. Edmund, M.*—(*S. J., Octave of S. Stanislaus.*)—Abandonment of self into the hands of God; 2,039 sick.
21. SUN. *Last after Pentecost.*—PRESENTATION *B.V.M.*—Gratitude; 2,572 acts of thanksgiving.
22. Mon. *S. Cecilia, V.M.*—Love of the Divine praises; 1,325 communities.
23. Tues. *S. Clement, P.M.*—Spirit of reparation for poor sinners; 4,773 sinners.
24. Wed. *S. John of the Cross, C.*—Self-conquest; 5,386 religious men.
25. Thurs. *S. Catharine, V.M.*—Firmness in the service of God; 6,380 young women.
26. Fri. *S. Felix of Valois, C.*—The grace to give ourselves without reserve to God; 856 First Communions.
27. Sat. *S. Gregory Thaumaturgus, B.C.*—Christian spirit; 3,299 families.
28. SUN. *First of Advent.*—Christian courage; 4,136 young men.
29. Mon. *Vigil.*—(*S. J., S. Didacus, C.* Nov. 13.)—Zeal for souls; 782 promoters.
30. Tues. *S. Andrew, Ap.*—Desire to extend the Kingdom of God; 505 foreign missions.

Intentions sent for publication must arrive in London not later than the morning of the first day of the month. It is recommended that they should be written on a page by themselves.

*An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works
offered up for these Intentions.*

The Intentions of the Archconfraternity of *St. Joseph of Angers*, and the *Children of St. Joseph at Brussels*, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Applications for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. Edward Murphy, S.J., St. Ignatius' Church, Galway. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, Tickets of Admission, Intention Sheets, large and small, may be had from F. Gordon, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Grandfather's Darling.

CHAPTER XXI.

"MONSTRA TE ESSE MATREM."

AT length the mother's reward—the reward of prayer and faith and brave endurance—came; Rosy's breathing grew lower and softer, the raving of delirious fancy had sunk into the silence of weak exhaustion, but there was hope in spite of her exceeding languor, for she slept a natural sleep. When she awoke, she was dimly aware that her mother was by her side, ready to give her something in spoonfuls, but she did not see the look of earnest thankfulness, the subdued eagerness in the face which had grown worn and thin with anxious watching—and with something else which was to be kept back till Rosy had grown strong again. That something, was the fact that there was no vessel to meet now, no news to wait for, no father to come back any more—Martin had been kept from sailing in the *Victoria* by sudden, serious illness and after a tedious struggle between death and life, death had been conqueror. The news reached Mrs. Martin when Rosy was at her very worst, when a kind of nervous energy enabled her to bear up marvellously under the shock; it was now—when the

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trying time of convalescence followed, when the difficulty to be patient in the fluctuating amendments and relapses almost overcame her, when mind and body were strained and weary—that her positive suffering came ; and with such a secret to guard lest the knowledge of it might injure Rosy, her lonely position made itself more felt. There are some who crave only to be left in their griefs and bereavements, who—even if friends surround them—cannot bear the very gentlest touching of the unhealed wound ; not such an one was Mrs. Martin. She was of those to whom a wordy sympathy is unspeakably precious, who revel in a patient listener, or one who can give woe for woe, harrowing incident for harrowing incident, so that it becomes a species of race for the culminating point of misery to be attained ; this being so, great indeed was the denial, great the unselfishness which kept her sorrow sealed within her breast, for the sake of her child. For many days Rosy had no inclination to talk, to ask questions ; she slept much and when she awoke she looked into her mother's face with a childish gaze as if the sight gave her pleasure, then closed her eyes again.

But by-and-bye intelligence came back, hard, painful, remembrance too, and her white face flushed a vivid red and she tried to hide her head in her pillow. She was thinking poor child that she must bear for her story to be dragged out bit by bit ; she recalled everything Mrs. Martin had uttered in the past concerning the satisfaction of a good name and character ; and she realized not *only* her mother's shocked pain, but how the tender love which crept out now in every look and gesture and trifling service, would be changed into the chilling performance of duty,—hard, stern duty. Yet it seemed a miserable thing to know that there was some dreadful but inevitable ground of discourse to get over ! Rosy was ready to believe that when all was told, she could not be very much more unhappy than she felt now that the past had come back, and disclosure was like a cloud which *must* burst

over her soon, and *might*, at any moment. This state of things lasted for one whole day, when mother and daughter could guess each other's thoughts, when their glances were averted, their words stood still, yet all the while Rosy was drifting back to feverish excitement. Evening set in, and Mrs. Martin sat by her cheery little fire trying to fix her mind upon her stocking-knitting for she had reached the critical moment which the experienced will recognize as "turning the heel;" it was like her methodical self to have fixed a precise time for speaking, to Rosy, and it was to occur when she had reached smooth water after this crisis in her occupation had been overgot.

She was very nervous, very much afraid of blundering. She wanted to be so tender to Rosy; she dreaded doing her harm by producing any distress of mind; and yet every sentence she tried to frame when she appeared to be *only* counting her stitches, seemed to be hard, cold, unmerciful. It was not only by her own judgment she had resolved that the seal should be removed which closed up this subject of sorrow; her one friend—the priest who had received her into the Catholic Church and who had been a great help in all her troubles—counselled her to win her child's full confidence now, that so the future might for both of them be different from the past.

But he could not, *would* not, tell her what she should say. He bade her ask God's help and trust to Him for fitting words, he bade her also seek by the intercession of the great Mother some of that Mother's loving pity and compassion for all weak, erring, sinful souls.

Yet, poor nervous fluttered Mrs. Martin had thought and prayed, and having triumphed over the stocking-heel, was hand to hand with the dilemma and had nothing ready; not one soft, pitiful word which might both open and heal Rosy's burdened heart! With slow, reluctant step she crossed the small room and sat down in her accustomed chair by the bed, thankful that the gathering evening and the absence of any other light than

the flickering fire, concealed the agitation she knew her face to be expressing. So much seemed to depend on the next few moments that her breath came quick and hard and she could feel herself trembling, yet—— She opened her lips to speak and all that came was a rush of tears, the tears which for Rosy's sake she had been so long restraining or shedding only in the lonely silence of her nights!

It was she who was weak, agitated unnerved then—but it was a fortunate weakness for it inspired Rosy with temporary firmness and strength. She wound her arms round that crouching figure and kissed the toil-worn hands which concealed the weeping eyes. "Mother, mother, I know what you are thinking, why you cry so terribly;" she said, and though low her voice was not unsteady. "It is because you know I have done something wrong, something wicked, and now I will tell you all. I have nothing to excuse me, nothing; for I have learned God's commandments. I never need have gone wrong, I never *should* have done what I have if only I had thought of Him, and prayed to Him and loved Him as I did when I was such a little thing. It seems as if I had no right to expect to be forgiven by you or father or even by God Who they say will never turn away any sinner who comes back to Him, besides over and over again He has warned me, and called me to leave the dangerous way I'd got into. Wait mother! let me talk just a minute more and it will be better to get it out than to worry all night as I have all day. Don't look up dear—perhaps you won't bear to be near me another minute—for mother," and here her tone sank into a whisper "I've been so bad as this. I've been *stealing* and I was found out and I don't know what will be done to me." She waited a minute—just one silent moment of intense surprise that there was no start of pain and horror, no shrinking from her clinging hands—what could it mean but that she had not been plain enough? that this simple mother of hers could not directly grasp the idea of shame wrapped round her child?

"Do you hear what I say?" she went on with a sob in her voice "I am a thief mother, I your own Rosy, the Rosy that Miss Harding used to teach, the Rosy that once seemed to love God and then turned away and *wouldn't* belong to Him even when you begged her. Oh mother say *something*, it's harder than any hard words to feel you won't even tell me I've disgraced you!"

And the first answer was her mother's kiss upon the flushed and throbbing brow, the mother's face not turned away, but looking at her with so wonderful a compassion that it made the homely features almost beautiful—then Mrs. Martin found words.

"My poor little Rosy" she said "I've been waiting to speak to you all day, but I'm a poor blundering thing with no learning to teach me what I ought to say. I wanted to tell you as I know all that's wrong, and what you did. I think I can most tell too how you was led on to do it, thinking you'd save up and make it all right some way or other; but that's not what we'll speak of now darling. You'll be easier because the truth's out to me Rosy, but there'll be no real peace for you till you've made it right with God and got His pardon for all. Ah child, many and many has been the night I thought you were dying—you've been so near God and the judgment Rosy—and on my knees and seeing there was no one but Him to hear me, I've cried out to Him to spare you just to get back to your right mind and repent of the sin, even if it was His blessed will to take you the next moment. I've not been a good mother to you child—not as I ought, by reason partly that it was just as if the sun had never risen and showed me the difference of light from darkness, until I was a Catholic—but yet there's nothing in my poor weak heart towards you but love, and free forgiving of you for anything you've ever done against me. Just think then of God Who is strong and great and good—so much too good and great not to outdo the very best man or woman on earth in forgiving! He is only waiting for you Rosy,

and He'll help you more than any mother, for we poor mothers can only forgive and pity while He—He can do away with the *sin*, wash it all out so there's nothing left of it! You'll come back to God now, won't you Rosy? it's Him I want you to think of instead of me or yourself. You'll not turn away from Him another day longer, will you child?"

Rosy was crying now most pitifully. "I don't want to turn away" she sobbed. "You'll think it's my way again of putting off and saying I can't but I'd be glad if only I could believe in it all. I could say every word I ever learnt in the Catechism mother about how sins are forgiven and what one has to do, but the faith seems gone and I'm thinking it shows that God has quite turned away from me, being so angry. If I'd never known, never been taught right it would be so different, but I who knew—oh mother there's *no* getting back! there's no pardon for me and I'm afraid of God, I wouldn't dare go in now to a Catholic Church where He is."

Such a state of mind was more than Mrs. Martin with her inexperienced, unlearned faith could grapple with; she gazed at Rosy in as much bewilderment as sorrow!

"I can't make out your meaning" she said slowly. "There's Miss Blond has forgiven you, she promises to say no more about it though she'd never take you back, and when I tell you that, I daresay you'll believe in it and not misdoubt me."

The silence seemed to indicate that on this point she was right. "Well then, there's me. You don't seem either to think it's not true as I forgive you all there is for me to forgive, and yet—why Rosy it's the same as saying that a woman who was a hard mistress, and a mother that's many a time been none too gentle, could act better to you than th' Almighty."

"No, I don't mean that. I know God is good and He forgives people—but not *me*, after all I have done

against Him. I can't even ask Him, I daren't pray to Him, it seems like mocking."

"Say just a Hail Mary then" pleaded Mrs. Martin. "Many a time of late I've been thankful to know that prayer—times when it seemed I wanted some kind helpful woman to pity me, when I hadn't the heart and courage as I may say to look up to one so great and high as God by reason of feeling He was trying me more than I could bear. I said so to Father Rivers one day and he seemed quite to understand and not to be so shocked as I'd expected. And he told me it was just at times when I felt like that, the Blessed Virgin would help me most and get me more faith and strength and courage to love and trust God. 'Try and look upon her as a Mother, just such a Mother as you would wish to be to your own child,' he said, 'excepting that she can do so much more for you. Go to her and tell her all that troubles you just as you would wish your Rosy to tell you, and I can promise you a pity and a love which the very best mother on earth is not able to feel towards her children.' So that is what I do Rosy, and seeing I can't read the prayers out of a book very easy; I keep to the Hail Mary which I've got by heart and after all there's nothing much I could say better, than ask her to pray for me."

But Rosy kept on crying and it was late before she slept at all, even then waking up every now and again in a panic of fear and excitement; Mrs. Martin would have believed she had done her child some great harm, but for the confidence she felt that her usual prayer could avert any ill results. She was right, for in the morning the sick girl was calmer and quieter and after her first awakening kept falling off into a restful sleep which the doctor declared to be better for her than either food or medicine just then.

So evening came round again and Mrs. Martin was at her customary knitting for she reserved it as a task for the twilight time; suddenly some step on the stairs sounded in

her ear and with a hurried excuse about "coming back in a few minutes" she disappeared into the adjoining room. Rosy felt very curious about this visitor; it could not surely be her father—she had forgotten all about him lately but her mother would have told her had he come home, besides his tread had been heavy and clumsy like a working man's. Yet this had been the step of a man, though slow and quiet, and the doctor had paid his visit and was not coming again for two days—Rosy wondered very much for another minute or two and then light came to her, it was, it *must* be the "Father Rivers" of whom her mother had spoken. She grew hot and she grew cold, she tossed about and then lay very still, and worried herself lest he might be brought in to see her, but fancied there was some consolation in murmuring "I'll not speak if he comes; I'm afraid to see a priest and I don't want one for I'm not a Catholic, I'm not *anything*. Mother mustn't bring him here." Nevertheless she was a little disconcerted when Mrs. Martin returned and sat down to her work as if nothing had happened and there was no news to tell—it gave her an unpleasant feeling of insignificance when she had decided that the priest's visit was meant for herself and with the view of persuading her to be a Catholic! Just before everything was arranged for the night Rosy asked her mother if Father Rivers had been to the house, and she was surprised that Mrs. Martin answered so quietly "Yes, he's been several times since you were ill knowing I was anxious and worried about you"—that was all, and something else was spoken of almost immediately. Had the priest seen her, and urged her to make her peace with God it is probable that Rosy would still have hesitated partly from real fear, partly from the caprice of extreme weakness and illness; but finding herself left as it were with the upbraidings of conscience, and the voice of the Holy Spirit speaking within her heart, she could endure no more and longed intensely for some one to help her to recover all that was lost, some one who not

only knew that there was pardon to be had for sin, but who had also power to give it in the name of Christ, the Saviour. "Mother, there was a little prayer-book Miss Harding gave me once. I'd like it now, but I don't know where it is," said Rosy next morning.

Of course Mrs. Martin could produce it, there was not the very smallest property which she would not have been able to bring forth from its rightful place in the dark, if only it was within her dominions. "You'll not hurt yourself reading will you dear" she said laying it on the bed with an anxious glance at the white wasted face of her child. "Say a few Hail Maries Rosy—it will be better than poring over a book."

"Yes mother I know. But I won't hurt myself; I only want to find the verse of one of the Church hymns. I've heard them sing it at Vespers and its all in Latin, but there's words in English for it and I want to find them. There's one verse that came to me in the night, I most think I've been dreaming of it." And after some difficulty Rosy found the beautiful *Ave Maris Stella*, which contained the words she had been thinking of.

Show thyself a Mother ;
Offer Him our sighs
Who for us incarnate
Did not thee despise.

The next time Mrs. Martin glanced that way, there were tears rolling slowly down Rosy's face and in a very broken, humble voice she said "Mother do you *think*, do you know if Father Rivers would come and see me? I want to get right, I want to get to God and I can't without a priest and oh mother—I'm so sorry for everything;" and then I think they both cried together for a little, though not with tears of unmixed sorrow.

It was not very many hours before the priest had come to Rosy's bedside and as he sat down, he saw the little prayer-book lying on the coverlid open at the place where she had been reading.

"*Monstra te esse Matrem*" he said softly under his breath, but Rosy understood and smiled faintly—she felt that it was the Mother's prayers which had brought her to the point of telling every sin to God now.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE OLD PLACE.

A MONTH had gone by and Rosy Martin called herself "well" although she was still weak and white and only able to sit quietly in an arm chair by the fire; but she was well enough to think, to resolve, to pray, to struggle against the restless irritability which always follows any serious illness. "I am a Catholic now"—was the thought which helped her to many a self-conquest, strengthened by the recollection that soon she was to be united to Christ by a very solemn, sacred tie; that in the Sacrament of the Eucharist He would not refuse to come into the heart which had so long been given away from Him. During this time she had spoken once or twice—but not very anxiously—of her father. "I thought he would be here long before this" she said. "Why mother it's hard on Christmas! he couldn't have sailed in the *Victoria*."

"No, I met the ship the day it came in dock—the first day after you got home and were so ill—and he wasn't there nor hadn't been heard of" replied Mrs. Martin quietly, but she moved away, affecting to perceive some dust in a remote part of the room and when that was done, something else occupied Rosy's mind. But in course of a few weeks there dawned upon the girl the consciousness that her mother always did this, *always* evaded her questions, or turned the subject aside, and she grew suspicious of some secret.

"Has father written?" she would ask.

"No darling, never a word since I had a letter saying he'd sail in the *Victoria*."

"Don't you feel worried about him mother?"

"No, not worried Rosy. He's safe enough, and please God you and me'll see him again by-and-bye."

Was even *mother* growing indifferent, changed, chilled by long separation?—Rosy would ponder over this view of Mrs. Martin's peculiar manner but it never seemed to her the right one, and at last she grew silent about the absent and asked no more questions. It wanted but ten days of Christmas, and Rosy was looking forward to the day for she was almost strong now, *by then* would be quite strong enough to go to church and make her First Communion. She was always thinking of it; thinking with a kind of wonder because such a blessing could be granted to *her*, one who had wandered, had sinned so sadly—she would have marvelled more had not she learned that it was the sinners, not the righteous, whose need brought Christ down from Heaven to earth. One day as she sat quietly at work with her mind travelling from future to past and to future back again, she noticed that her mother looked as if something special pressed on her which prevented her from being engrossed as usual in her occupations, also that she was unwontedly disposed to talk, and herself led the way to speaking of her husband.

"You were not feeling as if he'd be welcome, do you remember Rosy? that evening I called round to tell you he'd given up hope of any luck and was coming home."

"Yes, I know mother" and the girl flushed up with shame for herself "I was feeling bad altogether then; as if I'd no love for any one but myself. It isn't so now though, and I can't tell you how glad I'll be when father comes home. Oftentimes at night I start up thinking I hear him on the stair."

Then Mrs. Martin could restrain herself no longer. "Eh child, but you'll never hear father's step more! he'll never come home to you and me Rosy in this world. Please God, we'll see him in the next, and that's all I've got to pray for now."

She repented her words as she saw Rosy's deadly pallor, and frightened distended eyes. "I couldn't keep it to myself no longer" she moaned as if in self-excuse "I've bore it, and bore it for fear of doing harm to you Rosy till to-day, and I don't know what came over me but it seemed I must have it out. He was ill when the ship sailed out of port—too ill to go aboard ; and just a week after, he died in the hospital and the chaplain wrote and told me all about it. I got the letter one night I thought you were dying and—God forgive me—I believe I felt as if He'd clear forsaken me."

The girl's colour had come back but she still sat upright with a look of utter bewilderment. "He is *dead* ; you are sure ?" she said, and then in a tone of heartfelt sadness "Poor father ! and I thought hardly of him because he'd not done any good out there after all his promises."

"There's just one side to it that gives me a deal of comfort" continued Mrs. Martin. "When it comes over me to fret about him dying away in foreign parts instead of being buried nigh the rest of the family, I have to say to myself that sometimes death does things as life would never manage. For you'd hardly have thought Rosy, that when your poor father knew he had to die, there was no more talking as if he neither believed in God, nor Heaven nor Hell. 'I'll die a Catholic same as the missis and the little lass' he kept saying so the chaplain wrote to me, nor they couldn't quiet him till they fetched a priest, who kept by him to the end. And a Catholic he *did* die, God be thanked, and a week ago come to-morrow, a mate of his as just got back to England, brought me a little medal and a cross which was round his neck at the last and which he begged some one would give to me. I'll fetch it and show you Rosy" and Mrs. Martin retreated, conscious of a good excuse for a brief absence during which she might cry a little by herself. When she came back she was cheerful again, able to comfort Rosy to whom the shock and the pain were fresh and who was evidently feeling deeply.

"Yes mother—I know it's all true what you say! I know of course it's better far that he should die a good death than live as he did; and yet I can't help wishing he had come back to us even just for a day or a week" and she began to cry again, until a sudden thought stayed her tears, a *surprised* thought.

"Mother! I thought you couldn't bear London—why do we stay here?" she said quickly. "It was only for father we'd any need to do it."

"That's what I've been saying to myself many times lately" replied Mrs. Martin "but we're staying mainly now for you to get well. It *had* come into my mind that perhaps once get Christmas past, you'd not be loath to go away to some quiet place, it'd don't much matter where so long as one could breathe fresh air and have a flower or two growing round one and a green field to look at again. You and me don't need much to keep us; my sight is as good as ever for sewing and you are handy at your needle. We might perhaps get to mind a lodge at some gentleman's place like the places round about Hillingdon, but wherever we are we have only ourselves to look to Rosy and we could do better in the country nor in London. God knows we've seen too much trouble here to have reason to love it over and above."

Rosy was fully of her mother's opinion—London would always be to her the place where she had sinned and suffered, and she asked nothing better than to leave it for ever. "Could we, might we go back to Hillingdon?" she asked gently "would it make you very unhappy mother to be there again with everything so different?"

"Unhappy!" cried Mrs. Martin, and then feeling that strong expressions only could in any way indicate the emotions of her mind, she added "Why I'd be glad and thankful to go back if I'd to work in the fields and sleep in one of the barns o'nights. But I never thought you'd bring yourself to do it child, you who always have said it was so dull and stupid."

"I know all that" said Rosy sadly. "Oh mother dear, try and forget all those foolish, wrong, things if you can. Try and just think I'm the old Rosy, only bigger and taller and wanting to be so much better. Yet it's no use my saying it for even if you *could* forget, I can't—no more than I can really go back to the time when I didn't want to be anything grander or greater than poor grandfather's darling. Oh mother, if only *he'd* known what I was growing up to, it'd have well-nigh broke his heart."

"There, there"—and Mrs. Martin came over and took the girl in her arms as if she was still the tiny creature of the old, peaceful, sinless past. "Don't fret child, don't. I never wish I was a scholard and clever in book-learning but when I see you grieving over all that's gone—it seems as if I might know then what to say to you as I can't do, being what I am."

"Don't wish it mother, don't!" and Rosy looked up with a face like very April. "You're better than clever for you're good and patient and so forgiving—there couldn't be a better dearer mother no matter where you might seek one. If only I can make it up to, you a little!" she added.

From that day it became a settled thing to return to Hillingdon early in the new year, and by Mrs. Martin's desire Rosy wrote to several of "the gentry" who had known them well, asking for employment if any suitable opening offered. It seemed as if things were to arrange themselves satisfactorily, for a lodge was vacant on the estate of a family who desired nothing better than to see it tenanted by the much-respected Martins, and as it was situated almost nearer to Twyford than to Hillingdon there would be no difficulty concerning a Catholic chapel which they could reach. All this was fixed before Christmas Day and helped to make it a day to be remembered for its happiness. The snow was falling thickly and the wind swept round the corners of the streets penetrating even the warmest wrappings, yet Rosy could not let her mother's fears and forebodings keep her from braving the

weather and hurrying out in the early morning to receive for the first time, her God. Only a year ago, Mrs. Martin had knelt before another London altar, scarce able to rejoice in the great gift, scarce able to refrain from weeping because she was there alone—perhaps would never like other women, have child and husband by her side united in one faith, one hope, one supreme love. And now, she knew hardly where to begin or where to end her thanksgivings, for there was so much gratitude due to God. She did not forget that she had suffered, she did not forget that heart and hope had well-nigh failed her, and that she had been called to mourn over the dead; but even sorrow, even loss seemed as nothing as she glanced at Rosy's sweet downcast face and remembered—though not quite perfectly—some words which expressed much such rejoicing as her own—the rejoicing of a father over a son who also had been “dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.”

They did not talk much that day, each was so busy with her 'own thoughts; the old times were not even mentioned till late in the evening when Rosy said almost as if thinking aloud “I understand now why it was they ‘rejoiced with exceeding great joy,’ though it used to puzzle me so. Do you remember mother that Christmas grandfather died?—but I've got some of the joy for myself at last.”

Three times the trees had dropped their leaves, three times the snows of winter had fallen upon Hillingdon since Mrs. Martin and Rosy had returned to make their home near the old cottage which belonged now to a stranger. It had been a nine days' wonder to their former acquaintances, when it came out that they had some strong reason for their regular attendance at the unpretending little chapel in Twyford, that they owned with pride rather than hesitation that they were Catholics—a word connected in most of those unenlightened minds with misty conceptions of

"Bloody Mary" or Gunpowder Plot or Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. But when it was found that neither Rosy nor her mother were very greatly different in common daily life from those around them—except so much kinder, so much less given to gossip, so much more ready to do helpful services for every one in any sort of trouble—it was agreed that their religion effected no harm and did not necessitate their being shunned as the lepers of old, although the parson of a newly erected and pert-looking little Baptist chapel had hinted at some such course of procedure in more than one of his pungent sermons. During those three years, Dr. Johnson's small cottage in the outskirts of the village had been left to the occupation of an old couple who were supposed to keep it in order, but who dozed life comfortably away by the fireside or in the sunny porch according to the season. But in the early part of the fourth summer, it was plain that the little house had other occupants and when one of these proved to be a tall-grown handsome young man whose features were not altogether unfamiliar, the people of Hillingdon remembered the far-back summer when a merry lad had made friends with them all, and they were convinced this was he—the self-same "Master Harry" transformed by lapse of time.

Mrs. Martin had not heard the news before the first Sunday of the visitor's public appearance, and both she and Rosy were astonished to see the small attendance at Mass augmented by two gentlemen and one lady who never had appeared there before within recollection. Coming out, she was quite near to one of the party—a young man with bright eyes which met hers first carelessly, then with awakened interest. "Can it be Mrs. Martin?" he said eagerly "And is this Rosy? But I daresay you have forgotten me—Harry Harding. I did not know what had become of you, I have never been able to find you out since my Aunt Gertrude's death, but I certainly never expected to see you here in the old place."

Mrs. Martin would not have been loath to relate some of her varied experiences and the circumstances which had brought her back to Hillingdon, but the consciousness that the tall imposing-looking man who lingered a little apart was "Master Harry's" friend and waiting for his company, was a check upon her; she contented herself with smiles and curtseys and a few words which conveyed the idea that she was a little curious as to his appearance in those country regions.

"I came here for a week or two with Dr. and Mrs. Johnson" said Harry with all his boyish frankness. "They are the very best of friends, in fact I look upon them almost as parents. And I am going to be a physician by-and-bye, so if you find yourself ailing and want a first-rate opinion you'll know who to come to Mrs. Martin" and he laughed gaily.

But he had a word for Rosy before he turned away. "I am so pleased, so thankful to see you here in a Catholic chapel. It was my dear Aunt Gertrude's great desire, and I know that many of her prayers were for you."

Rosy blushed up and looked at her mother who was quite ready to answer for her. "Yes sir, thank you sir; I know you must be glad, and neither me nor Rosy will ever forget Miss Harding's goodness. And I'm a Catholic too, thank God, and my husband—he's dead sir away in Australy, but he died a Catholic."

"You have indeed good news for me" said Harry kindly, but he glanced at his friends and feeling he could not longer detain them promised to see Mrs. Martin again.

"Are they Catholics too?" she asked following his glance. "Dear! and I was surprised to see any one strange at our chapel."

"Ah no" and a little shadow came over the bright face but it quickly passed as he added "It will be so some day, I am quite sure of it; meantime they will always come to church with me and they are so good that God will by-and-bye give them just the one thing

wanting—even faith,” and with another smile he passed on.

“Hasn’t he grown mother, and yet his face is the same?” said Rosy. But Mrs. Martin did not answer, did not even hear the words—she had caught something which Harry was uttering and when she turned to look at Rosy it was with an expression of infinite satisfaction.

“I do call that pretty of him” she remarked “it shows that he’s not one to forget old times.”

“*What* shows?” asked Rosy wondering.

“Why, what he said to the lady as he went up to her. I suppose she must have wanted to know who we were but I can’t say, I only caught his words and I call it pretty of him to speak them.” “She was quite a pet of my aunt’s years ago, indeed that summer we spent at your cottage” says he. “I remember then the people in the village seldom called her Rosy—it was nearly always “Grandfather’s Darling.”

The Ursulines in Canada.

III.

GIRLHOOD OF MARIE GUYART.

FOUR years before the birth of Madame de la Peltrie, Mother Mary of the Incarnation was born at Tours, on October 28, 1599. Her parents, Florence and Jeanne Guyart, were excellent people of the commercial class. He was a silk merchant, but was not in prosperous circumstances. On the day after her birth, she was baptized in the Church of St. Saturninus, and received the name of Mary. Her mother brought her up most beautifully, teaching her to say the Holy Names the very moment she could lisp a word, and the child's greatest treat was to be taken to the churches. There she soon learnt to delight in watching the holy ceremonies, and would gravely rehearse them when she was at home. This, she thought afterwards, was an imperfection.

At seven years old, she had a wonderful dream, which she related herself, in these words. "I was about seven years old, when one night in sleep, I seemed to myself to be in the courtyard of a country school with one of my young companions. My eyes were fixed on the heavens, when suddenly I saw them opened, and our Lord Jesus Christ descending towards me through the air. As His Most Adorable Majesty drew near, I felt my heart all on fire with His love, and eagerly stretched out my arms to Him. The most lovely above the sons of men beautiful and attractive beyond description, lovingly embraced me, and then He asked: 'Wilt thou be Mine?'

I answered: 'Yes.' And having thus received my consent, He re-ascended in our sight to Heaven. When I awoke, my soul was so ravished with joy, that in my childish simplicity, I detailed the wonderful particulars to all who would listen to me. The sweet words of our Lord remained ever indelibly engraven on my memory, and so completely did they absorb my attention, that although I saw His Sacred Humanity, I afterwards retained no distinct impression concerning it."

From that time, with the utmost simplicity, the little child sought for and found her guidance from our Lord Himself. In all her little difficulties she asked for light alone from Him, and as years went on, and her troubles multiplied, she never turned from this holy practice of her childhood to the very last day of her life. From her earliest youth she might be seen—a little child of ten years old—kneeling for hours before the Blessed Sacrament, with clasped hands, like a little statue. One petition she never forgot to make, day after day, before she rose from her knees: "Dear Lord, let me see your Mother, just once, before I die."

Her days passed thus, divided between prayer, visiting the poor, and her education, and as the years went by, the bright, happy child, on whom every one loved to look—she was so fair and innocent—became a grave young girl of sixteen. She had already confided to her mother her great desire to be a nun, and her mother had no objection against her entering the Benedictine Priory at Tours, the Abbess of which was a near relative of her mother's.

It seems strange that the question of her vocation should never have been submitted to a director, but the truth was that Mary always thought she had no business to speak to her confessor except for the bare recital of her sins, therefore, as she said no more to him or to her mother about religious life, simply because of her timidity, her mother thought that the desire for it had passed away, and she prepared another destiny for her child. It was

the Providence of God, leading Mary by strange ways, to fit her yet more to be His spouse, and also to give her the greater knowledge and experience necessary to make her such a valuable labourer in the distant land for which He had destined her.

When Mary was seventeen, she was told by her parents that they had arranged a marriage for her. Though she had certainly not the smallest attraction for the state, indeed, quite the reverse (unlike Madame de la Peltrie in similar circumstances), she never thought of opposing her parents for an instant, but rather accepted their will, without a word, as that of the will of God. She told her mother that she would obey her, adding, that if she ever had a son she would dedicate him to God, and herself too, if she should ever be free to do so. After this she prepared to receive the Sacrament of Matrimony with as great care and forethought, as if she was entering on the first stage of a noviciate. Her first care was to arrange for herself a rule of life, in which her duties towards God, her husband, her servants, and her own soul were all carefully considered. She was far too real to allow her delight in prayer to be made a burthen or inconvenience to others. There was a saintly freedom of spirit about her which quite prevented all rigid piety, and an elasticity towards others that made her always seem "a cheerful giver" both to God and man.

IV.

MARRIED LIFE AND WIDOWHOOD.

MONSIEUR MARTIN, Mary's husband, was a well-educated, high-minded man, the owner of a large silk factory at Tours. He knew well the treasure he possessed in such a wife, though it is clear that there was some mysterious suffering she had to endure, connected with him, which lasted all through her married life, though she never revealed the nature of it. In writing to her son, after she

became a nun, she says : "The only comfort of my married life was that I was able to consecrate you to God before your birth, and that your father, who possessed a good heart, and had the fear of God, not only sanctioned, but even approved of my devotions. Regarding certain occurrences with which you are acquainted, and which are to be imputed to inadvertence, he regretted them most heartily and often asked my pardon for them with tears."

After the care of her immediate household, all her spare time was devoted to seeing after the spiritual and temporal wants of the workmen and their families, engaged in the factory. When they were at their meals she would often talk to them, sometimes repeating portions of the sermons she had heard, or tell them stories from the Lives of the Saints. This was her life for two years, at the end of that time Monsieur Martin died, leaving her very poor, with a little son of six months old. Again, the will of God was her consolation. As she had accepted the married state, believing it to be His blessed will, now she gave it up for the same reason, and cheerfully set her face to meet the crosses of her new life.

Her admirable conduct as a wife and mistress of a house had been so well appreciated in the neighbourhood, that before long she had many excellent offers of marriage. All these offers she gravely declined, too happy to feel that she was partially free to give herself more to God. When she had been a widow for a few months, she was walking one day in the street when our Lord gave her a sudden light to see the enormity of sin in general, and of her own sins in particular. She instantly stepped into the nearest church, which was that of the Feuillants. Her own words will describe what followed. "I entered, and seeing one of the Fathers standing in the middle of the chapel as if he had been expecting my arrival, I on the spot confessed the sins which had just been discovered to me, too intent on making reparation to Him Whom I had offended, to notice that I might easily have been over-

heard by a lady who had entered the church in the meantime. When I had finished, the Father gently told me to return the next day to his confessional, and I left without observing at the moment that I had not received absolution. This omission was supplied at my renewed confession the next morning. During the first year that I remained under the direction of this Father, I confined myself entirely to the accusation of my sins, thinking that nothing else should be introduced at confession, but having heard a pious girl say that it was not right to practise corporal austerities without permission from the confessor, I applied for it to mine, and he then regulated the amount of these, as well as the number of my confessions and communions. I returned home changed into another creature and that so completely that I no longer knew myself. I discovered with clearness the ignorance under cover of which I had hitherto thought myself very innocent, my conduct very harmless, and my whole spiritual condition blameless. After our Lord had opened my eyes I saw myself as I was, and I had to own that my justice was but iniquity."

After this manifestation of her conscience she felt her heart drawn nearer and nearer to our Lord.

Her father proposed about this time that she and her baby should live with him, and she chose for herself two rooms at the top of the house, where she had free leave to live just as she chose. She could give herself up to prayer, the care of her child, and yet leave a certain portion of time for the poor. This life did not last long, for very soon a married sister of Mary's persuaded her to assist in the management of a large business belonging to her brother-in-law. They well knew Mary's capabilities in that line, and she felt she ought not to refuse to make the sacrifice for the sake of her boy; also she was in love with crosses and humiliations, and she more than suspected that many would meet her in that house. Her re-appearance in the world, even to this extent, again drew upon her an offer of marriage, which her relations pressed her

very much to accept, representing the advantage it would be to her boy. For a moment she was staggered—it was but for a moment—yet this infidelity she regarded ever after as one of her greatest sins, and to it she attributed her many years of severe interior desolation in after life. The effect it had on her at the time, when the momentary weakness passed, was to make her bind herself by vow to God. She was then twenty-one years of age.

Again the Providence of God prepared for her an extraordinary trial in her brother-in-law's house. She had been asked to assist in the direction of the business (he was a Government contractor), and instead of this she found herself placed in the kitchen, a servant to the very servants of the house, and treated by all as a slave. Far from resenting this, she looked upon her brother-in-law and her sister as her greatest benefactors, obeying their orders most minutely, and carefully concealing her abilities for higher work. This life she led for nearly four years. Meanwhile our Lord was drawing her on to yet higher virtue. He revealed to her now the exceeding beauty of a soul, free from even a shadow of imperfection. She had a perception given to her of the sanctity of God Himself, represented under the forms of a great clear sea and a spotless mirror, reflecting the least stain, so that her horror of sin became intense, and would make her cry out: "O purity! O purity! hide, absorb me in thee, O mighty ocean of purity!" Her realization of the Divine Presence was so complete that she says of herself, that no necessary conversation, no duty to her neighbour, no business, could disturb it. Her corporal austerities kept pace with her love of mortification. By an ingenious device of mixing wormwood with her food, she so destroyed her sense of taste that years after, when she was in Canada, she could never distinguish between different kinds of food. Yet, from the moment of her daily Communion at the altar of God, till the next morning found there again, she was always bright, well, and cheerful.

At the end of four years, her brother-in-law and sister appeared to wake up to the sense of their unworthy treatment of Mary, and also to their blindness to their own personal interests. They asked her now to take the place they had originally offered to her, and Mary agreed to do so (thus fulfilling her secret vow of obedience), but she would not part with her old office amongst the servants; her love of humiliations forbid this. She tells us that she was often on the Quay at midnight, sending off or receiving bales of goods, and that the greater part of the days she spent in the stables amongst carters and porters, besides her other household cares. Sometimes she was so driven by the press of work that she turned to our Lord and besought His help. She never asked in vain. Our Lord indeed was showering favours on her, and one precious gift He gave her about this time, the gift of peace. Such peace that no outward action seemed able to ruffle the calm of her inmost soul. This was her reward for binding herself by vow to the Evangelical Counsels. That she might not lose greater merit, He permitted her from time to time to endure seasons of great temptation, when suddenly every duty, every prayer, every humiliation became unbearable. She was tried by scruples and tempted on all sides, yet her fidelity never failed, she never gave in, and for this new proof of her strong love our Lord deigned to show her His Heart—that Sacred Heart which in about fifty years from this time He was going to reveal in greater fulness to His faithful servant Margaret Mary, at Paray-le-Monial. This favour also was succeeded by a period of intense temptation, and her reward for her courage under it was a vision of the Blessed Trinity, when her soul became irrevocably united to our Lord in those mysterious espousals known to many of the saints of God. She was then in her twenty-seventh year.

V.

ENTRANCE INTO RELIGION.

WHEN her boy, Claude, was twelve years old, Mary thought that the time was come for her to fulfil the vow that she had made, even before her marriage, of going into religion, if she was ever free to do so. A voice was whispering in her ear, "Make haste, the time is come, it is not well for you to be longer in the world;" and she began to consider where our Lord would have her go. She reviewed in her own mind the different religious houses with which she was acquainted. Her old friends the Benedictines, the Carmelites (fresh from the hands of St. Teresa),* the Feuillantines Sisters, where she was aware that the General would allow her to enter; lastly, she thought of the Ursulines, who had lately founded a house at Tours, close to her brother-in-law's house, and as Mary passed before the convent from time to time she felt such an attraction for it, that she made it her business to find out all she could about the life of the inmates. She soon made an excuse to call on the Mother Francis of St. Bernard, the Superior, and without stating her object, she managed to find out a good deal about the Rule. It was their special object to picture in their lives, the Life of our Life, the mixed life, as it is called. They also undertook Christian education. This was the very thing she desired, and when her director Dom Raymond approved, and the Superior was willing to receive her, then she felt that our Lord was satisfied.

The difficult part was still to come, in the opposition of her family. Her old father and her brother and sister all tried to turn her from her resolve. She managed at last to convince them, but to part with her boy, from whom she had never been parted, except for a few days, since his

* St. Teresa died seventeen years before Mary's birth.

birth, to leave him an orphan, and yet to be living near, this was the sacrifice asked of her by the Sacred Heart—that Loving Heart.

On the feast of the conversion of St. Paul, 1631, she called the child to her. She told him that she had a secret to tell him, that she would not go away without explaining to him the step she was taking, though it was a grief for both. In very simple words she told him her intention. "This being so," she said, "will you not give me leave to obey God, Who commands me to go away?" The child hesitated: "But I shall never see you again?" Then she explained to him further that she was going to the Ursulines, close by, and that she would often see him. "Then I am satisfied," he said. After this she commended him to his aunt, desiring Claude to look to her as his earthly mother, but above all she desired him to look up and beg the Mother of God to be a mother to him. After she had signed him with the cross and given him her solemn blessing, the little procession set out for the convent, her niece carrying a crucifix in front, Mary and her boy following it to the door of the monastery, there she turned to smile another farewell to her boy, and the door closed upon her.

Speaking of her entrance to the convent in after years, she said: "Much as I loved my son, I loved my God far more." Perhaps she took comfort also from the remembrance (for it happened in 1609, when Mary was ten years old, and it had caused much talk in France) of how she had heard that the holy widow, St. Jane de Chantal, when she parted from *her* children, that she had to step over the body of her eldest son, who had thus tried to stop her when she was following her vocation. How bitter it must have been, and yet how beautiful and glorious had been the reward, even in this world.

The new novice entered on her religious life with great fervour. Everything was easy and pleasant to her. The will of God had been her one rule in the world, and now

His will was clearly shown to her in the commands of her Superior. It therefore cost her nothing to obey. Her happiness was so great that she would often touch her veil to be sure that it was true she had at last arrived at the pleasant haven for which she had longed for many years. The first cross came to her in consequence of her boy, Claude. He had doubtless felt lonely after his mother's departure, and, like a child, he repented his generosity in giving his consent, then he was worked upon by his companions to think himself ill-used, and it ended by the little band of school boys leaguering together to attack the convent, Claude taking the lead. There was something ludicrous in the way the boys set to work to annoy the nuns by rushing into the cloisters and corridors (they happened to be able to do this as building was going on, and the convent was in the hands of workmen), they pelted the windows and made as much disturbance as ever they could, but it had its pathetic side also, for the mother inside always heard above the tumult the shrill voice of her boy, calling out "Give me back my mother! Give me back my mother!" She tried her utmost to quiet him when he was captured and brought to the parlour, to her grief she found that her old influence over him was gone for the present. The disturbances went on perpetually, till on one occasion Claude rushed up the church while Mass was going on, and began to hammer with his fist at the grating behind which the nuns were praying, shouting out his one cry, "Give me back my mother!" After this feat it was necessary to take serious steps for his removal from Tours, the Archbishop interested himself in the matter and arranged that he should be sent to the Jesuit College at Rennes.

She had another cross during her noviceship. The loss of her old director, Dom Raymond, who had been sent away from Tours to be Superior of another house in France. Her new spiritual guide did not understand the state of her soul and thought she was under delusions; she

suffered much in this way till shortly before her profession, when Father de la Haye, a Jesuit, well known to the Ursulines, came to preach the Lent in the Cathedral. He was told of her spiritual trials by the Reverend Mother, and with great charity and after much prayer he consoled the tortured soul by his judgment that she was guided solely by the spirit of God. He completed his act of charity towards her by undertaking to look after Claude, who had been troublesome at Rennes, taking him back with him to the College at Orleans where Father de la Haye was then residing. So with a calm and thankful heart she was professed in January, 1632, in the thirty-third year of her age, taking for her name "Mary of the Incarnation." This name was already in veneration, as having been borne by the holy Carmelite, Madame Acarie, who died in 1618. She also was a widow, and it seemed peculiarly appropriate that the perfume of her virtues should thus be wafted even to "New France."

Two years after her profession (she was then Novice Mistress) she had her famous vision of Canada and her vocation. "I saw," she says, "a lady in secular dress who took me by the hand. Together we went, by rugged paths, till we come to a lovely spot on which a beautiful building stood, roofless. Near at hand I saw a lovely little marble church, with a seat on the top of it, on which our Lady was seated holding our Lord on her knees. She was gazing sadly at the desolate region around her. I let go my companion's hand to stretch out my arms towards her. She seemed to speak to her Divine Son, then she turned her face towards me. Three times she repeated this action. Words fail me to describe her exquisite beauty and grace. She looked about sixteen. My companion was standing two or three steps off and saw our Lady sideways. I awoke with an intense feeling of joy and peace, but I knew not the meaning of the vision." This was how the prayer of her childhood was answered: "Dear Lord, grant that I may see your Mother, just once, before

I die!" When she gave an account of the vision to her director he suggested that the country she had seen might refer to Canada, as already the Mission was becoming more and more interesting to Frenchmen, though Mary of the Incarnation herself had never heard of it. She was confirmed in this view, when a few days afterwards she received the "Report" of the Mission, sent by Father Poncet, who was going out to the Huron Mission (as we have seen he had sent the same Report to Madame de la Peltrie). To Mother Mary of the Incarnation he also sent a miniature pilgrim staff brought from Loreto, asking her half in joke whether she would not take it up and join him as a missionary. Close on this came Madame de la Peltrie's letter, then her arrival at the convent. By all these signs Mary of the Incarnation knew that our Lord Himself was speaking to her and not in "uncertain sounds." Would she not "prepare for the battle?" "O my great God!" she said, "Thou art omnipotent, and I am all weakness; if Thou wilt assist me I am ready. Do in me and by me Thy most adorable will."

Convent of English Augustinians at Louvain.

VI.

IN the year 1614 was professed upon the 17th of August, Sister Helen Brittan, daughter to George Brittan, of Montfarden in Wiltshire, an Esquire of an ancient noble family, who married a niece of the Earl of Southampton, and suffered many troubles for his conscience, insomuch that having a priest taken in his house he was condemned to death, but escaped by means of good friends and remained confined to his house, having made away his estate unto his eldest son, Sir Henry Brittan, the rest of the children were left to the Lady Catharine Cornwallis, their cousin to take care of them, their mother being dead, and himself living a holy retired life, saying daily the Roman Breviary and giving himself to prayer and good works. This his daughter Helen Brittan not liking to live according to the said lady's appointment, got her good will that she might come over seas to her cousin, Mrs. Fortescue, who lived at St. Omer; this way did Almighty God take to draw her to Himself, for as yet she had no intention to religion, but only to see these countries and learn French, but that Supreme Goodness, Who loved her and had chosen her for His spouse, turned this vain intention of hers to a better aim, for she got by little and little a desire to undertake some religious course, and tried for a while the life of the Poor Clares, living some weeks as a scholar without, but her health would not serve for so hard an Order, whereupon returning from Gravelines to St. Omer, her cousin Fortescue being much affected to our monastery wished her to seek a place here, and also wrote in her behalf to our Reverend Mother. So that

on her coming hither she was admitted, having also sufficient good means of her own, and passed here very well without any want of health, so now made her profession upon St. Lawrence's octave at the age of twenty years.

"The same year, upon St. John the Evangelist's day in Christmas, died our Reverend Father, John Fen, having been long time decrepit and blind through old age, he lived a true sincere man, one of the old stamp, and served God faithfully, our Lord rewarded him with an easy death and took him out of this life upon his patron, St. John's day. He was also a skilful musician in song, but not in instruments, and did teach our Sisters both at St. Ursula's and here before Mr. Johnson came. He left to us at his death in a manner all that he had, whereby the foresaid things of his which were used in our church were now ours and divers good things besides, as a fair golden cross, also a library of books, which are still retained in the Father's house, as a good help to our ghostly Father. This worthy Father is buried in our cloister.

"On June 29, 1615, was professed Sister Winefride Blundell, daughter of William Blundell, Esquire, of Little Crosby in Lancashire, who hath suffered very much for his conscience, and his father died in prison for having a priest taken in his house and deceasing there, as is said, they proceeded in the rigour of justice against his son, but he at the cost of his purse made a shift to escape their hands for that time, yet suffered many troubles and molestations afterwards, so that he was forced to lie all night abroad, when pursuivants beset his house, which was once for fourteen days together, upon the report of a wicked priest that fell and became Minister, discovering what he knew of Catholics. Another great trouble befell them upon this occasion, there died in the parish a poor woman, and because she was a Catholic they would not bury her in the church, but in a great common so nigh the highway that the horses travelling along did almost dig the dead corpse up again, which being told to Mr.

Blundell, he, for charity sake, inclosed in a piece of ground of his own with walls, for he had stone enough, and after this all the poor Catholics that died thereabouts were buried there; some did put stones upon their graves with crosses, according to the Catholic manner, yet this was done without the owner's consent, with leave only of his wife. But at length, when about eighty had been buried there, comes the High Sheriff with thirty men and pulled down the walls, knocking the stones to pieces, both those of the walls and those that lay upon the graves, and carried away the crosses in mocking manner; also digged some part of the graves, and sounded their trumpet, coming and going away in great pomp; and for permitting this place of burial was Mr. Blundell fined to pay £1,000, and being condemned in *præmunire* was condemned to pay £1,000 more. Thus doth Almighty God permit His faithful servants awhile in this life to suffer for Him that they may rejoice and triumph the more for ever in heavenly glory. For both this gentleman and his wife were good and virtuous persons bringing up their children in the fear of God, and the mother would oftentimes essay her daughters if they would be religious; one of them was willing, and after some years of delay upon occasions that happened, at length, Mr. Worthington being then in England, at his return hither, took with him this daughter of theirs to be religious in our monastery, so she entered together with his daughter Anne. She changed her name from Margaret to Winefride at her profession, the age of twenty-three years.

"The same year, 1615, was professed Sister Anne Worthington, daughter of our often-mentioned friend, Mr. Worthington, of whom it shall not be amiss to say something in this place, for his father died in prison a constant Catholic, and himself being then a youth and the eldest son, was not only imprisoned, but also whipped, for to make him confess something about priests, yet they prevailed not by this means, for indeed their house was a

receptacle for priests and religious men. Wherefore, after many losses, this good Mr. Worthington lived here in these parts upon a pension of the King of Spain (he being nephew to Dr. Worthington of happy memory), that was many years President of the College at Douay, and this young gentleman having, as is said, married Mrs. Allen's daughter, his first child, named Anna Johanna, at her christening, Mrs. Allen, her grandmother, would needs take to keep as her own, and that she might give her unto God she put her to be brought up first at St. Ursula's, and afterwards here at St. Monica's, when the English nuns removed, so that this his daughter Anne had her education in these two monasteries all the time that Mrs. Allen lived, except sometimes coming home for a little while; but after her grandmother's death, her father took her out of our cloister, being about eleven years of age, that she might see the world before she made her choice, and having at this time occasion of going into England, took his daughter with him, his wife and other children, except the eldest son, which remained in the English College at Douay. And at her return into these parts, she being now about the age of fourteen, was content to enter again into religion, although the vanities of the world had much allured her in that youthful age, for finding liberty in place of her holy religious education, if the grace of God had not prevailed in her, she would easily have yielded to follow it, but our Lord, Who from her very cradle had chosen her for Himself, did not leave to send His holy inspiration into her soul, and also afflicted her with sickness in the world, in such wise that whatever difficulty she felt in nature, heroically by the help of Divine grace she overcame, and entered again to her former habitation of our cloister soon after her coming out of England, and was now professed at the age of sixteen years.

"This year also, 1615, a widow made her profession of a converse, or White Sister, named Elizabeth Clifford, daughter to John Thimelby, of Ernam in Lincolnshire,

Esquire, of ancient house, who, becoming a Catholic when this his daughter was about fourteen years of age, after he embraced the Catholic religion was so constant therein that for more than fifty years, being almost a hundred at his death, he suffered persecution ; he was not permitted to pay the statute, but always two parts of his estate. Once he was prisoner in Lincoln Castle, and his sons taken from him and put to divers lords to keep, but God's grace so prevailed that none of them could be induced to heresy. This his daughter was brought up with her grandmother, by reason that her mother died when she was but three years old, and her said grandmother being a Protestant, brought her up morally and married her according to her degree ; but she liking better of her father's religion, gave herself to the reading of Scripture, that she might the better confute the adverse part, for finding the heretics to halt both in good life and in their opinions, she would dispute with the parsons and speak so well in the defence of Catholics, as if she had been one herself. Being, as is said, married at the age of twenty unto Henry Clifford, Esquire, of Brakenberie, in the same Lincolnshire, and of near kindred to the Earl of Cumberland, she had by this her marriage nine children. Five died young, but all christened. Her husband being a Protestant, she remained so likewise, although well-minded, until at length she had a scruple to live so long against her conscience, and so got by her father's help to be reconciled with her husband's liking, for he rather was Catholic minded than anything else, but after this he was enticed to go with the Earl of Cumberland into Spain, and being desirous to have experience in such matters, went with him as one of the chief men in his fleet, but had such ill luck in the voyage that he died there, whereupon this his widow, like a good mother, took care of her children to bring them up Catholics, and in respect that the eldest son and two daughters were provided of temporal means, and her youngest son was taken of a very rich man in that shire,

who, having no children, intended to make him his heir; but the mother, seeing he was there bred up in heresy, resolved to take him thence, and rather for his sake to come herself over seas with him that he might come to learning by Catholic teaching. This her good intention Almighty God rewarded with greater benefits also to herself, for having placed her son in the College of St. Omer's, and living in the town a retired life, she once would needs come a pilgrimage to our Blessed Lady's of Sichern, where it happened that at her return thence into this town, being then the Holy Week, she was unwilling to travel in that good time, but desired one of the Fathers in the College of St. John's to help her to some place, that she might not lie in an inn. He then got her to be lodged and boarded here in our Father's house for one fortnight, in which time hearing our bell at midnight to call up the nuns to Matins, she got a desire to come amongst us, and asked if she might not be admitted for a White Sister, offering also good means. Our Reverend Mother did not deny, nor yet fully grasp her request, but told her she would send her further word. So back she goeth to St. Omer, but being there, our Lord permitted an occasion to drive her hither again with haste, for she was so troubled with a suitor, who, being a gentleman of good fashion, would fain have had her in marriage, that for to avoid his importunate molestation she comes hither again, and spake so earnestly as she was admitted into our monastery, and might have been a nun but that she was loth to bind herself to the Great Office, being so much in years, although healthy; so she was professed at the age of fifty, and having been widow some sixteen or seventeen years, made now a most happy second marriage, being raised by God Himself to the dignity of becoming His spouse, far above her expectation.

"The same year, 1617, upon St. Mary Magdalene's day, was professed another White Sister, Mary Fortescue; her father of no great estate, but of ancient family. Their

house was a receptacle for all priests and religious men without partiality or exception. At length, being now aged, they desired to come and end their days this side the seas, where they might enjoy the free exercise of Catholic religion without continual fear and molestation as before; their two daughters being also well bestowed in marriage with good Catholics; this their youngest daughter, Mary, they would have to come over with them, who, being very crooked, was not so fit for the world. But she, although unfit in body, had not yet unfitted her mind from the vanities of the world, therefore was unwilling to come with them, desiring rather to live with her sisters in pleasures and the delights of following her own will; yet, notwithstanding, to obey her parents, she condescended; but for one year or thereabouts living at St. Omer, she continued still in her vain mind, until that once, upon the First Sunday in Advent, being at a sermon in the chapel of the English Jesuits, where the preacher discoursed upon the Gospel of the General Judgment read in the church on that day, she became therewith so moved, and Almighty God so touched her heart, that from thenceforward she wholly changed her former life, as also her gay apparel, going after that decently attired in black, and giving herself very earnestly to spiritual exercises. She had a great devotion to St. Mary Magdalene, taking her for patroness, and also desired much to enter among the English Jesuitrices which then lived at St. Omer, but her parents, being nothing affected to that kind of life, would not permit her. So she lived about some three years a good, virtuous, and recollected life with her parents, until at length, desiring to become religious, but fearing her weakness of body by reason of her crookedness, she understood that we took here some for White Sisters who were not bound to rise to Matins as the nuns, nor to the Great Office, yet made the essential vows of religion and enclosure so well as they. Wherefore her parents, who much affected our monastery, procured her place here, and we

liked her by reason that, having a fervent spirit it helped her so, that her former weakness hindered not from the exercises of religious life, and made her profession upon the day of her beloved patroness, St. Mary Magdalene, the age of twenty-six.

“The same year, 1617, upon the 11th of September, was professed Sister Catharine James, daughter unto Sir Harry James, a knight of a good estate, who, marrying a gentlewoman that was of very Puritan kindred and brought up so likewise, he notwithstanding, after marriage, prevailed so with her that, by the concurrence of God, she became a very good Catholic, and so they lived many years, until at length he grew somewhat crazed in his wits, as it was thought, and went to church, as also would have had his wife to do the like, but she who had followed him in good would not follow him in evil, remaining still so constant a Catholic that at length, not being able to endure his mad proceedings towards her, she got away from him, and as the proverb is, came from God’s blessing into a warm sun, for her sister, the Lady Cary, unto whom she made her refuge with her other friends, although they willingly received and shrouded her from her husband, yet they did so molest her with bringing ministers to persuade her to alter her mind and become a heretic, that she endured for some time great vexation amongst them, until at length, seeing this worthy lady to remain so constant and immovable in her religion, they left off to molest her any more and kindly assisted her with temporal means. Another great trouble she had about her children, but they were all so godly and well disposed, that their father could not make them go to church and do as he did, although he kept them from their mother, and the younger sort of them, three daughters, among whom was this his daughter Catharine, were put to a woman in London to learn, paying but a very small matter for their board, notwithstanding God ordained so that they were not ill-used ; but yet at last the good mother got means to have them away

and took them to live with her. After this the said Sir Harry James turned again and rose up from his fall, becoming a Catholic, and then fell into great trouble for his conscience, insomuch that at length he was condemned in præmunire and into perpetual imprisonment, where he continued constant in the faith all his life, and died in prison. But the mother brought up her children with great care, so that three of the daughters became religious in several orders, one was professed a Poor Clare at Gravelines, this other named Catharine was recommended to our monastery, and the third was sent to St. Benedict's at Brussels. So did Almighty God dispose the sisters on earth that they might with the greater joy meet together in Heaven for wanting the company of each other in this life, which said Catharine was now professed at the age of eighteen years, on SS. Protus and Hyacinthus' day, in the octave of our Blessed Lady's Nativity.

"The same year, 1618, was professed Anne Stonehouse, daughter unto Christopher Stonehouse, a good man and most constant Catholic, dwelling in Dunsley, two miles from Whitby in Yorkshire. This man's father dying when he was a little boy, the officers took away a house which he had bought, because he was a Catholic, and left his widow only a poor cottage and one cow, whereupon she lived and kept her son at school with the labour of her hands. Being a very towardsly youth, he devised means to help his mother. Wherefore, the fashion being then to wear straw hats, he would dye straw of divers colours, and making extraordinary fine hats, got money; for they lived so poorly, that when he went to school he had but a little bean bread and an egg. It happened once that a man who had a good trade of working in jet and amber, seeing the boy, liked him well, and took him for to teach him his trade; which he learned soon, being very apt. This master of his being no Catholic, it pleased God by a strange means to convert him. For he saw a book lying on the stool where he used to sit, and looking on it, found it was

a Catholic book, and reading therein was touched with such remorse, that he said to this youth, 'Oh, what shall I do? I am damned unless I become a Catholic.' His servant needed no persuasion, because he knew what true religion was of his parents. After his master was reconciled he died, and leaving one son, recommended him to his servant, that he should teach him the said trade as he had taught him. He did so, and took care of him in such wise that, by the young boy's work and his own, he hired a house and lived pretty well. Then also he set himself in most godly manner to harbour and receive priests and religious men. Whereupon he began to be so persecuted, that he had scarce any quiet all his life long, but was either in prison, or still in danger to go there again when he was out, for he never left receiving of priests. They provided him of a wife named Frances Smith, a good Catholic like himself. It happened when his wife lay in of her first child, the officers of justice, seeing him ever so constant and immoveable in his religion, put him into prison, thinking that for the love of his wife and child, and for not to be absent from them, he would yield: but perceiving he was all one, they thrust him into a dungeon, and gave him only the straw whereon a corpse had lain of one that was dead there a little before; and in the night the rats and mice did so vex him with noise as if the dead man's ghost had been thereabout. Afterwards, when he got himself released from prison, it was always to come again when they pleased. He begged of Almighty God that if ever a priest were taken in his house he might be martyred with him, but God ordained so that never any one was taken. Another thing he also proposed, that if our Lord did send him two daughters, he would name the one Anne and the other Mary, and give them both to God, which indeed happened accordingly. For to speak now of his daughter Anne, her mother died when she was but ten years old; and after, the priests provided her still of places in Catholic gentlemen's houses, and living once with the

Lady Anne Ingleby, there was another maid in the house who had a mind to be religious, and this wench, together with a man who afterwards became a lay-brother in the Society of Jesus, would still be talking in praise of religious life, whereupon she got also a great desire thereto, but kept it to herself for seven years, because she knew not how to attain it. Yet she hoped in God that He would ordain some means, and hearing a story of one that desired to be religious, not knowing how to obtain such a good, fasted every Saturday in the honour of our Blessed Lady, that she would help her, and at length had her desire fulfilled by a means which was miraculous, and would be too long to recite here, she now also fasted on Saturdays for the same end. And our Lady assisted her likewise, for the Lady Babthorpe, of whom we shall speak at large hereafter, sent into Yorkshire for the fore-mentioned maid who desired to be religious, to come over to her that she might help her into some monastery; but to see the inconstancy of minds if they be not still assisted by God, she who before talked so much of it, had now no mind at all, wherefore this our Anne, seeing it to be a fit time, dwelling then with Lady Palmes, daughter to Lady Babthorpe, discovered her mind to her ghostly Father, who sent her in the other's place, and so she came and served that lady in this town about a year, and desired her lady to speak that she might enter here for a lay-sister, and humbly desired to be always kept within doors, so was admitted, and her time of probation being passed, we liked her well, and she made her profession upon St. Ursula's day, 1618, at the age of twenty-seven years."

1680 and 1880.

THE last week of November in the present year has witnessed a celebration which, for many long years yet, must remain unique in the annals of Catholic England. The city of York, it is well known, possesses the singular treasure, in the eyes of Catholics, of the oldest convent in the country. We shall not endeavour to anticipate the work of the future analyst of the famous Convent of the Bar, by attempting here any account of its first foundation. It is enough to say that it is an offshoot from the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, which now flourishes so luxuriantly in Bavaria, Austria, and other continental countries, the religious of which are commonly known by the name which so touchingly describes their origin, amid the storms of the seventeenth century—"The English Virgins." In our own time this Institute has shown itself gifted with great powers of expansion and increase, and, if the whole number of its religious could be reckoned up, they would be found inferior in multitude to few of the more well-known orders in the Church. In the countries in which they flourish the most, the "English Virgins" have so rooted themselves in the hearts of the people, that in many towns and cities the whole female population receives its education at their hands. What distinguishes them above all things is a faithful observance of the very admirable rule which they have inherited from their first members, and a wonderful spirit of recollection, combined with active charity. But we are not now to sing the praises of the religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin. Our present purpose is with the house at York, which is, as has been said, the oldest of our existing convents in

England, having been founded in the very heart of the country at a time when it was impossible for other orders to find a holding for their feet. The celebration of the bicentenary of such a house marks an epoch in the religious history of our country, and naturally attracted a large company of visitors, both from among the clergy and the Catholic families which have from time to time confided their children to the care of the nuns of York.

The Convent of York stands just outside the walls of the lesser half of the old city, which lies to the south bank of the River Ouse. The walls are still in perfect preservation on that side of the river, and afford an interesting walk to the visitor, who may look down, if he likes, from that part of them which runs from the old gate—Mickle Gate—to join the south bank of the river after it has passed through the city, and see the nuns and children walking in their ample garden. They seem very much unmolested in their privacy, and we suspect that the good people of York are not altogether without some pride of their own in their convent, which has stood so wonderfully through so many trials, and which has been so much and so deservedly beloved by many of the county families. At the moment at which we write, the view of the grounds from the walls is likely to be intercepted to a great extent, by the new building which is to rise along the wall of the garden enclosure, the principal part of which is to be devoted to a new infirmary. The school, which has always held a very high position among the Catholics of England, is at present suffering from the consequences of a fever, which, rather more than a year ago, not only swept off some of the community, but made it necessary also to send the children home during the schooltime. Let us hope that the visitation will not soon be repeated, but, should it come again, the new infirmary will permit of the immediate and complete isolation of any case of infectious disorder. The grounds will still be unusually large for schools in such a position, and the convent stands so near to the open

country that the children are able to enjoy all its advantages. We have never seen a brighter, happier little family, and though at present they hardly number more than a score, and are most of them young in years, even for the inmates of convent schools, they discharged their part in the late celebration with a quickness and cleverness which speak volumes in favour of the care bestowed upon them by their teachers. What with recitations, and tableaux, and a concert—in which their music shone to great advantage—and the performance of a Calderonic drama, in very good verse indeed, and with beautiful songs interspersed, the young ladies certainly did a great deal to help to make their visitors wish that, if possible, the centenary might come more than once in their lives.

The community now numbers between thirty and forty members, and as they have no external work beyond the education of the children confided to them, it is not likely that that principal object of their institute should run any chance of neglect. It seems hitherto to have been the lot of the convent of York rather to assist others to found new branches, or even new institutes, rather than themselves to expand. Few things show better the wisdom and large foresight of the late Archbishop Murray of Dublin, than the fact that he selected the Convent of the Bar, as it is fondly called, for the spiritual training of the two ladies whom he used for his own foundations in Ireland—Mary Aikenhead and Frances Ball. The convent of York has always preserved the purest and highest traditions of the religious life. For a great number of years the English Fathers of the Society of Jesus furnished the successive chaplains of the community, and the Rule itself is in great measure founded on that of St. Ignatius. Since the beginning of the present century, when the line of Jesuit chaplains ceased, the traditions of the house have been most carefully maintained by the Superiors and their spiritual guides. The result is that nowhere, perhaps, is to be found a religious house in which the old solid, quiet,

homely, deep, practical spirit of piety and virtue, for which our Catholic ancestors were famous, has taken more lasting root. There is nothing too old-fashioned about the nuns of York, and yet they are just the persons that we can imagine to have peopled the old homes of the religious life in this country before the change of the national religion. Here was a stock from which grafts might be taken with perfect safety, and the result has been what all who know them admire so much in the spiritual children of Mary Aikenhead and Frances Ball, the Irish Sisters of Charity and the nuns commonly called of Loretto.

But, though the old stock at York has been so invaluable to those who have had to seek for religious training of the highest kind for the purpose of beginning fresh works for the glory of God, in England or Ireland, it does not follow that all its shoots are to be transplanted and none kept for the soil of their own country. We feel sure that no one among the large company of bishops and ecclesiastics of every grade who were assembled last week at the famous old Convent of the Bar, but would be glad to see the nuns in a position, not only to give the highest kind of education to the children confided to their own immediate care, but also to imitate the example of their Sisters of the German branch of the Institute, in their fertility in new foundations and fresh works of charity and zeal. Many a prayer will have been suggested by the few happy days which were passed within the walls of St. Mary's, that the time may soon come when the benefits of such an Institute may be extended to other places, and even to other classes besides those of the Catholic families of the north, which owe so deep a debt of gratitude to the successive generations of religious women who have kept alive among them the traditions of education of the noblest kind, as well as of their ancestral faith.

Stella Matutina.

WHERE art thou fled thou blessed one?
 While hearts are sad for want of thee.
 No joy is left now thou art gone,
 No comfort in their misery.
 Thy smile was light to English eyes—
 That smile we may no longer see,
 Not now thy path in England's skies,
 And we are sad for love of thee.

Far have we wandered from the way
 Whereby the eternal goal is won;
 This darkened land wherein we stray
 Knows neither Mary nor her Son;
 But all is cold and full of fear,
 The sky so black we cannot see:
 O Mother, for sweet pity hear!
 Our hearts are sad for love of thee.

Arise once more, in splendour rise!
 For this poor world hath need of thee.
 Wilt thou not hearken to our sighs,
 Who art all' mercy? Wilt thou see
 The souls for whom thy Jesus bled
 Forsaken in their misery?
 Or wilt thou, by the Blood He shed,
 Win back our isle to Him and thee.

C. W. B.

Recent Publications.

The Life of the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann.
 . . . By the Rev. Prosper Goeppfert (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1880).—The Society of the Holy Ghost was founded by Claude Desplaces in 1703, dispersed in 1793, and restored in 1805. The Society of the Holy Heart of Mary was founded by the Ven. Father Libermann in 1841. In 1848 these two societies were united in one, under the name of the "Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary." The mournful but glorious history of their labours and sufferings in Africa before they could establish the now hopeful missions is well known. It was the children of Father Libermann, the converted Jew, who made the gallant effort in 1843 to evangelize Sierra Leone, which cost the lives of so many devoted missionaries and broke down the courage of Mgr. Barron, who, having been Vicar-General of Philadelphia, was consecrated in Rome and entrusted with the vast territory of the Two Guineas. One after another the missionaries fell sick and died. The party, consisting of seven young priests and three brothers, landed at the end of November, 1843. Father de Régnier died on the 30th of December, Father Rousset on the 23rd of January, Father Bouchet on the 28th of May, Father Audebert on the 6th of July, Father Laval on the 13th of July. Father Maurise, with two of the brothers, was ordered back to France. Father Bessieux and Brother Gregory alone survived. Their death was taken for granted, and prayers were said for their souls, but at the end of eighteen months they were able to break their long silence. Meantime Mgr. Barron had resigned his charge.

His successor, Father Tisserand, was drowned on the passage out, and his successor, Mgr. Truffet, died six months after his arrival. So our Lord treats, not, as some Catholics maintain, the *sal infatuatum*, but those who are dearest to His Sacred Heart.

Father Libermann's courage rose with each fresh trial, and those who read this beautiful history of his conversion, and of his irrevocable resolve to belong to Jesus and Mary, will be able to trace the good Providence of God in every stage of that wonderful career. No beginning of holiness could easily be less promising than that of a rather timid boy, the favourite son of a Jewish rabbi, who tried to instil into him from his earliest years the same fierce hatred of the Christian religion which possessed his own soul.

The Intermediate Education History of England. Part I. to A.D. 1485. By Edmond Wren, M.A. Lond. (M. H. Gill and Son).—Catholic schoolmasters can and do make large use of the excellent classical and scientific school-books which are published by Messrs. Macmillan, Murray, Black, Longmans, and others, but there are two departments of study in which greater caution is required. One of these is history, and in particular English history, and it cannot be too earnestly demanded that efforts should be made to render Catholic schools self-sufficing in this respect. It has been found absolutely necessary, in order to enable boys to compete in public examinations, to put into their hands some of the text books of English history approved for use in Protestant schools, but it is a necessity which is always to be deplored. We ought to have the means of imparting knowledge about our annals and Constitution without being compelled to present to still unformed minds what we as Catholics know to be untruthful colouring of facts and misapprehension of doctrine. Mr. Wren's work seems to enter into considerable detail, and we must trust that his experience has made him measure correctly the amount of information needed for his purpose.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. By le Père de Gallifet. Translated from the French (Burns and Oates, 1880).—There is, as every Catholic knows, a true and a false devotion to the Blessed Virgin. That devotion is not genuine which calmly proposes to itself to compound for a life of sin by saying certain prayers to the Mother of God. Father Gallifet would, we are convinced, maintain with Father Segneri that prayers made in such a spirit are an insult and not a service ; but, as it is the immediate object of the little book with which we are now concerned to discuss the gradations of true devotion, and to invite sinners to secure the intercession of our Blessed Lady, Father Gallifet does little more than allude to the possibility of making the attempt in a wrong spirit of presumption. He is far more afraid of frightening sinners by a tirade against hypocrisy, than of leading them into danger by asking them to put their trust in her whom the Church salutes as the Refuge of sinners. "It is certain," he says, "that a sinner may be devout to Mary without imitating her virtues. A higher degree of devotion," as he explains, "produces imitation, but a devotion which is too weak to have this result may nevertheless be honest as far as it goes, and is then a 'germ of life' in the heart of a sinner, and will, if cultivated, produce the fruit of true repentance." He therefore defines devotion to our Blessed Lady as made up of three essential characteristics, which can be shared by the just and the unjust—respect, confidence, love. The little treatise is the development of this definition. The last chapter contains gleanings of precious testimonies from the writings of saints.

Intention of the Apostolate of Prayer for December.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS UNDER PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

THE intention proposed to the members of the Holy League for the coming month needs no recommendation. Prayers are ascending unasked from all friends of the Sacred Heart for the frustration of designs of iniquity which are no longer a secret. No one now imagines that the Society of Jesus was driven from the Colleges for any fault which belonged to it alone, no one believes that the other Religious Orders are suffering for any crime which they do not share with the whole Church of God. The gradual opening of the eyes of good men everywhere to the true character of the internecine warfare, of which the expulsion of the Religious Orders is only a preliminary movement, is almost like a gleam of sunshine amid the gathering gloom. The next best thing to the immediate suppression of a wicked conspiracy is that its plans of mischief should be dragged from their hiding-places and paraded in the light of day. Then loyal citizens, even those who laughed at hidden schemes as idle terrors, will gather together at the corner of the street and their hands will be strengthened by the knowledge of their common purpose.

This process of illumination is going forward rapidly, and our hopes and prayers must be that the Catholics of France may come to know their strength and use it. If all the Frenchmen who desire to be members of the Church when death overtakes them had the courage to be good Catholics during their lives, no infidel government

would dare to tamper with their personal and parental rights. Good men in quiet times may hold aloof from public action, but timidity is a crime when it places the destinies of a great country and the eternal welfare of multitudes for generations to come at the mercy of wicked men. The selfish and shortsighted ministries which have caused and are causing so much sorrow in France and Belgium, owe the power which they abuse far more to the connivance of many feeble opponents than to the direct assistance of a few enthusiastic friends. But hope springs from the midst of despair. The presence of great danger sometimes makes men of sinful life more reckless in their vicious ways, but more commonly danger acts as a purifying influence because it leads to reflection; for want of thought is the cause of desolation. "*With desolation is the land made desolate because there is no one that thinketh in the heart.*" There are times when men almost for very shame are forced to practise their religion. There are crises in the history of every Catholic country when a man who disgraces his creed is a traitor to a noble cause, just as there are moments in the lives of men when there is no intermediate state of soul between mortal sin and heroic virtue. To deny the faith under threat of death is an act of apostasy, to confess it is an act of perfect love. The crisis through which France is passing is one which not only will surely sift the wheat from the chaff, but may easily also with the help of God's grace multiply the good grain and improve the harvest. It is well known that the German persecution of the clergy changed many lukewarm Catholics into weekly communicants. May we not hope that one of the effects of the *Freycinet-Ferry* persecution will be to make the thoughtless think?

We are assured that a representative assembly of continental Freemasons has adopted a programme of aggression. If the statement be correct the fact is one of very faint importance. The whole infidel press is pouring out blasphemies against the Lord and against His Christ, a

pétroleuse is welcomed back with something like an ovation, at the very moment when the friends of the poor are being turned out of their houses, and it concerns us very little whether these proceedings happened to be expressed in a neat little formula by a masonic lodge or not. It remains true, as far as wishes can make it, that "the war against the Congregations is but the beginning of visible, open, implacable war against religion and all idea of God," and no one now doubts that bishops and priests will meet the same fate as the Religious Orders *if and supposing* the Catholics of France will look on and permit it. But this they very certainly will not do now that their eyes have been opened. They need not shed any blood except in self-defence if they are attacked first, they need not have recourse to any *coup d'état*, they have only to show their teeth and say, "We will worship God in our own way, and we will bring up our children as we choose. You cannot prevent us except by illegal means and by tampering with elections, and we mean to prevent your doing such things in the future as we easily could have prevented it in the past, if we had not neglected the sacraments and forgotten our duty to our country and our children."

The men who in France are straining every nerve to bring about the downfall of the Church, and what is to them the same thing, the destruction of Christianity, leave out of their calculations and effect to despise that particular element of final success which we Catholics know to be more important than all human or satanic combinations of force and cunning, that is to say the favour or forbearance of the Almighty. They "reckon without" the Supreme Disposer of events. "*Strangers have risen up against me; and the mighty have sought after my soul: and they have not set God before their eyes. For behold God is my helper, and the Lord is the protector of my soul.*"* Those who pretend to disbelieve in God are in the unhappy

* Psalm liii. 5, 6.

prayers which are made in their behalf through the Mother of Mercy to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. If France is to be blotted from the nations, she will owe her ruin to the cowardice of bad Catholics: if she is to rise from the depths and be great and glorious, she will owe her resurrection to their repentance. It is the time for moving Heaven by prayer.

PRAYER.

Sacred Heart of Jesus! through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer to Thee the prayers, labours, and crosses of this day, in expiation of our offences, and for all Thy other intentions.

I offer them to Thee in particular for the members of religious orders who make special profession of imitating and serving Thee. Do not, dear Lord, allow Thy Church to be deprived of their good service. Amen.

Note.—Attention is called to the change in the notice about sending intentions for publication.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*For the triumph of the Church and Holy See, and the Catholic
regeneration of nations.*

DECEMBER, 1880.

I. GENERAL INTENTION : *The Religious Orders under persecution in France.*

II. PARTICULAR INTENTIONS.

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| <p>1. Wed. <i>Fast.</i>—<i>Feria.</i>—(S. Y., S. Edmund, K.M. Nov. 20.)—Christian goodness; 2,111 temporal concerns.</p> <p>2. Thurs. S. <i>Bibiana, V.M.</i>—Constancy; 5,731 graces of perseverance.</p> <p>3. Fri. <i>Fast.</i>—S. Francis Xavier, C.—COMMUNION OF REPARATION, &c.—FRIDAY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—GENERAL COMMUNION OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.—Zeal for the glory of God; 447 foreign missions.</p> <p>4. Sat. S. <i>Peter Chrysologus, B.C.D.</i>—Reverence for God's Word; 2,175 ecclesiastics.</p> <p>5. SUN. <i>Second of Advent.</i>—Detachment; 2,372 religious men.</p> <p>6. Mon. S. <i>Nicholas, B.C.</i>—Zeal for Christian education; 1,372 houses of education.</p> <p>7. Tues. S. <i>Ambrose, B.C.D.</i>—Firmness; 888 superiors.</p> <p>8. Wed. <i>Fast.</i>—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION B.V.M.—Love of purity; 4,955 young women.</p> <p>9. Thurs. S. <i>Birinus, B.C.</i>—Parochial zeal; 965 parishes.</p> <p>10. Fri. <i>Fast.</i>—<i>Of the Octave Immaculate Conception.</i>—(S. Y., Octave of S. Francis Xavier.)—Eagerness to serve God; 1,351 First Communions.</p> <p>11. Sat. S. <i>Damasus, P.C.</i>—Completeness of faith; 3,174 heretics and schismatics.</p> <p>12. SUN. <i>Third of Advent.</i>—Christian spirit; 2,516 families.</p> <p>13. Mon. S. <i>Lucy, V.M.</i>—Spirit of sacrifice; 4,888 nuns.</p> <p>14. Tues. <i>Of the Octave.</i>—(S. Y., BB. Jerome S. Y. and Comp., MM. Dec. 5.)—Love of works of mercy; 790 spiritual enterprises.</p> <p>15. Wed. <i>Ember-day.</i>—<i>Fast.</i>—<i>Octave of Immaculate Conception.</i>—Interior spirit; 1,248 communities.</p> | <p>16. Thurs. S. <i>Eusebius, B.M.</i>—Loyal devotion to the Church; 570 Church students and novices.</p> <p>17. Fri. <i>Ember-day.</i>—<i>Fast.</i>—<i>Feria.</i>—(S. Y., S. Ubaldo, B.C. May 16.)—Charity towards the Holy Souls; 8,145 dead.</p> <p>18. Sat. <i>Ember-day.</i>—<i>Fast.</i>—EXPECTATION OF B.V.M.—Resignation to God's providence; 3,133 parents.</p> <p>19. SUN. <i>Fourth of Advent.</i>—Contempt of the world; 1,920 vocations.</p> <p>20. Mon. <i>Vigil.</i>—(S. Y., S. Lawrence Justinian, B.C. Sept. 5.)—Remembrance of the last things; 514 missions and retreats.</p> <p>21. Tues. S. <i>Thomas, Ap.</i>—Ardent zeal; 867 promoters.</p> <p>22. Wed. <i>Fast.</i>—<i>Feria.</i>—Trust in God; 1,216 afflicted persons.</p> <p>23. Thurs. <i>Feria.</i>—(S. Y., Off. Immaculate Conception.)—Patience; 1,982 sick.</p> <p>24. Fri. <i>Fast.</i>—<i>Vigil.</i>—<i>Christmas Eve.</i>—Thirst of Divine grace; 4,980 interior graces.</p> <p>25. Sat. CHRISTMAS DAY.—Love of our Lord; 5,137 various intentions.</p> <p>26. SUN. S. <i>Stephen, First Martyr.</i>—Devotedness; 2,846 young men.</p> <p>27. Mon. S. <i>John, Ap. and Evang.</i>—Charity to sinners; 5,845 sinners.</p> <p>28. Tues. <i>The Holy Innocents, MM.</i>—Christian care of children; 15,881 children.</p> <p>29. Wed. S. <i>Thomas of Canterbury, B.M.</i>—Love of peace; 1,087 graces of concord.</p> <p>30. Thurs. <i>Of the Sunday within Octave.</i>—Firm purpose of obeying God rather than man; 1,372 houses of education.</p> <p>31. Fri. S. <i>Silvester, P.C.</i>—Gratitude; 2,707 acts of thanksgiving.</p> |
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Intentions sent for publication will be in time, if they come to the hands of the Central Director on the morning of the twelfth day of the month. The list of intentions should not carry, on the same leaf, any signature or address, and any letter which accompanies it should be either separate from it or easily separable. It is well to add the letters C.D. after the name of the Central Director on any envelope containing intentions.

*An Indulgence of 100 days is attached to all the Prayers and Good Works
offered up for these Intentions.*

The Intentions of the Archconfraternity of St. Joseph of Angers, and the Children of St. Joseph at Brussels, are recommended to the prayers of the Associates.

Applications for Diplomas of Affiliation to the Apostleship of Prayer for England, is to be made to the Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J., 111, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.; for Ireland, to the Rev. Edward Murphy, S.J., St. Ignatius' Church, Galway. Sheets of the Living Rosary, adapted to the requirements of the Association, Tickets of Admission, Intention Sheets, large and small, may be had from F. Gordon, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.



